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MODERN SCREEN

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KATHARINE HEPBURN

WHY I LEFT HOLLYWOOD
BY
ERIC LINDEN



Presenting

SAVAGE

LIPSTICK

A transparent, entirely pasteless, simply ravishing color that Savagely clings to lovely lips . . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick . . . rub it in . . . nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color . . . color that clings . . . *savagely!*

SELECT YOUR PROPER SHADE BY ACTUAL TEST

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist . . . at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold.

20¢

TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH

LARGE SIZE SAVAGE

In exquisite silver case, may be obtained at the more exclusive toilet goods counters.

$2



The SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of LIX (lipstick stain remover) and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided.

SAVAGE . . . CHICAGO

AT ALL LEADING FIVE AND TEN CENT STORES

Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his *secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps* young *men away!*



Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



A dentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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TOOTH PASTE



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Modern Screen

FOR MAY

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Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

in

RIPTIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Beauty Advice

... In these days of keen competition, the girl with bright skin and eyes gets the job

By Mary Biddle



(Right) Alluring Pat Patterson has this beauty stuff down to a science. With the proper make-up you, too, can look as charming as she.

YOU never really appreciate a good job until you've been hanging around a while without one. Isn't that so? Now with this rush back to the old work bench, you're speeding up a desire to do the thing in a bigger and better way than ever before, or you're different from most girls I meet, and whose letters I am reading all the time.

It's all too likely that we, who have been grouching and feeling abused because employers didn't seem to be falling over themselves in the past to secure our valuable services, have neglected our tender skins. And, believe it or not, you skeptics, that fresh clear look which comes to the cheeks after beautifying attentions, has a subtle effect on the master mind doing the hiring and firing. Of course, he or she would be the first one to deny that deep truth, but he or she is the victim of the "beauty" lure just the same.

I know a girl—a young thing, too—who had neglected herself shamefully. She had tramped around to so many offices in such nasty weather, and had been turned away so often, that she'd lost all interest in her appearance. She was discouraged and she looked it. One day a beautician took her in hand and lectured her at great length. "What do you mean by neglecting yourself this way?" he said. "No wonder no one is clamoring to have you in his office."

"But they turn me down for quite other reasons," whimpered the girl, looking very mournful.

"You think they do, and maybe they think they do," was the snappy answer. "Here, let me do you up, and then go out and see what happens."

Well, to make a long, creamy story short, a girl with a fresh, glowing skin started on the rounds next day and, miraculously enough, came home with a job in her possession. She promptly decided that brains and ability were all very well, but the outward aspect was much more important—almost like a badge of honor. Silly? Yes, but isn't it a fact?

THIS girl, for instance, who got her job on the strength of her face, as it were, didn't look made up a bit. She couldn't help but laugh over the fact that her boss asked her if she came from the country because she looked so healthy.

Now, there is a big secret right here, and the person who took her in hand gave me the lowdown so that I could pass it on to you.

He says (yes, it was a he, this time) that girls who put little spots of red on their cheeks, where they would not naturally appear, look ridiculous. He contends that a man can bring out a girl's beauty better than a woman can, because he sees what is wrong and how to remedy it. He has made up hundreds of movie stars and he should know, if anybody does.

Be that as it may, his one big theory is that the eyes are the keynote of (*Continued on page 110*)

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!



2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay —my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

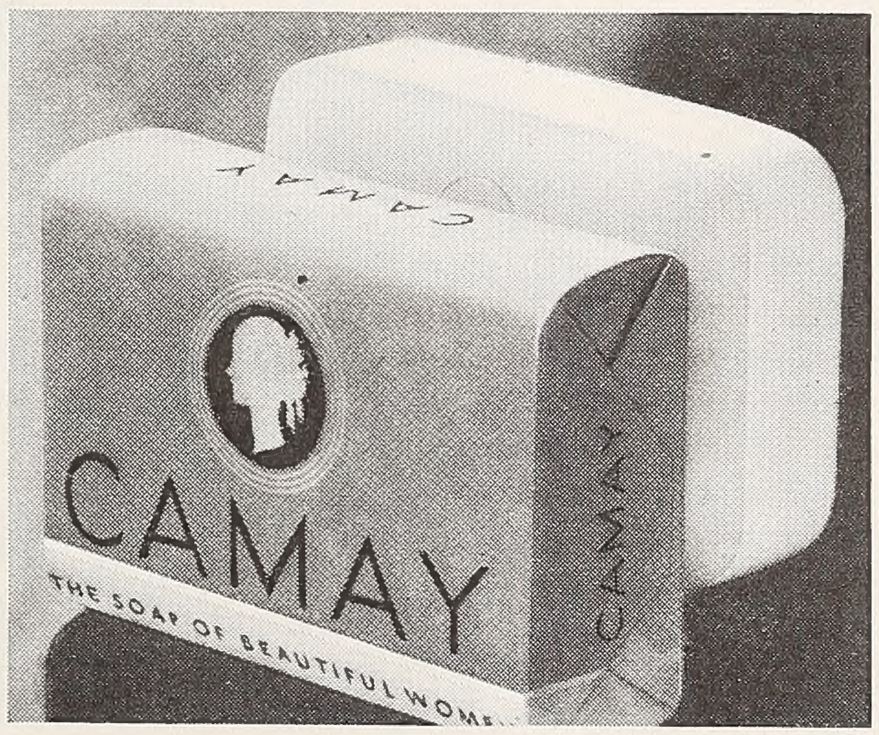
For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

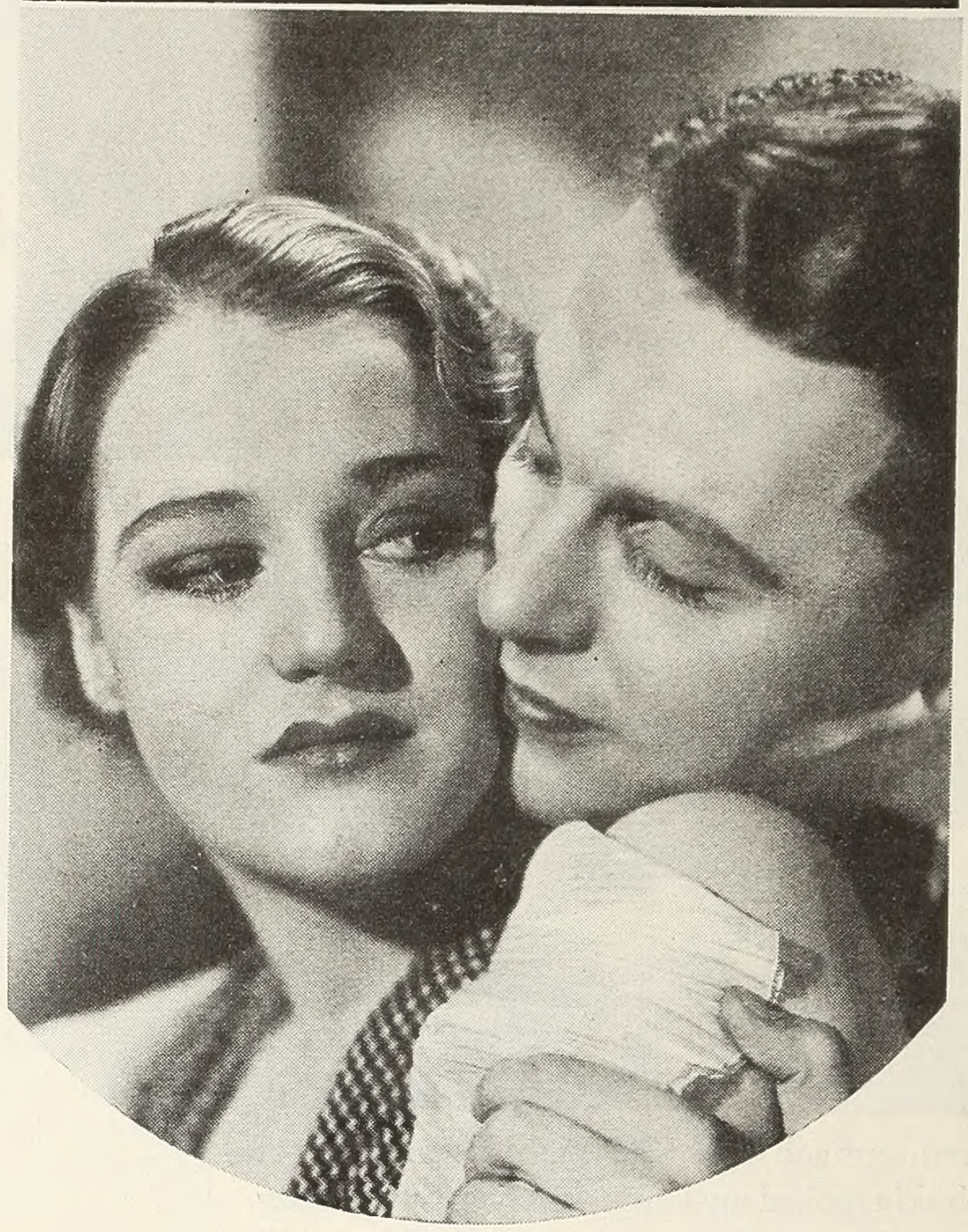


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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

LET'S TALK ABOUT Love

By ALICE VAN DORAN



Constance Cummings and Ralph Bellamy in one of the more tender moments from RKO'S "Transient Love."

ANYONE with a few grains of common sense will admit that it is seldom the very important things that cause the love ructions in this world. It is the little things—unimportant and ridiculous to the onlooker—but tragic and tremendous in one's own estimation. Talk is cheap and the value of advice is way, way down, but I feel that I am a disinterested, impartial and completely innocent bystander and that is why I am going to sit up and tell you how to avoid some of the unhappy consequences that will arise from the very smallest molehills.

This can best be done in this case, I think, by examples. So I'll tell you a few little stories and I hope that one or more of them will strike home and make you say, "Why, that's exactly what happened to me. I know how it is, all right."

In the first place, then, have you ever considered how many love affairs and marriages end unhappily because of the common human vice of criticising? When we set forth on a little spree of "giving our honest opinions" we are inclined to forget that the party listening to us on the other end has any feelings whatsoever. Men, for example, possess a disgusting habit of criticising their sweethearts' and wives' clothes. They know nothing whatsoever about clothes—dear, no!—but they (most of them) feel splendidly qualified to specify exactly what type of dresses, hats, shoes and costume jewelry their ladies should wear. And then, we women commit one of two faults as a result of this criticism: we either, being frightfully in love and anxious to please, try slavishly to fulfill the dear man's notion of what the well-dressed woman should wear; or, being frightfully independent and snippy, take great pains to wear exactly the opposite of what the fellow likes.

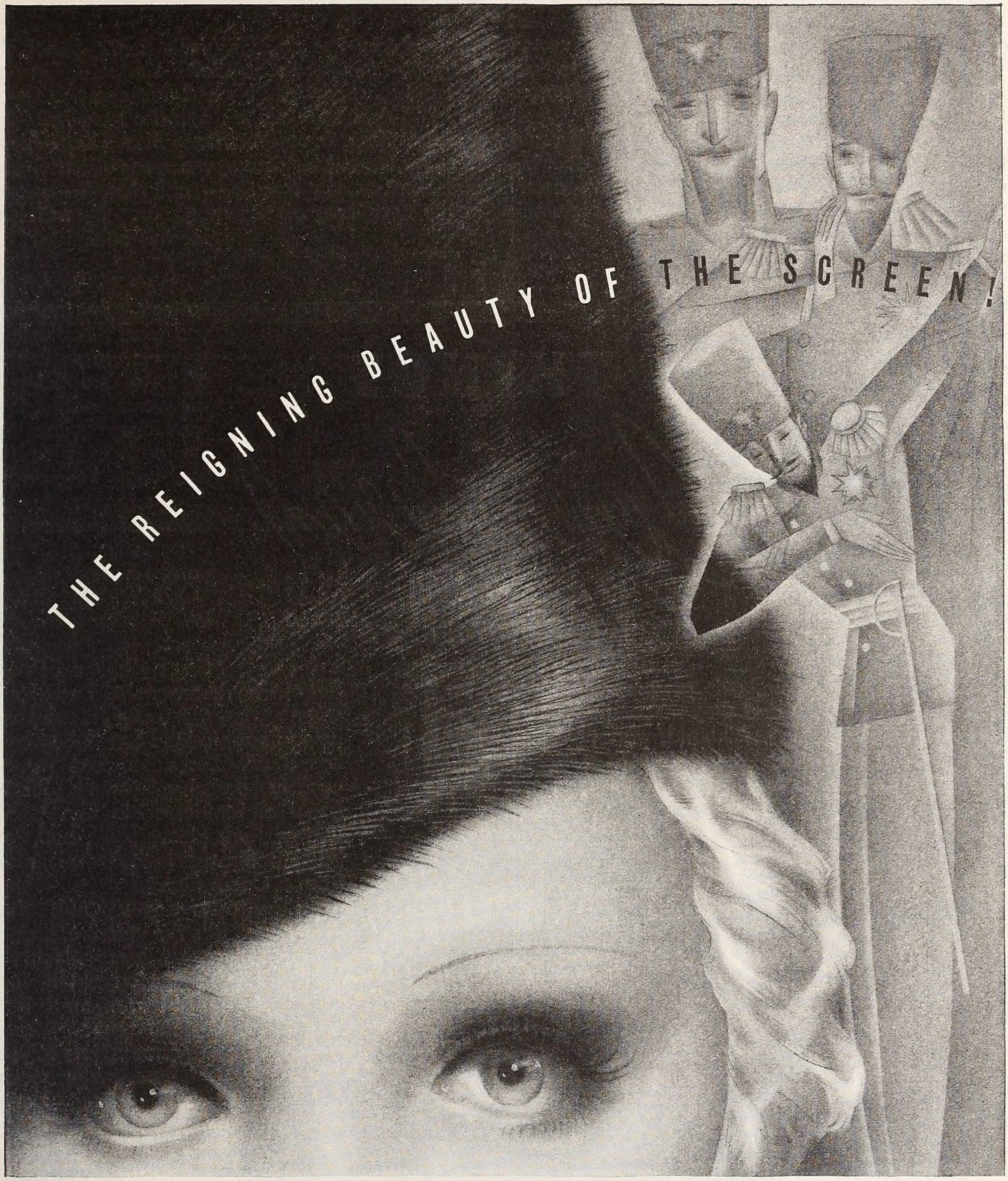
YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS. That's what this department is for. Miss Van Doran will discuss here, with frankness and human understanding, your love problems. No readers' names and no readers' letters will be printed in this column. You may have a personal reply by writing to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, please.

Isn't there a happy medium somewhere in between?

I think every male in the world has in his mind's eye an idealized picture of his best girl. And there always comes an off-day for the gal when her nose shines and her hair won't look right, when she has on her most unbecoming hat, and both stockings develop runs. On this particular day, her sweetheart is untactful enough to remark, "You look like the dickens. Gosh, if there's one thing I like a girl to be, it's neat." It is only human for a girl to come back with, "Is that so? Well, you're no Clark Gable yourself." And then the row is on.

IT would be much smarter for her to say, "I'm awfully sorry, dear. I don't feel very well today. I'll look like a million dollars next time you see me, just to make up for being so sloppy," and smile at him, after which he'll probably apologize for his remark and everything will be sweetness and light again.

I know a very tall girl whose best beau has the clothes-criticising complex. And he says she's too tall to wear anything but tailored clothes. In the first place, good tailored clothes are *the* most expensive kind of raiment. And in the second place, she wears 'em so durned tailored that she looks like the old cartoons of "Votes for Women." And I know another young person whose Big Moment has a peculiar aversion to green. And she says, "Huh! He'll take green and like it," and goes out of her way to look for the brightest shades of green on the market. Of course, you could most sensibly advise the first girl that an occasional ruffle would be quite okay. And the second girl that she could be just as happy in this life if she didn't wear green. In other words, you could tell somebody else what was the (*Continued on page 126*)



MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR

JUST heard, in a roundabout way, a bit of gossip about the making of that recent smash, "Flying Down to Rio," which makes me realize that all the frazzled nerves are not in editorial offices. And which, further, makes me more appreciative of these glamorous musicals.

It seems that, in doing a musical, there is really no such thing as a script. Can't be, you see, because as a rule, all the musical numbers aren't written when the shooting starts. The picture is made from hand to mouth, as it were. But the quaint notion persists that a picture should have a script. And all the players—Del Rio and Gene Raymond, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—were handed scripts on the first day. Great, big, fat scripts. Being good troupers, they went home and did their homework. And, each day following, lines were cut, new ones added. New musical numbers were put in, taken out, put in again, cut, re-vamped, lengthened, shortened, and then rehearsed, rehearsed and rehearsed. All hands worked 'til the wee small hours—and returned to work each day after far from adequate sleep.

So—when you amble out to see "Wonder Bar" or "The Fox Follies" or "Murder at the Vanities" or "The Star Spangled Banquet"—keep in mind that all that glamorous loveliness which runs off without a hitch and looks so light and fluffy and gay, is the result of such work as would make a day laborer howl for mercy.

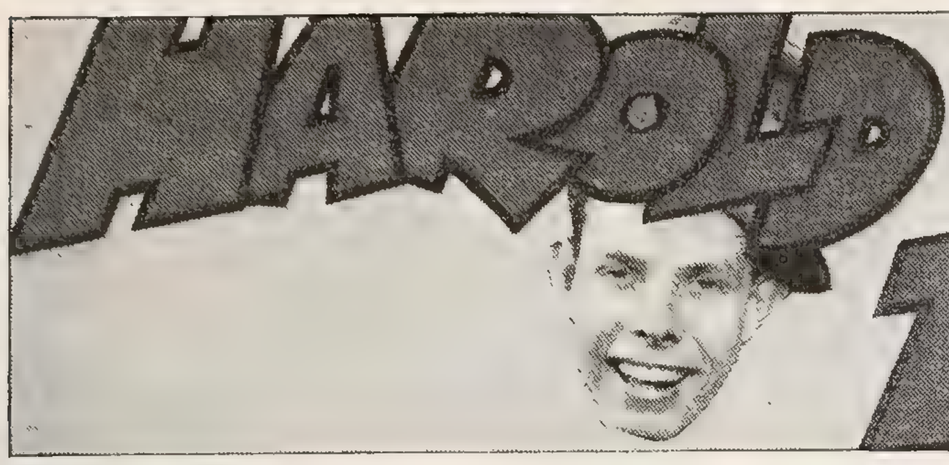


Have you heard Ed Wynn's crack about the Garbo-Mamoulian situation? He said Garbo's favorite song now is: "I Found a Mamoulian Dollar Baby." And Mamoulian's favorite song is: "The Swedish Thing in Life." These two were relayed to us by the author of a grand story about Garbo and her favorite director—said story to appear in the next issue of this magazine. Be watching for this one!

Want to do a little voting? By the time you read this, the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will have made their illustrious choices for the best work of the past year. I see by the papers that up for the choice of best actress are: Diana Wynyard for her work in "Cavalcade"; Katharine Hepburn for her work in "Morning Glory"; and May Robson for her work in "Lady for a Day." And the menfolks who are being finally judged by the Academy board are Leslie Howard for his work in "Berkeley Square"; Charles Laughton for his work in "The Private Life of King Henry VIII"; and Paul Muni for his work in "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang."

I'd like to have your votes. And remember! It's the year 1933, gone but not forgotten, from which the winning best performances are picked. So don't get mad if a knockout performance by one of your favorites in a recent picture isn't even listed among the runners-up.

I'll be waiting to hear from you!



He's in the Movies
Now . . . Thanks to
WARNER BROS.

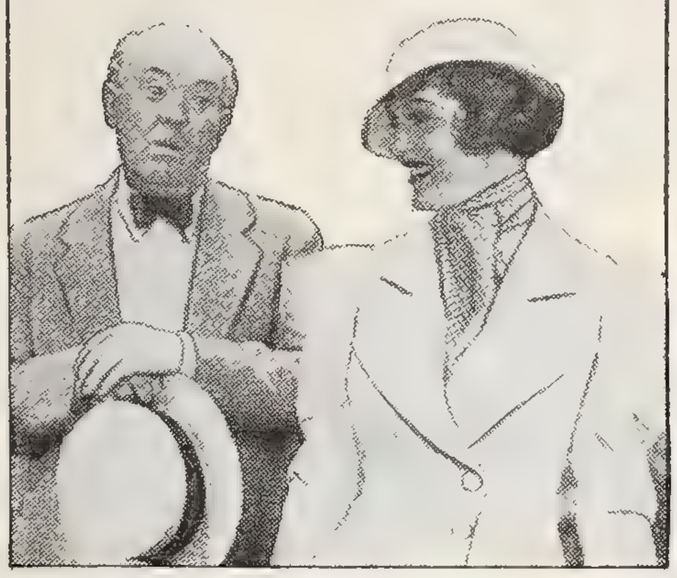


See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life . . .

With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold . . .

And Lillums in the flesh, played by adorable Rochelle Hudson . . .

With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee) . . .



And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!





Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding" . . .

And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.

It has "universal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.

Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!

With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

Between you and me



Dream picture



The well-balanced movie



Wally Beery in his B. V. D.'s

What! All in One Picture?

J. WAYNE MARTIN, of Lake Park, Iowa, has a large order:

My dream for an ideal motion picture would include: Katharine Hepburn for a good emotional scene; Bing Crosby to croon; Ruby Keeler for some super tap-dancing; Florence Desmond with her swell impersonations; Jean Harlow for some beauty; and plenty of laughs supplied by Alice Brady, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Durante, Edna May Oliver, Stan Laurel, and Ted Healy and his Stooges. And to complete the bill, a Walt Disney Silly Symphony in color.

A Dash of Sex and a Touch of Sweetness

DOROTHY JAMES, of Uniontown, Pa., on the films:

You asked the fans' opinions as to what the public wants most—sex or sweetness. Here is my personal idea:

We want both, provided the sweetness is not too sugary and the sex not too filthy. According to your statistics, Jean Harlow and Janet Gaynor are just equal in popularity. Doesn't that prove what the public wants? Jean is the very essence of sex in her pictures and Janet just the opposite, but we enjoy them both and every time either girl makes a new picture, don't we make a bee-line to the theatre? Too much sweetness does sicken us just as too much filth does, but if we are given a well-balanced diet of moderately sexy and sweet ones, we will patronize the movies a lot more.

Some Booby Prizes

S. SCHWARTZ, of Atlantic City, N. J., thinks up a few, too:

One to Wallace Beery for allowing himself to be photographed in his underwear—he's no pretty sight.

To Gene Raymond for looking so ridiculous in "Flying Down to Rio." He kept opening his eyes too wide, and he worked too hard directing the orchestra.

And to Franchot Tone for allowing himself to be typed in "fish and soup" roles.

One to the director of "Man's Castle" for injecting the Glenda Farrell sequence; that was unnecessary—without it the film would have been more compact.



Mae and her diamonds

Your letters are grand—wish we could print every one of them. Come on, fans, let's have your reactions to the new pictures, the new stars, and everything else Hollywood is giving us.

An Orchid Apiece

A READER, who gives us neither name nor address, has been caught "iffing":

If I were allowed to be a Broadway columnist for a day, this is the way my column would look:

A chestful of diamonds to dear old Mae West for her simply grand performance as the lion tamer in "I'm No Angel."

A gardenia to Joan Crawford because of her marvelous acting and dancing in the picture "Dancing Lady."

And an orchid to Franchot Tone for the most natural acting I have ever seen in many a day in "Dancing Lady." Why wouldn't he? Joan Crawford was there and it wasn't difficult.

A cartful of apples to May Robson for her superb portrayal of Apple Annie in Columbia's "Lady for a Day."

A bouquet of roses to Alice Brady who makes one love her one minute and hate her the next as the dominating parent in "Stage Mother."

A set of boxing gloves to Max Baer for his excellent performance in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

An armful of shamrocks to cute little Janet Gaynor for her neat performance in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

A flock of carnations to little Madge Evans for her good performance in "Broadway to Hollywood" and also to Russell Hardie, that handsome newcomer.

(*Continued on page 15*)

OAKIE'S *a Scream!* TRACY'S *a Panic!* *together they're a* RIOT!

They must have been a couple of other fellows before an inspiration teamed them up in this three-mile-a-minute comedy that even an earthquake can't slow up. It's a laugh a second...and a second laugh after that!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents

Spencer TRACY
Jack OAKIE
in
"*Looking for Trouble*"

with
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
ARLINE JUDGE • JUDITH WOOD
Directed by William Wellman

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK *Production*

20th CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



Carole Lombard and John Barrymore, the most important folks in the cast of "20th Century, Ltd.," posing in costume on the back of the honest-to-goodness train which is being used in the picture.



Every day, Lyle Talbot is reported in love with some new lady. Well, he may be seen with a flock of girls, but his temporary affections are settled upon Rudy Vallee's ex-singer, Alice Faye.





Scott Shots

(Above, left) The George Raft-Marjorie King romance seems to be definitely over. The Raft is shown with Virginia Lehman Peine, New York society person, at the tenth anniversary dance at Sebastian's Cotton Club. And he has been seen with her practically every other night at the fights or night clubs. (Above, right) Remember Molly O'Day, sister of Sally O'Neil? There she is with Jack La Rue—and it looks like a romance. The Vince Barnetts are with them.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 12*)

Paging Dorothy Wilson

NORMA RHODES, of Hephzibah, Ga., wants to know about the little stenog who became a star over night and then dropped out of sight:

Is Dorothy Wilson going to play in any more pictures soon? She was just grand in "Eight Girls in a Boat." (*Yes, Dot Wilson has a brand new Paramount contract to her credit. Her first assignment is "Canal Boy."*)

What the Talkies Are Doing to Us

EDW. LUBA, of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes us:

This afternoon my seven-year-old sister had a little spat with her older brother. Going out to play, she said, "Good day" with a freezing tone and turned-up nose that I thought only an irate English gentlewoman achieved. Later that evening, she confided that she had copied the exit from a continental smart set talkie.

At one time, boys returning from a silent picture reenacted the western thriller. Today, young and old, city sophisticates and country yokels all grow cosmopolitan from contact with the talkies. Talkies are broadening the outlook of our people, giving them a finesse and polish that perhaps now is a trifle superficial, but give them time —they'll reach beneath the surface.

Oh, That Red-Head

ROSE FARRELL, who doesn't give us her address, says Nancy Carroll isn't getting the proper breaks:

Nancy Carroll is as beautiful and as good an actress as any of them, yet she doesn't get a chance. Her versatility is proven in the many rôles she has portrayed so artistically on the screen. Remember her in "Illusion," "Close Harmony," "Stolen Heaven," "The Woman Accused" and "The Night Angel"? Wasn't she grand in all of those pictures? In spite of this, she doesn't seem to get on. Anyway, I'm one of her many fans who wants to see her in more and more pictures. (*We've got good news for you, Rose. Fox has cast Nancy in "Forbidden Lips," the film version of "Springtime for Henry." And Otto Kruger, that sterling actor of stage and screen, is her leading man. Sounds swell, doesn't it?*)

(*Continued on page 125*)



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "Tattle-Tale!" . . . "Tattle-Tale!" . . . that's what *your* clothes are when they're musty and gray — when they show that all the dirt *didn't* come out in the wash.



2. What to do about it? Let your nose tell you! Change to Fels-Naptha — the *golden* richer soap with *so much dirt-loosening naptha in it* that you can smell it!



3. Give yourself a treat! See what glorious washes Fels-Naptha Soap brings you! Cleaner, sweeter clothes—*clothes so dazzling white*—you'll beam with pride!

• • •

YES—say goodbye to "Tattle-Tale Gray"! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and hang out the snowiest washes that ever waved in a sunny backyard!

For Fels-Naptha isn't one of those "*trick*" soaps that make all sorts of promises and then forget to keep them.

You'll marvel at Fels-Naptha's lively, creamy suds—*the way they last and last*—till every speck of dirt is out!

You'll love the way Fels-Naptha treats your finest linens—how gentle it is to daintiest lingerie and silk stockings—how friendly it is to hands!

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars today!.. Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO


The show of
"STAND UP
5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!
Introduction of Loveliness!
Revival of Laughter!
Garden of Beauty!
The Magic Transformation!
March of Prosperity!
FOX



1001 *surprises!*



Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises ...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ...everything!

AND I CHEER!"



WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT



1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!

VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!

1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!

335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN *and* JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.

MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU LOVED IN "ONLY YESTERDAY"

in

HANS FALLADA
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
Translated by ERIC SUTTON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!

Joan Blondell

She's all set up and rarin' to go, for Joan draws her first dramatic role in "Without Honor." And is she delighted that some other girl will have to make the wisecracks and chew the gum, while she is busy doing the heavy emoting! Jimmy Cagney plays opposite her in this one. They've been pals since the "Penny Arcade" Broadway production, which brought 'em each a screen test and a Warner Bros. contract. Joan is going blonde again and, while she may change the color of her locks in the interest of art or variety, she sticks to her vegetable diet to ward off the pounds; that is, until a nice juicy hamburger heaves into sight, when alas, her good intentions fade from the picture.

Jimmy Dunn and Carole Lombard

Believe it or not, at the moment, Jimmy Dunn is without a girl. Now if that isn't news, we don't know our headlines! However, he still goes in for bright shirts and colorful ties, which proves that he isn't completely subdued. Jimmy will appear in "The World is Ours" for Fox with Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Sally Eilers. Is that a splendid cast? We think so. And when he saves enough money, Mr. Dunn's first purchase will be an airplane. And now for the life of the party. We mean, Carole Lombard. She's a bachelor girl these days. And is busy working with Bing Crosby on "We're Not Dressing." After that Carole goes to Columbia to make "Twentieth Century" with John Barrymore.



Ralph Bellamy

If he isn't careful, he will become a clutching hand or a banging door, for Ralph is about to start on his third mystery "meller," "Murder in the Studio." His father was an advertising man and he claims he was brought up on slogans, one of which is "You can't lose." That is, if you work hard. How did you like Mr. Bellamy in "Spitfire"?



Irene Dunne

Here is a long distance commuter. Irene lives in New York and works in Hollywood. She has a clause in her contract permitting this little jaunt. The lady is a golf enthusiast and has a driving course in her own back yard. Richard Dix will be co-starred with her in "Stingaree." Remember them together in "Cimarron"?


He has a list of splendid characterizations to his credit—the latest of which is Pancho in "Viva Villa"—and a private landing field in the high Sierras near the island camp where he spends his vacations hunting and fishing. The great big Beery is training his little daughter, Carol Ann, to be a moving picture actress.
Wallace Beery



Pretty Muriel Evans is making her debut, not in a Park Avenue hostelry, but in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. She has just been seen in "Women in His Life" and is awaiting a new assignment. The little lady also has her hobbies—collecting oriental art and jewelry. Oh these blondes, they do like nice things!

Muriel Evans

WHY I RAN AWAY



With Loretta Young in "Life Begins," Eric knew happiness and achievement in it.



With Dot Wilson and Dick Cromwell in "Age of Consent.", A sad experience.

FROM HOLLYWOOD



With Frances Dee in "The Silver Cord."



In his first picture, "Are These Our Children?"

. . . Some said I left for love of Frances Dee; others, because of contract trouble. Now—at last—I'll tell the truth

by Eric Linden

WHEN I left Hollywood for Europe four months ago, the papers attributed my leaving to many strange reasons, among them being, my unrequited love for Frances Dee, my hidden passion for some—to me—unknown star, and so forth, all because I didn't have the time, then, to give them the real reasons. Now that there is time, here they are.

I left Hollywood to live.

I left an established name, a two thousand dollar car, a house and furniture, but I found much more than I left. I found myself again. And since it's yourself that you have to live with all your days, it wasn't such a bad exchange.

I arrived in Hollywood in 1931. I was twenty-one and felt it. I left Hollywood in 1933. I was twenty-three and felt forty. The first year changed me, the second year I realized the change, and if I had stayed another year I'd have grown used to the change and accepted it along with all that Hollywood is made up of, as natural. But when I realized what was happening to me, I left. And I'm going to try to trace it out for you in the hope that it will clear up a few of the veiled mysteries that Hollywood has surrounded itself with.

Going back over the various hectic months, a long way back it seems, back almost to childhood, to that day two years ago in my agent's office in New York, it's easy to remember the strange excitement of being told that the test I had made for "Are These Our Children?" had been accepted and that I was to fly to Hollywood in the morning. Remembering that excitement, I can feel it all as I write, and all the unhealthy excitement of the days that followed.

I landed in Hollywood on a Saturday night and the plane was met by studio officials who drove me to the Roosevelt Hotel. There I got the first taste of that bitter-sweet cocktail called publicity. The *Herald-Express,* the *Examiner,* the *Record,* the *Hollywood Citizen* were all waiting for interviews.

When I read them the next morning, I had my first lesson in interviewing, which seemed to be, it doesn't matter what you say, but how you say it—and most important of all—how you listen to what the interviewer is saying. Ever after, I held my tongue between two tight jaws and smiled interestedly at whatever the interviewer had to say about her life, past, present and future.

AT about one a.m., I found myself alone for the first time since arriving, alone and tired, my first night in Hollywood. The tired loneliness of that night, after all the seeming glory of what had happened and was to happen, returned time after time. It was the feeling that finally took me away, a feeling bred by the narrowness of thought in nearly everyone I came in contact with.

It was like dropping down out of the air to a strange undiscovered planet, a planet that knew nothing of the earth, or of the earth's doings, a planet with its own language, its own customs, habits, laws. Like an Edgar Rice Burroughs story, its boundaries are mystery, confined as it is by the gigantic walls of unseen people that make up its audiences and whose minds and opinions mean as much as grass to these other-world Hollywoodians.

True, there are a few human people in Hollywood, a very few. But these I seldom met. They keep to themselves. It's their only way to retain that humanness, but then that was a secret I was too young and confused to know. And that night the feeling of loneliness was somewhat subdued by the view from the balcony of the room I was in. I saw all of Hollywood—the lights in even aisles stretching from the Boulevard to the foot of the hills, and over the hills, a thick, white web of stars. There was a magic in the place that night.

The next day, I met Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge who later married him, two grand people. Monday, the picture started. It lasted four months. I was at the studio from seven in the morning to seven-thirty at night, very often working through from four in the afternoon to five the next morning on night shots. This last grind is a customary thing every Saturday night at all studios because, the next day being Sunday, they can't call the actors back.

Remember that too, the next Saturday night you watch them, seated in your comfortable orchestra seats, as they step smiling with all twenty-four teeth from one limousine to another. And remember too, that the limousine is rented, the same way as the (*Continued on page 100*)



(Left) Kay Francis' lovely mouth is enhanced in beauty by Westmore art. The Indian maid is Ruth Roland—remember her?

Twin brothers — Perc and Ern Westmore— share the make-up supremacy in Hollywood today. Until now, they have revealed none of their wide range of experiences years of intimacy with the movie great have brought them. Here, for the first time, they disclose their secrets!

Several years ago the boys arrived from England with their family. They landed in Los Angeles with $2.50, but soon the father and Perc landed jobs at Maison Caesar's, moviedom's largest wig-making establishment.

On Perc's first day at work, Lon Chaney blew in, asked for a wig and went into one of his contortions to illustrate the type of character he was to play. Poor Perc was almost frightened to death. Later, Adolphe Menjou arrived, demanding a mustache. Then, young Westmore was given the job of applying hair to the faces of the entire "Three Musketeers" cast, and he was all set at the studio.

FASCINATING REVELATIONS OF ONE OF THE



Nudity and semi-nudity mean nothing to the make-up man. There is Perc, painting dimples on the knees of the chorus of a super-special. Just as a doctor would examine so many tonsils or give so many vaccinations.



When Olive Borden did "Adam and Eve," she and George O'Brien were in love. It was Perc Westmore's job to make up, not only Olive's face, but her entire body, for the picture. And did the husky O'Brien object!

Secrets of the Make-up room

By PERC WESTMORE

IN the peculiar atmosphere that is found nowhere else in the movie game save the make-up room, incredible intimacies are spawned. Why? Well, for one thing, it's the intimacy of personal contact. For make-up and allied work, you know, has no outside-world conventions or sense of prudishness. Like the artist or the doctor, the make-up man not infrequently finds as the medium for his work the revealed body of one of filmdom's beauties. It is all in the day's work. In the contact that ensues, there is utter impersonality.

Does that seem difficult for you, outside this profession, to understand? Well, perhaps it is. Why, I even remember when it was difficult—and enraging—for one of our most virile stars to comprehend. That was George O'Brien when he was in love with Olive Borden.

They were shooting a picture called "Adam and Eve." That title ought to tip you off to what I had to do for Olive, when it came to make-up. Under the circumstances, it wasn't just face make-up, but an "all-over-body job," to borrow a phrase from the auto business.

To build up Olive's young body into the voluptuousness that was, theoretically, Mother Eve's, certain lines had to be changed. I developed, for the purpose, a sort of rubber preparation, flesh-tinted to match Olive's skin, that could be applied to her own lithe form.

SO each morning, she would come into my private dressing-room for the work. There were also present Olive's mother and my wife, then a hairdresser on the lot. And there I applied to Olive's lovely body the preparation that rebuilt her lines. Intimate, did I say? Well, you can picture it.

And that's exactly what George O'Brien did. He visualized it too well! Barred, *(Continued on page 116)*

WHAT CAGNEY OWES

He owes her his courage and his sense of honor and his sense of humor, too

HE was born, as you know, on the East Side of New York. His father was Irish, his mother Norwegian and Irish. As so often happens among the poor, his mother was the bulwark of the family. It was around this red-headed woman that fierce economic storms raged.

It was she who, in the days of hunger, kept alive in the hearts of her children the faith that at the end of the dismal valley was the radiant rainbow of hope. And it is to her that Jimmy Cagney owes his sense of fair play and his professional success.

The father was a bartender and as became one in that unlucky profession during the days of prohibition, he was often out of work. His health failed as his purse dwindled.

The mother, marrying young, and without education, would listen to no plan that would take one of her brood from school. Of her five living children, two are now physicians, two cinema actors and the youngest, a girl of fourteen, is half through high school.

There may or may not be a tide in the affairs of men. But there is, beyond cavil, a strain in certain people who, if they were angels, would seek to make their wings longer.

The clan of the Cagneys is of that breed. Self-pity was even more rare among them than money. Mrs. Cagney saw to that. Jimmy is today, stubborn, decisive and merry. He would smile at the wake of all who doubt themselves.

THE life of the Cagneys, until Jimmy succeeded, was one of the many thousand sagas of the poor in a land of overwhelming plenty. The Cagney children had but little time to brood. They worked at odd jobs before going to school and after they came home.

One of Jimmy's first jobs was that of custodian in a library in New York. A custodian is the urchin who returns books to their proper places on the shelves. Jimmy's mother considered it a good job because it kept him near books.

When he graduated from Stuyvesant High School, he wanted to be an artist. His mother encouraged him to take a course in Fine Arts at Columbia. Each night he worked as a waiter to finance his studies.

Jimmy looked about the restaurant and gave the food his full approval. Before long he got his older brother, Harry, a job as waiter. Harry liked the place and got his brother, Eddie, a job. Eddie was well pleased and brought Bill Cagney in on the business. Bill was only fourteen, but Jimmy gave him a pair of his long pants and he started in. The innocent proprietor was unaware that he housed the clan of the Cagneys.

Once, when the cashier was sick, Jimmy told the



The most successful Cagney—James.



Doin' right well, too—brother Bill.

HIS MOTHER

By JIM TULLY

And the Cagney tribe, all successful today, are just about equally indebted

owner that he knew of a middle-aged Irish-Norwegian, red-headed woman who would be ideal to handle the money. The proprietor was about to send for Mrs. Cagney, when the cashier returned.

The Cagney boys were slow to anger. When Bill, lost in his long pants, brought a club woman a piece of pie, after she had ordered ice cream, the lady, leaving her dignity at the club, told him many things about stupidity that he had never heard. Bill began to grin. Soon the other Cagney boys, overhearing the woman, gathered around the table. They also began to grin. Everywhere the woman looked she beheld a grinning face. The proprietor and cashier came to the table and they began to grin. The woman, thinking no doubt that she had lost her senses, hurried out of the place, leaving a dollar and a powder puff on the table. Jimmy picked up the dollar and gave the powder puff to Bill. It was the first time in his life that he failed to grin.

WHEN the proprietor decided to pay his waiters, he called them all into his office.

"What's the name?" he said to Jimmy.

It ended with Cagney. There followed Harry, Eddie and Bill. The owner's hand trembled.

"Who was the woman you recommended for cashier?" the dazed owner asked.

"That was our mother," the boys grinned in unison. "Where's your grandparents?" was the next question.

"We can get 'em," answered all the boys. "They'd be swell at the lunch counter."

The owner staggered backward and said, weakly, "You can have the place."

"Not me," said Jimmy. "I'd rather just work here. You see, I'm going to college and I couldn't give it the proper attention."

Jimmy remained in Columbia until given a position as "Junior Architect" at ten dollars a week. During all these bitter days Mrs. Cagney remained at the helm, so the spirit in her family remained the same: one for all, and all for one. The same spirit is still among them.

"If it would make my brothers happier, I'd change places with them if I could," Jimmy says today.

It is not quite likely that Warner Brothers would approve of the change. Handling one Cagney has been difficult at times.

How they conquered a wretched early environment, even with the help of a stout-hearted mother, cannot be stressed too deeply here. When the State of New York saw fit to electrocute an early boyhood friend of Jimmy's, the family took the news in silence. Finally, it was broken by Mrs. Cagney, saying to her children, "We must have pity and understand." (*Continued on page 98*)



Mrs. Carolyn Cagney, his mother.



And sister, Jeanne Cagney.



Hollywood

. . . No town can do a premiere quite as well as good old Hollywood. Cast your eyes over Scotty's album of the "Queen Christina" first night, and see if you don't agree

(Above) Little Cora Sue Collins—the baby Christina of the film—says a few words into the mike. An obliging electrician's shoulders are serving as an aid. (Below) Schnozzola Durante, Mrs. Schnozzola, and Jimmy's Dad. We think Dad ought to go into pictures, too—he looks like a natural-born comedian.

(Below) Who else but Tom Brown with his one and only Anita Louise? The sophistication and poise of these young folks is something to make one think. Did you ever see a man-about-forty look poised-er than Tom? Or a Park Avenue dowager more at home with her orchids than Anita? And they're barely past twenty!





Opening





(Above) C. Aubrey Smith, Alice Brady (making one of her famous faces) and Boris Karloff. Mr. C. Aubrey had the misfortune to be attacked by his German police dog, a touchy canine, when he got home that night, and suffered serious injuries to his hand. (Below) The happily married Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien.

Cecil DeMille, his daughter Katherine, and Harry Wilcoxson, imported from England by DeMille to play Anthony in "Cleopatra." (Below) Little Mrs. Al Jolson—Ruby Keeler to her fans—with a Mrs. Edwards from New York, whom everyone thought was Ruby's mother. She isn't. Ruby's mother's name is still Mrs. Keeler.





She arranges her contracts and gets her own jobs, for Madge Evans' beautiful head is, first of all, a businesss head



The gentleman with Madge is Tom Gallery, and those who know them best claim the wedding bells will soon ring out. At any rate, the popular pair have been "that way" for, lo, these many months.



Smartest GAL IN TOWN!

By KATHERINE ALBERT

THIS is a story of a very modern girl. It could almost be called "from rags to riches" and be in the Horatio Alger class. And yet this modern girl who has been called by shrewd executives, "the best business woman in Hollywood," is as feminine as a lace negligée and looks quite as helpless as an 1890 belle riding a motorcycle.

Hollywood has wondered how Madge Evans could handle her own career without the help of a manager, an agent or a secretary. Hollywood shook its head and sighed, "she can't lick a studio" when, a few years ago, Madge refused to compromise when the executives wanted her to sign a new contract at the same salary she had been making when she first came to town.

The reason for all this dates back to the time when a pitiful little English family almost faced starvation in the bewilderingly large country of America and a mother, who had been trained to do nothing but look after her own brood, moaned, "What can I do to feed my children?"

This family had come over here with such high hopes. Madge's father had a good job. Her mother was a woman of charm and culture. Both the children—Madge and her brother—were beautiful and well mannered. Then the father lost his job through no fault of his own, and he could not find another. He knew no one—had no "contacts." And daily, as his feet pounded the New York pavements looking for work, he grew more and more discouraged and disheartened. (*Continued on page 90*)

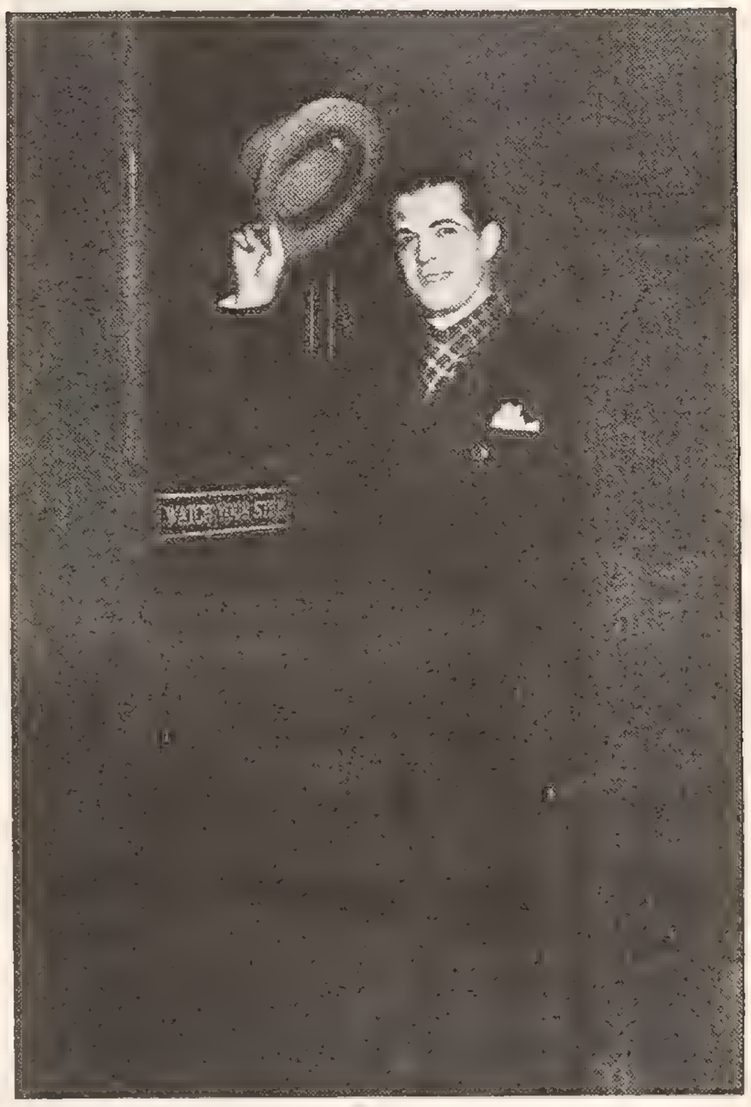
They Visit New York

BY Regina Cannon





Laura LaPlante, looking as piquant as ever, sailed away on the Ile de France recently to make a few movies in England. And here are Chester Morris, Chester Erskine, director, and Helen Morgan, famous blues singer and piano-sitter, snapped between shots of "Frankie and Johnnie," in production at the Biograph. Ramon Novarro dropped into New York for the premiere of "The Cat and the Fiddle" and to make personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre.



THERE'S a breath of Hollywood in the Bronx these days, for the old Biograph studio way up thar at 174th Street is humming with activity.

After riding in the subway for what seemed like a week, but in reality is less than an hour from Times Square, we arrived at the lot which housed the early cinematic activities of such celebrities as Mary Pickford, the Gish girls and Mabel Normand. Those were the very good old days when you saw movies for a nickel and never missed a Saturday matinee for fear Pearl White would be stabbed by Paul Panzer in "The Perils of Pauline" and you wouldn't be on hand to scream a warning to her.

Now, Chester Erskine, youthful theatrical producer, has taken over the studio and is directing "Frankie and Johnnie," that old-time "meller" all about the guy "who done her wrong." Chester Morris plays the carpet-bagger country gent, wise in the ways of the city, who does right by Our Nell (played by Lilyan Tashman) financially, and wrong by our Frankie (enacted by Helen Morgan) romantically.

The set is a humdinger—the Mansion House—replete with gilded Cupids, portraits of naked damsels hefty in stature, and a bar that would make Sloppy Joe of Havana fame green with envy. The wall tables were peopled with Broadway beauties dressed in the colorful gowns of the "She Done Him Wrong" period.

Just as the camera was about to shoot Mr. Morris crashing through the swinging doors, the observant Tashman noticed the girls were wearing wrist watches and brightly lacquered finger nails. Time out to rectify such errors against the Gay Nineties.

If our reputation as a prophet counts for anything, we predict you're going to like "Frankie and Johnnie." The very atmosphere around the Biograph seemed charged with fun and success and when Mr. Morris glanced about the saloon in wide-eyed wonder and asked if this was the Mansion House, and a hard-looking gal informed him, "No, this is where Santa Claus makes his toys. Stick around 'til twelve o'clock, we're gonna play 'spin the bottle'," even the blasé extras laughed—and nothing, you know, is funny to an extra!

* * *

CHESTER MORRIS told us that while he was glad to be in New York, he missed his wife and children a lot. In fact, he had phoned them in California the night before to the tune of $50, which shows devotion, extravagance or both.

"Sue put each of the youngsters on the wire," said Chet, "and I heard her say, 'Say, hello, daddy; I love you and miss you.' Gee, I'm glad they do, but the slow dialogue, promptings and pauses was sure helping to take the telephone company out of the red."

After this one, Chester goes to Universal for "Life of a Sailor," where we trust he will get the break he deserves, for this gentleman is one of the few really capable actors on the screen. (*Continued on page 127*)



(Reading down) David Manners, Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot tea-ing at the Colony. Kay and Lyle are said to be so-o interested. Jimmy Dunn, Lucille Gleason, Ann Harding, Boris Karloff and James Cagney meet to discuss NRA code plans. Elliot Roosevelt and Marie Dressler dine at the Biltmore.

TEA FOR THREE

Scott

MARLENE DIETRICH is known as a glutton for punishment on the set. She is utterly tireless. She never complains. Even those supporting players, who are not exactly sold on Marlene as a person, have to admit she can certainly take it when it comes to hard work.

Imagine everyone's surprise and sympathy, then, when Marlene broke down and sobbed almost hysterically when they lifted the crown off her head after two hours of rehearsals and "takes" of the coronation scene in "The Scarlet Empress." The very heavy jeweled crown had cut a deep scar across her forehead, producing a blinding headache, and yet there hadn't been a whimper out of her until the difficult scene was completed.

There was a heartfelt and appreciative silence from everyone on that set including the extras when the "aloof" Miss Dietrich put her scarred head down on her arms and sobbed like a tired child.



GUILDERS MEET

Scott

JACK'S "INSULTED" AGAIN!

John Gilbert may be separated from Virginia Bruce, but he's still taking all his professional disappointments and heartbreaks to her sympathetic little shoulder. The other night he burst into Virginia's mother's home (where she is living with the baby) with a long story about how he had just been snubbed by an important man in the industry. It seems that this man who was investigating salaries, and conditions in general, in the movie business had invited Gilbert to his home because he was particularly interested in hearing the ins and outs of Gilbert's contract.

Arriving on time, Jack found that two actors, who rate as little more than "bit players," had been invited for the same time and the same conference. And what's more, the Important Man kept Gilbert waiting an hour while he discussed business with the small part actors. "Three years ago he would not have dared to do such a thing to me," said Gilbert whose pride was severely hurt.

They tell another story about Jack that gets under your skin, too. When "Christina" was previewed in a Glendale theatre, Jack went over fully intending to go in and see the



F. D.'S BOY AND MARIE

Scott



"come-back opportunity" which the Garbo was kind enough to give him. But at the last minute, he lost his nerve. He could not bear to sit there and calmly watch while the audience passed judgment on his efforts. So he kept walking around the block until the preview was over. A friend came out. Jack clutched him by the lapels. "Tell me," he said hoarsely, "tell me the truth. They didn't laugh did they?" He could not forget the reception of his first talking picture at which many people laughed. Poor Gilbert!

THERE is a hot rumor floating round the world to the effect that Gloria Swanson will divorce Michael Farmer in the near future. Of course, Gloria won't talk about the matter and attempts to give the impression that her work will compel her to think of nothing else. But (and this is just between us) there is also a story that Gloria has fallen in love. And if the story is true, you can look for a flock of Heartaches vs. Headaches, or something, for the object of her affections is an until recently happily married English star.



CORTEZ ENTERTAINS

Scott

Shirley Ross, a blues singer with acting ability, has just signed a long term contract with M-G-M.



Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez lunch with Virginia Bruce Gilbert at the Colony.

TCH, TCH! FANCY THAT!

Helen Twelvetrees doesn't know it, but an awful lot of people overheard her conversation at that party recently when she kept assuring a certain bewildered gentleman that all she needed was "the same opportunity Helen Hayes has had." She got so excited her voice rose, and two tables of bridge fiends in the next room tiptoed to the door and listened gleefully as Helen explained how unfortunate she had been in not getting the same parts that fell to Helen Hayes.

THE will of the late Louise Closser Hale was filed in a probate court yesterday and among other bequests was one for over a thousand dollars in favor of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Louise thought of her less-fortunate friends right to the last. A grand person. God bless her.

. . . HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD IS THIS INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE SCREEN AND ITS PLAYERS!

Good News!



Scott

Here are the Keelers—Dad, Mother and sisters Margaret, Gertrude, Helen and Anna May. Do they look proud of their Ruby? Yes, yes!



Scott

Maurice Chevalier has gone social. Here he is with Lady Furness, friend of the Prince of Wales.

BOOBY PRIZES FOR—

Maurice Chevalier for disappearing at a recent party given in his honor . . . and being found hours later in a small room listening to a concert of his own recordings.

Adolphe Menjou for being foolish enough to tell a bunch of cameramen at a recent party that he thought a "news-cameramen clan" was the most bothersome thing in Hollywood. When the item appeared in the newspaper the following day, he called in person on the editor and attempted to get a retraction, on the ground that he had not made the statement. The editor refused because two of his reporters had heard it made. Now Adolphe is threatening to tell all actors to refuse to pose!

Producers of "She Made Her Bed." They offered Baby Richard Ralston Arlen $25 an hour, worked him eight days and when his check was called for, it was found to be made out for $80. When asked why the check was cut from $800 to $80, the answer was, "We read where Dick Arlen was going to give all of his baby's salary to charity anyway, so we thought it wouldn't make any difference." P.S. Now Dick is suing the studio for the $800 and will turn the entire proceeds over to charity, as mentioned.

Elissa Landi (who was the shining star in Rouben Mamoulian's life until Garbo replaced her) for naming her cat Garbo. And a special award to the Swede for merely shrugging her shoulders and refusing to make any derogatory remark when informed of Elissa's catty gesture.

Jean Harlow for appearing at the premiere of "Queen Christina" in a frock that caused the spectators to turn their heads in modesty!

Ann Sothern for going ritzy since receiving her contract at Columbia and demanding a private booth at a local beauty parlor, for drying her hair, when established stars like Ruth Chatterton and Lilyan Tashman have never been known to murmur a complaint about sitting in the public drying-room.

Racquel Torres for saying over the radio at the "Queen Christina" premiere, "I'm so happy to be here because I enjoy Garbo the artist, and because I am so very much in love besides."

Lilian Harvey for being a poor sport while dining at a public restaurant with a male escort and snapping out to a cameraman who asked if he might take their picture, "Wish I could buy my own restaurant so I could eat a meal for once without being bothered by you fellows."

Sally Rand for telling an interviewer that she was through with fan dances for good and the very next day all the billboards in Los Angeles were plastered with signs advertising "Sally Rand in Her Original Fan Dance" at a local theatre.

HELEN MACK'S new boy friend is Charles Irwin. Don Alvarado is squiring Irene Bentley to the late spots. Carole Lombard and Russ



Scott

Jack Holt and Lilian Bond seem to play "off again, on again." It looks "on" here, doesn't it?

Columbo are dating. And Maureen O'Sullivan is wearing Johnny Farrow's engagement ring again. It was off for a while.

THE news hounds didn't get much of a chance to cover the court appearance of Kay Francis when she obtained her divorce from Ken McKenna. Reason? The action was filed: "Katherine Gibbs Mielziner vs. Leon Mielziner, Jr.," which threw all the press boys off the scent and none was present to hear Kay tell her little story to the Judge. "He nagged me and was critical about my clothes, my friends,



Scott

Number, please? Tom Brown, Anita Louise, William Janney, Jacqueline Wells, Julian Madison and Joan Marsh buzz the operator.

my home, my acting and so forth." It only took three minutes. Presto! Of course, the Kay Francis romance-rumors are starting to pile up a-plenty.

The gal got very hot under the collar when a news reporter asked her about Maurice Chevalier. Either



Scott

Mae Clark and Sidney Blackmer entertaining Mrs. Dix—Richard's "ex"—and a handsome friend.

Kay means it when she says "ridiculous," or else they are having a tiff. Well, whichever way it is, it no longer matters to little Toby Wing. Maurice is a closed chapter in her peppy young life.

By the way, here's a rib-tickler that took place during the divorce hearing. Kay had brought her colored maid along to testify. When the girl got on the stand she was asked the usual question, to which she broad A'd, "Mr. McKenna assumed an attitude of domineering superiority over Miss Francis from the time they were first married." Some fun, eh, kid?

THAT birthday party that Frank Morgan gave for Adolphe Menjou had one funny sequence. When the cake arrived, Menjou removed one of the candles, saying, "Let's be honest, anyway!" Morgan smiled. "All right, let's." He ordered the servant to bring four more candles! We counted them, yes, but Adolphe's a pal!

LEW'S SIDE OF IT

Since the story that Lew Ayres had been a naughty boy in flirting with that little girl in the stationery department of a Hollywood store was printed in MODERN SCREEN, it is only fair Lew should have a chance to answer the charge in these same pages. At first Lew was angry. But now he thinks it extremely funny that the few joking comments he made to the girl should have been interpreted by her merely as a "flirtation."

"I've only visited that store twice in my life," says Lew, "and each time Ginger Rogers was sitting out in front in my car waiting for me. In fact, my only business in the store was to run an errand for Ginger."

Incidentally, they are still trying to figure out whether or not Ginger Rogers' mysterious "vanishing" act was just another publicity stunt. You may remember that Ginger left a note to her mother saying not to be nervous, she was just going away for a few days' rest. When several days went by and Mrs. Lela Rogers did not hear from her famous red-headed daughter, she began to worry that the "don't be nervous" note might have been written by Ginger at a kidnapper's gun point. The police were called in, alarms were sent out, and several hours later Ginger wired her mother from a rest resort in Arizona that she was well and safe.

Good News!



Scott

At Miriam Jordan's party. Herbert Mundin, Toby Wing, Jack Oakie, Ann Sothern and Miriam line up.

FORMER Universal actress, Sidney Fox, and her erstwhile mate, former Universal writer, Charlie Beahan, are certainly keeping the nights interesting of late. It's really getting so that Sidney has to have a bodyguard to watch over her "on account of" Charlie likes to play rough. You should hear!

LEE'S STILL SORE!

The rumor is around that M-G-M is going to get big hearted, "forgive" Lee Tracy, and take him back into the fold again.

But don't hold your breath until this comes to pass.

We don't know how M-G-M feels about it, but we do know Lee's sentiments. We had a long talk with him the other day on the "I'll Tell the World" set at Universal, and as far as he is concerned, he will never return to the Culver City plant. That abrupt dismissal, which he didn't even know about until he read it in newspaper headlines, is a sore spot with him and one which he will not soon forget.

And don't let anybody kid you that Mexican disaster has cowed Lee and broken his spirit. He's the same personality-plus kid and more power to him! *(Continued on page 77)*



Joan Crawford experiences the wildest terror when she finds herself on a high place. Many of us know that same phobia.

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Illustration by JACK WELCH

THE word "phobia" is defined in the dictionary as "any obsession or morbid fear or dread."

It is a sinister word and one that carries, along with its meaning, the subtle hint of psychological destruction.

If a true phobia becomes a real obsession and is allowed to govern completely a person's life, it is apt to lead to dire consequences. But since there is such a fine line that divides sanity and insanity you will discover that raving lunatics in strait-jackets will be possessed by phobias that you and I may have. We control ours, we try to overcome them—that's the difference between us and the madman.

They grow upon us—these phobias—from some deeply psychological reason—something that happened in childhood, perhaps a terrific fright which we can, sometimes, explain but which oftener is more terrifying because it is unexplained and walks with us to haunt our days.

Phobias, mind you, are not practical fears—not the fear of a vicious dog who might bite you, nor the fear of a stick-up man who might shoot you. No, they are things which seem—when brought to the light and analyzed—to be ridiculous. I assure you they are not ridiculous. They can fill your days—and nights—with a stark terror.

"I'M AFRAID"

But (and this is a proven psychological fact!) it is best for you to bring them to the light, to air them, to discuss them and you will sometimes, in this way, overcome them.

Knowing how important it is to air these phobias, as one would air a long-closed room, the stars have frankly confessed their fears, hoping that their confessions will help you to rid yourself of the sinister influence of fears which have at one time or another haunted us all. And I warn you who are fortunate enough to be free of all phobias not to laugh at the nameless and foundationless fears. They are much more terrorizing than the practical fear of some actual and real menace.

JOAN CRAWFORD is a victim of altaphobia (fear of heights). She could no more stand at a perfectly well-closed window on a twenty-seventh floor than she could walk into a lion's den. In fact, it would be easier to face the lions. That would be a practical fear—not this vague terror, this nameless thing, which possesses her when she is upon a height. She has been to New York dozens of times. She has never yet been on the Empire State Building, nor has she, even, ever lived in a suite of rooms higher than the seventh floor. As a matter of fact, she has just "worked herself up to" the seventh floor. When she first visited New York, she had to take a suite on the fourth floor. By gradual stages she has gone higher, but she is still unable to look out of her window and she keeps all windows securely locked.

. . . These secret fears of the stars, so frankly revealed here, make up an intensely interesting human document. For haven't you—haven't we all?—similar fears that almost no amount of courage can help us overcome?

Carole Lombard is another who fears high places. "When I am in New York I keep my furniture away from the windows so that, in dressing, I will not have to look down far below at the streets. God knows I have tried to overcome this fear. But I have not been successful," she said.

This terror cannot be traced. It is some primitive thing, inherited, perhaps, from our simian ancestors who were terrified of falling from trees. But the horror that victims of altaphobia will seldom admit is that when they happen to be on a high place (and this is the reason they keep their windows closed) they have an overwhelming desire to jump!

A strange fear called "agoraphobia" terrorizes many of the picture people. Do not blame Garbo when she refuses interviews and when she runs like a frightened rabbit from the crowds who pursue her to catch a glimpse of her. Garbo is a victim of agoraphobia (which means "fear of crowds") so intense that it has dominated and ruled her whole life. It is this that has made her a recluse, a hermit, a neurasthenic.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is another with this fear, although it is not so pronounced as Garbo's. "When I was a small child," she confesses, "I was caught in one of those horrible subway holiday crowds. I was so small that I could not see anything but milling people. They seemed to suffocate me and now, although I adore football games, I must always leave before the finish to avoid the crush. It terrifies me and I have missed many an exciting moment in the game. Crowded elevators in department stores slow up my shopping tours. I cannot ride in them—and walk up and down stairs rather than go through the agony of being crushed by people."

And Constance Bennett is another who has a phobia about crowds. They leave her weak and ill for days when she is forced to be in them.

A related fear to agoraphobia is claustrophobia (fear of being shut up in a closed space). This comes from the desire for freedom which is born in all of us.

Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan have this fear to such a marked degree that sometimes on the sound stages, when they hear the doors being locked, the sudden dread possesses them and they are unable to go into a scene for several minutes.

Helen Mack is another victim of claustrophobia. She says that when she was a child she was locked in a closet as punishment and that undoubtedly started the terror—a terror that keeps her from locking any door in her home except the front and back entrance-ways. She has tried to overcome this and when she is in a hotel she locks the door and tries to sleep, but the knowledge that that door is locked—that she is shut in—disturbs her rest all through the night.

Eddie Lowe has one of the most curious phobias I have encountered among the stars. Let him tell you himself all about it. "I have a phobia for believing I have swallowed things. As a child, I would have things in my hand and forget what I did with them. I remember, when I was about four years old, in San José, I couldn't remember what I'd done with a safety pin and told my parents I had swallowed it. (I had done no such thing.) They called a physician at midnight.

"Later, I couldn't remember what I had done with a peach pit. I again told my parents I had swallowed it. I lay on a couch and writhed in agony. They sent for a doctor and again I was found to be wrong.

"There was only one answer to this—to remember details. The result has been, all through my life, that I always know what I'm doing. I never forget what I am doing or must do, what I have done, or become absent-minded about anything, even to the smallest detail. In this case, a fear has been a definite blessing."

And Chester Morris has a fear which he admits so frankly that he'll surely be able to overcome it some day "My definite phobia is earthquakes. It didn't start. I've always had it. Bob Montgomery, my pal, has the same trouble and he's always had it, too. We go absolutely white. I get nauseated. The fear is based on the fact that I am absolutely helpless. I'm (*Continued on page 114*)

THOSE HOLLYWOOD





(Above) Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M. This lovely lady was once the acute angle of a triangle that put Hollywood in a speculative mood as to its outcome. The unexpected happened when death solved the problem. (Below) Gilbert Roland found himself jobless for a long time, though he is both attractive and a good actor. Was it revenge for his devotion to Norma Talmadge? Many people thought that that had something to do with it.

. . . Who's mad at who and whose boy friend is the reason? Oh, there's never a dull moment in cameraland!

THE family feuds of the hill billies in the Southern mountains are as bread-and-milk compared to the figurative hair-pulling that goes on in Hollywood's love feuds. Why the movie colony can't settle down and be normal, love or no love, is a mystery. It seems everybody wants to be married to everybody else's husband, or engaged to everybody else's fiancée. . .

The result is, couples go around with chips on their shoulders, just from strain and nervousness. Of course, sooner or later somebody knocks off the chip and then the fur flies.

It may make amusing reading in the newspapers, but it isn't so funny in real life. Most of the broken hearts and broken friendships in Hollywood are the result of these feuds.

One afternoon recently I sat in the drawing room of a woman star. I mentioned a young actor, new at the time to pictures, who happened to be a friend of mine. "You'd like him," I said, "and you ought to meet him."

"How can I?" she asked bitterly. "Suppose I ask him to a party. I'll have to ask the girl he's running around with. Suppose I meet him at someone else's party. All right. I may sit beside him for five minutes, and what will happen? His girl will never speak to me again and her friends will say I'm trying to steal him. I daren't make that many enemies—not in this town!"

I think that was the first time I realized how complicated and miserable love feuds can make life in Hollywood. Here was a star, beloved by everybody, who didn't dare to chat with a new man for fear of stirring up



LOVE FEUDS By JACK JAMISON



(Above) At this writing the John Gilberts are seeing lawyers, for Virginia Bruce wants what her husband wants — whether its marriage or divorce. The impetuous Jack has figured in love feuds from time to time for several years, and it looks as if he may still be at it. (Below) Mervyn Le Roy, director of hits, dropped little Ginger Rogers and married the boss' daughter. Some thought this would finish the girl cinematically, but Ginger is now going stronger than ever with better breaks ahead.

trouble. Is it any wonder it's impossible for them to live naturally?

The classic tangle, of course, is that between Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett. Gloria is said to have gotten the Marquis a job in the French studio at which she was working. And he, in turn, to have signed Connie to a contract when Connie showed up in Paris. That's how the whole thing started. By the time they all got back to America, the Marquis was more than a little interested in the blonde Bennett. And then one of those heart-breaking things happened that love feuds are always stirring up. Gloria gave a dinner. The Marquis—and if this is no more than gossip, you'll just have to make the best of it! —came in when it was almost over. Not only that, but when the other guests put on their hats and coats, he made ready to leave, too. Gloria, stabbed to the heart, asked, "Won't you stay a minute, Hank? I have something I want to talk to you about."

But the Marquis left with the others. Surely, his marrying Connie a little later could add no pain to the humiliation Gloria suffered, standing there before all her guests, begging her own husband to stay. If you ask her to think kindly of Connie now, you don't know much about human nature, I'm afraid. How could she? And so another love feud was born.

WHILE we're speaking about old times, do you remember the stories that were told about Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland and their feud with Joseph Schenck? Of course, an actress married to a producer-husband and going around with handsome leading men on the same producer's payroll is a situation that always brings a flock of stories. It's such an obvious triangle that it sets people's imaginations working. I remember when the same sort of stories were told about Norma and her first leading man, Eugene O'Brien.

But at any rate, there simply is no doubting the fact that, from the day rumors began to go around that Norma and Gilbert were in love, (*Continued on page 124*)







Frank Morgan, Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald and Jean Hersholt in "The Cat and the Fiddle."



Will Rogers in a new characterization, with Evelyn Venable in "David Harum," a Fox Film.

Reviews – A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

The beauteous Dolores Del Rio plays the love interest in "Wonder Bar," the musical, with Al Jolson.



We are trying to give you an honest, fair grading of current pictures. The simplest way seems to be the old school report card idea: A, meaning excellent; B, meaning good; C, meaning fair; and D, meaning poor. However, it is sometimes difficult to be absolutely just in such a rating. For instance: the plot of a picture may be poor—while the acting is good. Will you, then, read carefully the text of these reviews in order to gain an accurate opinion of the pictures for yourselves?

A: THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro, Frank Morgan

THE same music with different words. Yes, they left the beautiful music intact, but the story has been so changed that those of you who saw the stage version will fail to recognize it. Thus, in place of being a *super,* this picture is merely colossal. As far as the settings, photography, direction and the music go, you have a treat in store for you. Jeanette MacDonald really has a chance to sing and I'm sure you won't forget it in a hurry. Ramon Novarro does splendidly, although his voice is a bit overshadowed by that of his lady-love. Both are composers to start, but the feminine half of the combine goes to the top too rapidly for him. They part (Frank Morgan, it is), but get together again in a finale that is positively thrilling. If you like music and grand singing, see this.

B: SING AND LIKE IT
(RKO)

ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Edward Everett Horton, Ned Sparks

IF I had had an aisle seat for this one, I would have done some rolling in it. Why even the visiting supervisors had hysterics. It's about a gangster who hears ZaSu Pitts practicing a "mother song," forces a producer to star her, rewrites the show to get the song a good spot



Katharine Hepburn in her latest, "Spitfire," with Robert Young playing opposite her.



"Sing and Like It," a real laugh-inducer, features ZaSu Pitts and Pert Kelton.

and then tells the ace critic what to write at the point of a gun. Yes, you might as well know the story—it will allow you more time to hear the funny lines. I had to go back a second time to catch them all. The plot is swell, the direction excellent and the entire cast perfect for a grand total of laughs. Let the girl next door watch the baby and take the evening off. It's really a good tonic for the old nerves.

A: WONDER BAR
(Warners)

Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis

SWELL entertainment. If you go for grand tunes, gorgeous dancing gals and an all-star cast of excellent actors, you'll want to see this one. As far as having a plot —we couldn't hand "Wonder Bar" much—but we have a strong hunch that won't make any difference. Dolores Del Rio does some good work as the dancer in the show who finds out that her "friend" Cortez is about to jump the traces and do a run-out with Kay Francis. Of course she stops that, and how! Then she sees Dick Powell and things begin to move again. Have you noticed already how much different this is than the usual Jolson epic? There are several people in the line-up and they play their roles for all they're worth. This is the picture that had the "fighting cast" you've read about, but they made a grand musical in spite of it. If you're a friend of musicals at all, you'll like this one.

C: DAVID HARUM
(Fox)

Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, Evelyn Venable, Stepin Fetchit

MORE of the same. Yes, it's getting so that you know what Will Rogers' picture is going to be before you see it. "David Harum" is a swell character for Rogers but the story is nothing to get steamed up over. Just one or two funny things: One, where Will and the Deacon are doing some plain and fancy "hoss" trading; the other, a fast finale in which we see an hilarious horse race. Louise Dresser is adequate, as always, and Stepin Fetchit steals a few scenes. A pleasant enough picture, if you're a Will Rogers fan.

B: SPITFIRE
(RKO)

Katharine Hepburn, Robert Young, Ralph Bellamy

EXCEPTIONAL character study. But the picture bored me in spite of it. Spitfire (originally titled "Trigger") gives a marvelous opportunity for Hepburn to show us a beautiful picture of a backwoods mountain girl full of fire and religion, but it doesn't give the audience much chance for entertainment. What there is of story is mostly narrative and thus the usual situations are almost totally missing. Ralph Bellamy and Bob Young "playing engineer" in the same mountains, are a bit confused as to what it's all about. Sarah Hayden as a none-too-nimble-witted mountain gal does a fine bit of acting. If you're all for Hepburn, we suppose you'll like this.

B: JIMMY, THE GENT
(Warners)

James Cagney, Bette Davis, Alice White, Allen Jenkins

GOOD programmer. Do you like Cagney? Then you'll want to see this one. "Jimmy The Gent" is Cagney with a horrible haircut and badly-fitted clothes. But he races through a picture that is in high gear all the way. The story was originally called "The Heir Chaser," so you can imagine what Cagney is doing most of the time. Bette Davis (in a brand new hair-do) is much better than her last time out. Alice White is pert and shapely and the comics and villains vie all over the place. It's a good evening's fun.

B: BOLERO
(Paramount)

George Raft, Carole Lombard, Sally Rand, Frances Drake

A DARN good show! Here at last is a picture that really makes use of the musical background. Starting in a slow tempo, the music keeps pace with the motivation of the plot—stronger, higher and reaches a pitch fit for the dramatic finale the actors furnish. Have you been saying, "George Raft needs a real chance?" You were right and here is the chance! And he plays the role of the dancer right to the hilt. Carole Lombard is good as his partner and is a good dancer, too. William Frawley comes in for a bow as the Irish brother. The ending,



Bette Davis appears with James Cagney in "Jimmy, the Gent," the star's latest Warner offering.



George Raft, Carole Lombard and William Frawley during a dramatic moment in "Bolero."

when Raft and Lombard do the famous "Bolero," is thrilling and tragic. See it!

B: MYSTERY OF MR. X
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Allen, Lewis Stone, Ralph Forbes

SUSPENSE plus entertainment. This is the best picture Bob Montgomery has had for a long time and he really goes to town. He starts as a diamond thief who happens to snatch a big stone at the same time that the mysterious Mr. X is murdering his fifth policeman. The Commissioner thinks if he can find the man who stole the diamond, the murderer will be caught at the same time. Montgomery gets mixed up romantically with the daughter of one of the high officials (Elizabeth Allen) and from there on the fun is in high gear. The suspense when Bob tries to bait the murderer by wearing a policeman's uniform is terrific. Lewis Stone and Forrester Harvey are both excellent. You'll be well entertained.

B: NO MORE WOMEN
(Paramount)

Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Sally Blane, Minna Gombell

LUSTY entertainment. With Eddie Lowe and his old-time enemy, Vic McLaglen, as competing deep-sea divers—each trying to get the treasure so he can make a hit with Minna Gombell—you get a vague idea that there is plenty of action, romance and fast language. But when Sally Blane inherits one of the boats and hires Lowe as diver and more romance clutters up the scene, it gets even better. Lowe and McLaglen are better than usual, perhaps "different" is the word. You should like this.

B: BEGGARS IN ERMINE
(Monogram)

Lionel Atwill, H. B. Walthall, Betty Furness

I LIKED THIS. Made by a small studio, but so beautifully acted and so well put together that it rates with the best of the major output. Lionel Atwill creates a character that will live in your memory just as some of Lon Chaney's best. He starts as a steel executive, loses his investment through trickery, as well as his legs. Then comes the twist through which he remakes his life and lands on top again. Henry B. Walthall gives a fine sincerity to the blind beggar and Jameson Thomas is a villain to sneer at.

B: CATHERINE THE GREAT
(United Artists)

Elizabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson

THIS won't hurt Dietrich's picture. In spite of the fact that England got to the screen first with a story on this historical lady, I assure you it doesn't mean a thing. Too many people know the facts behind this story to be fooled by this glossed-over idea of the life of Catherine. However, Elizabeth Bergner, who portrays Catherine, should be watched. She has a strange voice that captivates in lieu of any great beauty. Doug Jr.'s over-acting made him a perfect choice for the role of the mad Duke Peter. His characterization was quite good. The bouquets really go to Flora Robson who does the Empress. See it and judge for yourself.

C: HAROLD TEEN
(Warners)

Hal LeRoy, Rochelle Hudson, Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis

DON'T let the title fool you. While 'tis true that the main characters in this little epic are named Harold Teen and Lillums, the story is so far from the famous cartoon strip that it's laughable. Matter of fact, what they really made is a musical show with a back-stage atmosphere and a marvelous dancer in the role of Harold. The picture hasn't the high school touch that made the original (silent) film such a success. If you'd like to watch a great dancer (Hal LeRoy) dance and hear Rochelle Hudson sing nicely, you might watch for this.

B: TRANSIENT LOVE
(RKO)

Irene Dunne, Constance Cummings, Ralph Bellamy, Kay Johnson

SOPHISTICATED, clever drama. This is about as smart and modern a show as you will see for many moons. All about two couples living in the tony suburbs of New York. All is serene and beautiful *except*—and there is where Constance Cummings comes in to almost wreck everything. Irene Dunne does (*Continued on page 128*)





Gary Evans Crosby looks happy. That inquisitive interviewer-guy hasn't arrived yet. Uh, uh, here he comes. Barging right in, just like a guest or sumpin'. Now the questions begin—and they're pretty personal



Baby Talk

By HENRY WILLSON

Bing's baby gurgles his piece about the home life of a crooner

ABBA dabba blubb blubb—who'd you say?"

"A Mr. Willson wants to interview you, Master Crosby, for a movie magazine."

"Well, send him in. These fan writers get in my hair. In fact, they get in both of them."

I was ushered into the spacious nursery where Gary Evans Crosby, aged six months, received me with all the pomp and splendor that could be expected from a young man of his age—perched in a dignified manner in the center of the floor with one toe in his mouth—the third from the left on the right foot.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the starlet, in a deep baritone voice that assured me I was in the right household.

"Well, Mr. Crosby . . ."

"Oh, call me Gary—the heck with formality! We never stand on ceremony around this house. The truth of the matter is, I've never stood on anything."

"How does it feel to be the son of a famous crooner?" I asked.

"Not bad; not good. You know, the one thing that gets me down being his son is this 'aunt and uncle' stuff. Every woman that comes into this house since I've been (*Continued on page 113*)

WHICH SORT OF MAN

Bad men are good lovers

By HELEN BURNS

. . . The meanie on the screen is invariably the softie in the home

THE suave, handsome boys of the screen have inspired many romantic imaginings, but their varied love affairs and numerous divorces have sounded the death knell for many of our cherished illusions. It remains for the burly, two-fisted guys to give us back those illusions.

There are happy and enduring marriages in Hollywood. There are wives who may well be envied as possessing husbands as thoughtful and devoted as it is possible for husbands to be.

Wally Beery, Eddie Robinson, Jimmy Cagney, George Bancroft, Paul Muni, Charles Bickford and others, who portray uncouth and ruthless characters in pictures, have made notable successes of their marriages. It must be more than happenstance that, almost without exception, these hard-boiled meanies of the screen are lovable softies at home. I asked some of their wives if they could explain it.

"To begin with, they're not too good-looking to be true," said one of the lucky wives. "The men who are so handsome that women go into deep breathing exercises over them are invariably spoiled and conceited, and a conceited man makes an impossible husband."

"I think there's just so much devilment in every man," another wife volunteered. "The men that can let off some of that steam in front of the camera are content to be good boys at home."

A third wife offered still another explanation. "All of the actors you mention are red-blooded he-men," she said. "You won't find them hanging around the dansants or night clubs. They're not particularly susceptible to women, and, when they do fall, they fall hard."

Whatever the reason, there is no denying that "Little Caesar" and "Scarface" have proved more satisfactory husbands than many of Hollywood's romantic leading men.

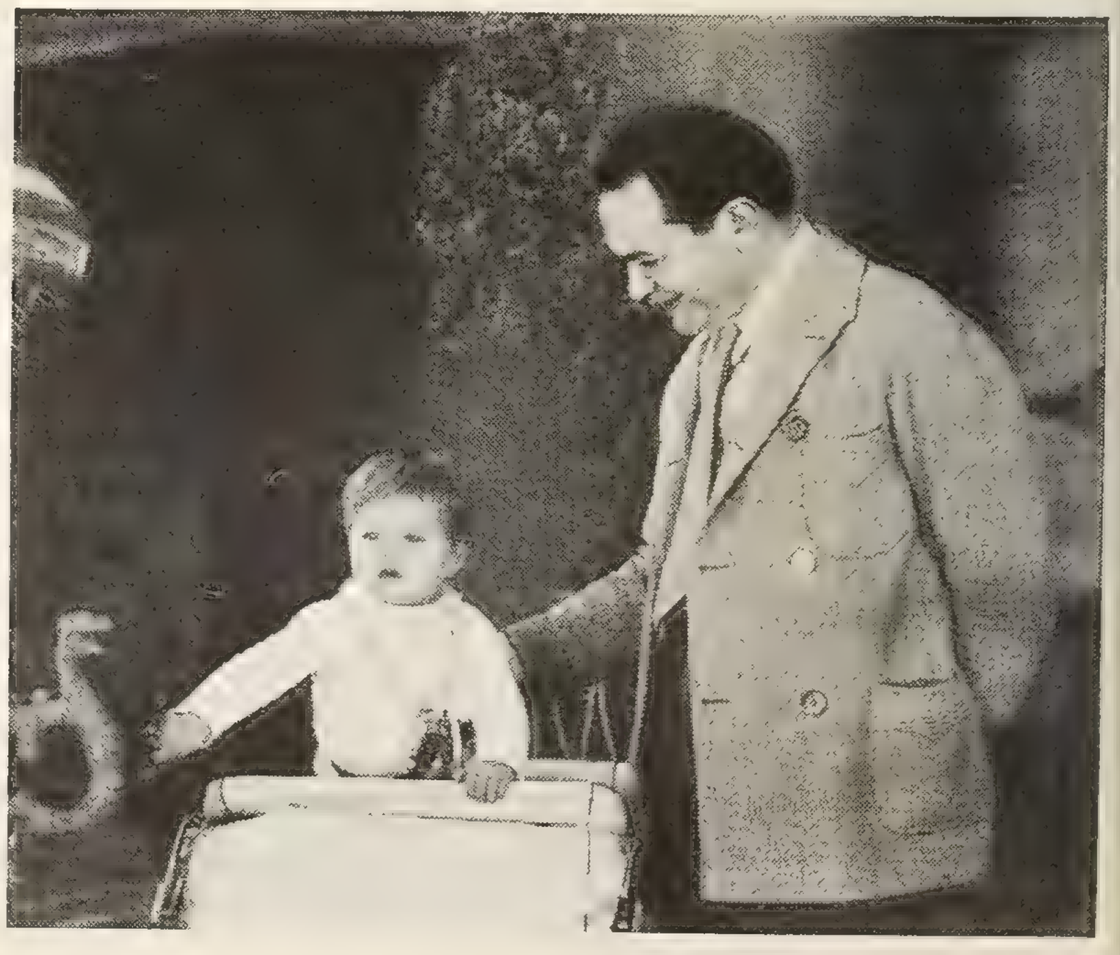
The world hears little of the off-screen life of these men, for they devote their time to their homes and families. They are interested, (*Continued on page 123*)



The Wallace Beerys with Carol Ann, who is even now in training to be an actress.



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni and, below, Edward G. Robinson with his "Little Caesar."



WOULD YOU CHOOSE?



Jean Harlow could have wed a handsome star, but wisely chose a cameraman.



Dorothy Jordan married a producer and, below, pert Arline Judge picked a director.



Heroes are bad lovers

By MARTHA KERR

. . . The sex appeal boys use up all their charm before the camera

WHAT caused the split between Jack Gilbert and his beautiful wife, Virginia Bruce? How does it happen—to go back a little farther—that Jack has had three marriages before this end in divorce?

Why has Clark Gable shown such a decided marital preference for older women?

How come Gary Cooper has—after a long career of romances with girls like Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent and Lupe Velez, postponed marriage until so recently?

Why couldn't Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hold a vivid and vital gal like Joan Crawford?

Why do so many exciting and beautiful actresses marry not actors but directors, producers or just plain business men?

I'm going to stop asking you these posers for awhile and attempt to answer them myself. I cannot tell you—to go back to questions one and two—the word by word account of the series of quarrels that caused Virginia Bruce to leave Jack Gilbert. I imagine it would be pretty dreary even if I knew it. And I'm not going into any lengthy treatise on mother fixation to prove that Gable can find happiness only with older women.

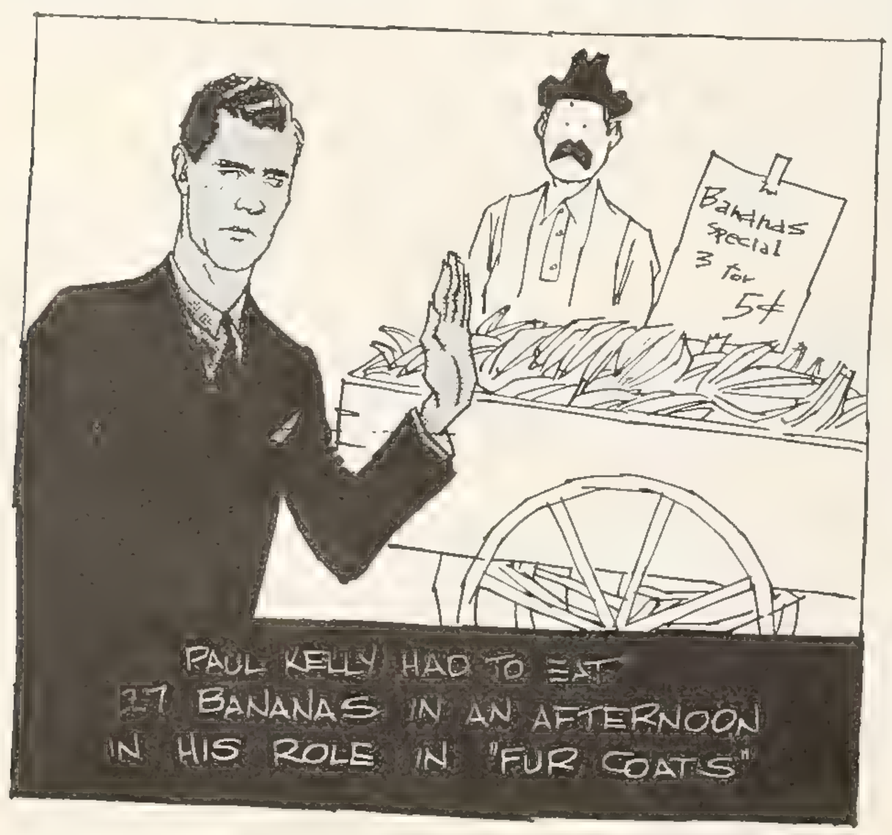
But I can give you a much deeper reason for all the marital mishaps of the great lovers of the screen. I can honestly state that nine times out of ten the sex appeal boys of the films don't make good husbands, and that those lads whose shadows thrill thousands of women and girls throughout the world are not the real great lovers.

Well, just look at them. Richard Dix, engaged to be married a dozen times, finally wed a girl who had had no connection with pictures. There was no professional jealousy between them. He was the working husband, she, housewifely Mrs. Dix. None of the usual temperamental differences that cause Hollywood divorces were present. Yet they separated.

Now the reason that these sex appeal lads cannot seem to hold their wives or even their sweethearts is because they give too much of their sex (*Continued on page 122*)

ALL JOKING ASIDE – By JACK WELCH











Dorothy Wilson

Just because you were a pretty studio stenographer selected as a picture bet is no sign your troubles are over. After the termination of her RKO contract Dorothy went through eight months of disappointment and heart-break. Then Lady Luck deigned to smile on her once more. Through a fluke, she was given a role in "Eight Girls in a Boat," when the leading lady collapsed just before the location trip. On the strength of her performance in that picture, Paramount made her an offer, and "Canal Boy" will be her next.

Jackie Cooper

He is taking boxing lessons from Max Baer's trainer and, as if that isn't thrill enough for one young man, he is to be reunited with his favorite actor, Wallace Beery, in "Cabby." But, just to temper one's good fortune, there's always a tutor hanging around.

Kay Francis

Kay turns a deaf ear to the rumor hounds and maintains a stony silence regarding her divorce and future personal plans. Indeed, she is too busy working for Warners on "Dr. Monica" to take time out to even discuss her "best-dressed woman" candidacy.



Una Merkel

Una is working with Harold Lloyd in "Cat's Paw," so she is apt to be busy for some time to come. You know Harold has never yet rushed through a production. Miss Merkel has two great friends: her husband, a young business man named Ronald Burla, and Helen Hayes. Una still prizes the pressed flowers from Helen's wedding bouquet.

Lanny Ross

His parents must have suspected they were to have a romantic lad on their hands, for they named him Lancelot. He began to sing early. When he was broke, he sang for his supper, and later for the Yale Glee Club and later still for the radio. Paramount signed him and the handsome troubadour is featured in that studio's "Melody in Spring."

I know how to handle Ben!

They say professionals shouldn't marry. Oh, yeah? Well Bebe and Ben did it—

By REGINA

BEFORE she became Mrs. Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels was the most popular unmarried young woman in Hollywood. Yes, Bebe had as many beaux as there are lights on a Christmas tree. In fact, she boasted nearly as great a number of admirers as bachelor Ben had girls, and you who are up on movie stars' activities will doubtless readily testify that Mr. Lyon was no male wallflower.

And so, when fate and a beach party threw Bebe and Ben together and a year later a minister clinched the deal, there were those in them thar Hollywood hills who had nothing to do—besides sit around awaiting a call from the casting director—except predict that it couldn't last. It, of course, being the erstwhile connubial bliss of the newly wedded Lyons. Why, anybody could tell you that as vivacious and witty as Bebe was, she simply couldn't hold a restive, gal-spoiled gentleman like the town's latest benedict! And everyone knew that, despite Ben's attractiveness and charm, he just wouldn't be able to keep the popular Bebe at his side for very long.

And so they stayed married. And, not being a vindictive pair, we doubt if it was (*Continued on page 84*)



Mama Bebe takes Barbara to the "Registered Nurse" set.

I know how to handle Bebe!

—and, what's more, have made a success of their love. What's the secret?

C A N N O N

NOT so long ago, Ben Lyon was free and slightly over twenty-one. He had a long-term contract and a big car and a little girl. She was blonde. Then he had another little girl. She was a brunette. And then, just for luck or to prove he wasn't color blind or sumpin', Ben got himself a red-headed girl. Well, the wiseacres said, that just about took in everything!

And, they further said, Ben was by way of being a youthful philanderer, the pet of the party and not very serious in his intentions. He wouldn't stay in pictures long; he wouldn't marry; he wouldn't settle down. And when the Orange Pekoe and ginger ale hounds, who sit around the Ambassador and sip and gossip, were through, Ben did all these things.

He met Bebe at a party and asked her for a date. She said, "No, thank you," not to play hard-to-get, but because she wasn't very much interested. She had heard that Mr. Lyon wasn't ever around for very long anyway, so why bother? Whether Ben was intrigued or smitten by her attitude is now a moot question. The fact remains that he kept on the luscious (*Continued on page 86*)

Scott



Bebe and Ben at the "Queen Christina" opening.

When is a woman

By
LYNDE
DENIG



JEAN PARKER in her late 'teens is alluring.
Lilian Harvey in her early twenties is alluring.
Ann Harding about thirty is alluring.
Mae West, who has many more candles on her birthday cake, is alluring.

At what age is a woman *most* alluring? Well, what's the answer?

Elenore Duse was an elderly woman when she died, but the flame of magnetic genius still blazed in her sensitive body, and Sarah Bernhardt, old and crippled, retained a vital spark that made her a bewitching personality.

George Jean Nathan once observed that more attractive women were met on New York's Fifth Avenue between Forty-second and Fifty-seventh streets than any place else in the world. George may qualify as an expert. He knows his London, Paris and Berlin. But had he ever been to Hollywood, the capital of moviedom, where even the scrub-women, as likely as not, had been front line chorus girls? Undoubtedly not.

Youthful

To the casual bystander most movie recruits are in no way inferior to their more successful sisters on the studio payrolls. Yet one group eats cake while the other, failing to make the grade, serves it.

THE following lists offer a fair representation of the more important feminine favorites on the screen today. Their ages range all the way from fifteen to fifty and then some.

It may be noted in passing that, of these forty successful actresses, twenty-one are blonde and nineteen are brunette, which contradicts the prevalent notion that blondes generally dominate the studios. Twenty-seven have had stage experience. Fourteen are foreign born, leaving a comfortable balance of American stock.

All may be credited with striking personalities in one way or another, but surprisingly few are extraordinarily beautiful. Heather Angel, Frances Dee, Lilian Harvey, Madge Evans and Marlene Dietrich possess beauty, but they are exceptions.

For the purpose of estimating the individual characteristics that contribute most substantially to the attractiveness of the forty outstanding actresses, it is convenient to classify them in four groups starting with the kindergarten.

These names promptly suggest themselves: Mary Carlisle, Jean Parker, Jean Muir, Frances Dee, Heather Angel, Charlotte Henry, Maureen O'Sullivan and Ida Lupino.



Obviously these young women possess the charm, the buoyancy and the freshness of vigorous youth. Their appeal—sex

Exotic

most alluring?

Is sweet sixteen or fascinating forty—or some time in between—your best year? Here's the way to tell!



Sophisticated



Sex Rampant

appeal if you will—is that of natural innocence untarnished by sophistication. In this respect these girls are unlike most of their older sisters.

Mary Carlisle, for example, may well impersonate the ideal American girl in appearance as well as temperament. Fair and sparkling, she is entirely at home on a college campus, where she needs to be little more than her natural self.

In the case of Jean Parker the appeal is ethereal. She reveals, along with youth, a sympathetic quality that imparts the throb of life to sentimental episodes. No one need be asked to die more gracefully than does Jean in "Little Women."

FRANCES DEE is probably the most mature of the kindergarten group. In addition to her beauty, she profits by a rare and fascinating animation.

Heather Angel, radiant contribution from England where she gained her first experience, is the epitome of feminine loveliness and possesses a voice in harmony with her personality. What a dainty little thing she is. Her beauty is so delicate and fragile that at times it seems to be almost unbelievable. She fitted superbly into the romantic atmosphere of "Berkeley Square."

Ida Lupino, losing competitor for "Alice in Wonderland," is a bewitching blonde. Although not precisely the type for Alice, she displayed such possibilities that she was immediately placed under contract. Jean Muir adds another to the roster of sweet young blondes. To her physical attractiveness, she adds a throaty, delightful voice which—if voices have sex appeal—certainly has it.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a little bit of old Ireland, a Celtic beauty with snappy blue eyes and a pert expression. Found by Director Frank Borzage in a Dublin café, her popularity in American pictures has spread spontaneously.

Others might be nominated to illustrate a contention that somewhere about eighteen is the most attractive time for women. What do you think? Is this your age and do you feel strongly the power to attract?

Now, what of the girls a few years older—older in experience and worldly wisdom if not in years? They, too, possess desirable bodies and features that drive an artist to his canvas. And, supplementing these natural assets, they may bring to the screen a true note of understanding in their expression of character.

What of Lilian Harvey, Madge Evans, Margaret Sullavan, Karen Morley, Miriam Hopkins, Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn?

(Continued on page 120)

A new kind of



In "Gallant Lady," with Ann Harding and Dickie Moore, Señor Tullio had a beautiful chance to play the casual and utterly charming type of lover he does so well. To be sure, he didn't win Ann, but he never failed to amuse her with his sparkling wit and charm.



To Connie Bennett's "Moulin Rouge," Carminati brings a new type of theatrical producer. A well-groomed one, who doesn't chew cigars or leer at ankles. And who, when he pursues a lady, does it so gracefully, that even one's Aunt Tabitha couldn't object in the least.

THERE'S a new way of making love on the screen and a new and very interesting screen actor to do it.

I'm speaking of Count Tullio Carminati de Brambille, who is billed as plain Tullio Carminati and who sprinkles his sex appeal with a sense of gaiety, to make not only a charming screen lover, but a distinctly different and interesting man.

If you've seen him with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady" or with Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge," you know his smile. That smile which is mostly of the eyes, tells you that he practices the strange paradox of being utterly sincere and yet taking nothing seriously—himself least of all. He is the same off the screen as on it. He has no mannerisms and he tells you exactly what he thinks.

"I cannot be other than myself," he warns you before he talks and he is the same to titles, the press or to waiters. The latter he converses with in their native tongue, for he knows five languages. The fact that he was born to a title and that the great Eleanora Duse sought him out for her leading man are not sufficient excuses for him to "put on the ritz" as many another star might do. Instead they have given him his utter simplicity and the great charm and grace that make up his personality.

When I asked him whether he was trying to bring a new brand of love to the screen—love embroidered with charm, he replied, "How can love be otherwise? One needs allure in love. It is more than embroidery; it must be a part of love or one is lost. The people of my country, Italy, and all Latins, I think, are too serious in wooing. Of course everyone is serious when he is seventeen. We sink into a quicksand, but when we finally emerge we should know better. After adolescence, there is no excuse for acting as if love were a great tragedy. And it will be, if we don't take it just a bit lightly.

"In the first place, laughter with the woman you love is a great bond, and clever women always see that that bond is present. In the second, if you are so tied up in your own emotions, you cannot watch those of the one you are trying to win. If you cannot stand off and watch yourself you become an utterly ridiculous figure, especially to the loved one.

LOVE should be built on faults—yes, really it should. I do not believe that love should be blind. Faults in the one you love are endearing, or if they're not they should at least be recognized, talked out and laughed away. If you know the faults of the person you love and can do this, then at least you know that your love has a fairly firm foundation. The great thing is for a man and a woman to be able to laugh away faults together, but how are they to do this if they lack a sense of humor?—and a sense of humor is a part of love. Besides, if you can laugh away your own faults to make them endearing to the one you are wooing, you more or less disarm him or her, as the case may be. Do you see?

"And supposing you lose the person you want to win? You certainly can't do it gracefully without the aid of laughter. It is then especially that one is apt to become ridiculous. It is not good to leave a ridiculous memory. You want to be remembered kindly. It might help! Who knows? People change their minds sometimes—life is like that. That is why we continually hope. And there is always hope for the one who loses gallantly with laughter.

"If this is true about men wooing women, how doubly true it is when a woman wants to win a man. Isn't it usually the woman with the proper balance and sense of humor who gets the man she loves? It is hard for a man to get away from a woman *(Continued on page 88)*

Lover

. . . There's a secret to staying in love and Tullio Carminati, who knows all the answers on the romance questionnaire, tells it here

By DENA REED



"Love should be taken blithely to ward off tragedy." Thus speaks the expert Carminati.

NEWS! PICTURE STORY



Wide World





Culver

(Above) Walter Huston is treading the Broadway boards once more and here you see this splendid trouper making up for his role in the stage production, "Dodsworth." (Below) Cy Bartlett and Alice White—they're Mister and Missus now, you know—do the Mayfair together in the best of style.

(Top) Minna Wallis and Mrs. Gable's children by a former marriage see her and the famous Clark off for New York. (Above) Milton Beecher, M-G-M publicity man, wants an autographed picture, too. (Below) The pretty gal is Polly Ann Young, Loretta's little sister. She's with Billy Bakewell.

Scott



Scott



PICTURE THIS!



Scott

(Above) Here's a real sister act—Marion and Rose Davies—all dressed up ready to go places. Do you think they resemble each other? (Below) Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan sign the Celebrity Book. 'Tis said they'll be putting their names to a marriage license one of these days.



Scott

(Above) And now the rumor hounds are buzzing about Marian Nixon and Phillip Reed. Well, they look pretty pal-ly at that! (Below) Jack Oakie has a new girl! What, again? Yes! Ruth Hilliard, a "Vanities" beauty. They're seen here partying at Sebastian's Cotton Club.

Scott



Scott



"Any woman can



In a marriage that's as modern as can be, John Boles has all the freedom he wants.



With Sylvia Froos in "The Follies" in a scene designed to make wives miserable.

THE divorce horrors of Hollywood will have no effect on the marriage of Marcelite and John Boles. *Frau* Boles, a war-bride at nineteen, school teacher, wife of an impecunious voice student living in boarding houses and furnished rooms, traveling from Texas to New York to the French Riviera, tasting poverty and riches, has withstood stormier weather than the film center can ever produce.

Sitting in the white Early American living-room of their white (rented) home in a rural section of Beverly Hills, she pooh-poohed the idea that wanderlust, predatory Hollywood females or the siren demands of the screen could in any way combine to undermine the solidity of the marital happiness of the John Boleses.

It may be defying fate, but deep-bosomed, handsome Mrs. Boles made the prediction in her first press interview, that there would never be a separation in the closely-knit unit formed by the four Boleses: John, Marcelite Dobbs, young Marcelite, aged thirteen, and Janet, six. Here are her reasons. Their seventeen years of marriage authenticates them.

"Why should there be a separation?" she asked me. "I'll wager that our family will be one in Hollywood that will never part. It isn't a question of 'holding your husband,' you know. It's a matter of letting him go. I give John all the freedom he wants and he does the same for me. And what I don't know, doesn't hurt me. I believe in married couples having friends of the opposite sex. If a married woman can't have a cocktail —without her husband's presence—in the living-room of her home with a man whom both she and her husband know, then she doesn't belong in a civilized world.

"If my husband can't take luncheon or dinner alone with a woman friend, whether she be actress, acquaint-

have my husband"

. . . Step right up, girls, this sounds like an offer! Yes, Mrs. John Boles is serious when she tells why her husband can walk out on her anytime

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



John Boles has been married seventeen years—and to the same woman.

ance or school friend, then I want to know it. I am not afraid of losing his love. I have said to John, and I say to you, 'Any woman who wants him, can have my husband.'

"The first time I said that to John, he looked puzzled. 'Do you mean that?' he asked. 'I do,' I answered. 'If you are that easy to get, I don't want you myself.' That is my answer to the Hollywood bugaboo about 'other women.' They simply don't exist to me.

"I know they exist, materially. I know they are prowling about, stalking about, perhaps, waiting to snatch husbands. When it comes down to that, I hope they do look at John and I hope he looks at them. Even slightly more than that, if he wants to. I should loathe living with a man that no other woman wanted. Being married to a man that other women desire, lends a certain distinction to him that he would otherwise lack.

"But when it comes to 'affairs,' that is where my patience would be exhausted. That is what I mean by saying, and I mean it, 'Any woman who wants him that badly, can have him.'

IT has always been my theory, and I've worked at it during our seventeen years of marriage, that each one of us should remain an individual. When we start losing our personalities, submerging ourselves in the other's life, then it is time to watch out.

"I have always been Marcelite Dobbs. John has always been John Boles. It will be that way until the end, if it is humanly possible. John has his interests. I have mine. We do not infringe on each other's rights. I am always glad when our interests happen to be alike, but I don't try to force John to interest himself in something I am doing.

"As I look back upon our lives together, I think the closest escape that I had from making our marriage conventional, and fitting myself into the usual wife-pattern, was when I changed my course at Texas State College at John's request, and took up a Science course. At that time John was studying to be a doctor and he thought that a doctor's wife (we had just become engaged) should know something of laboratory work and science. If he had become a doctor, instead of a singer, and I had become his laboratory aide, I wonder if our marriage would have been successful? Something tells me it would not have been. I would have become a doctor's wife instead of remaining Marcelite Dobbs."

As she said this, standing tall as the Marriage Goddess Juno in her dark dress against the white mantel of her living-room, the wife of John Boles spoke with such conviction, frankness, faith, that those very qualities should keep her marriage intact, safe from divorce. If they don't, it will be one of the real marital catastrophes of Hollywood. They have lived, those two, through the thick and thin of fat and lean years, quarrels and reconciliations, debt, illness and child-bringing.

The Boles met at Texas State College, Austin, where Marcelite Dobbs had been sent to break up a Virginia romance. At nineteen, on the twenty-first of June, 1917, she married John Boles, medical student, long a friend of the family. He immediately enlisted, spent eighteen months with America's Intelligence Division in France, while she taught school in her native Marshall, Texas, wept with the other war-brides at Red Cross meetings, and embraced a returned *(Continued on page 112)*

THE LIFE AND *loves* OF LYLE TALBOT

By WALTER RAMSEY







(Above) At the tender age of twenty, Lyle as "Merton of the Movies." (Center) The lovely Elaine Melchoir, his ex-wife. Lyle and she have been going around together since her recent screen test in Hollywood. (Below) With his first leading love, Alney Alba in "Pigs."

LYLE HENDERSON HOLLYWOOD TALBOT was born in Brainard, Nebraska, but it was not until several years later that, as Lorelei Lee so aptly put it, fate began to happen to him. The first really important event in Lyle's life was the big chewing gum scandal.

When a trusting gum salesman carefully stored his wares in Grandma Talbot's house, little did she reckon with her grandson's light-fingered tactics. It didn't take the imaginative mischief-maker long to discover the gum and, realizing its possibilities as a securer of favors, to distribute it among the kids of the neighborhood. Needless to say this little episode caused Lyle much grief and embarrassment, to say nothing of a long-to-be-remembered whacking.

When he was sixteen, young Talbot persuaded his father to allow him to join his travelling show. However, he soon found that he would make more histrionic progress in stock. After a few seasons with this one and that, he joined the John Winnanger Company. It was here he met and fell in love with Lottye, the beautiful saxophone player, who appeared with the "lady orchestra" the company had engaged. However, Lyle's love was not returned and over night the fair lady fled with her saxophone, leaving town without so much as a farewell kiss for Lyle.

THE romantic blow of Lottye, the lady saxophone player, walking so indifferently out of his life, was strictly the ending of Lyle's kid days. He considered himself cynical, disillusioned and embittered toward women. And while it is now funny to look back on this puppy love affair in all its amusing angles, it was real tragedy and heartbreak to the kid at the time.

He determined to put women out of his life "forever" and threw himself into his work with real seriousness.

Though Lyle was but nineteen, he had grown tall and mature and there was no reason why he should not at-



. . . Romance steps in—
and out . . . a trip abroad
. . . more disappoint-
ments and more awful
"stock" . . . a brief mar-
riage and success at last

(Above) Lyle and Bebe Daniels talk things over on the set of "Registered Nurse," their co-starring picture. (Center) With the entire stock company; that is, one of 'em. There were plenty, you know. Recognize Lyle? Behind the lady in white. (Below) A scene from the two-reeler, "Nightingale," Talbot's first motion picture, with Pat O'Brien and Vivienne Osborne supporting him.

tempt to get leading men roles in place of the hit-or-miss parts he had been forced to assume during his growing up days. Through a friend he got word of a juvenile post with a stock company in Sioux Falls and after wiring the manager of the company, fibbing considerably about his experience and demanding a rather nice salary, he received word to "come on" for at least a two-week tryout.

He remained two years with the company, not because of his acting ability (which was far too limited for the "second leads" he assumed) but because the matinee idol fans of the town wrote him so many mash notes, the manager was afraid to fire him.

Before Lyle was of voting age, it was very apparent that women were going to play an important part in his life.

He hadn't been in Sioux Falls six months before his woman-hating convictions began to waver. The girl's name was Alney Alba and she was the ingenue in the company. They made love seven evening performances and two matinees per week on the stage and the habit must have grown on them, because at the end (*Continued on page 92*)



PLUCKY LITTLE GIRL!

"Hello!" says Mary Carlisle. "I'm telling the world I'm not heart-broken, or miserable or misunderstood. I'm enjoying my work, I'm having heaps of fun—and I'm rarin' to go!"

Ridicule—you know how hard it is to take. Well, Mary can take it!

By DORA ALBERT

IF you were—or if you are—just about twenty, and as cute looking as Mary Carlisle—well, almost as cute looking, let us say—and if you really felt you could do something rather well, and no one took you seriously, it would be sort of tough, wouldn't it?

And then—supposing you were a movie starlet—and were just tickled pink about the breaks you'd received from producers and were working like sixty to live up to folks' expectations of you and—bingo!—some idiot writes a story about your longings to be a second Garbo and about your suffering because you're little and blonde and plump instead of glamorous and slinky and slim—it would sort of make a girl writhe, wouldn't it?

Mary Carlisle has been through both those devastating experiences. But—a great, big "but"—she doesn't want anyone to come sniffling around with sympathy or to hand out any sort of maudlin pity—or write any soupy story about it. She has too much pluck—and assurance—and plain, ordinary sense.

You probably can't think of her as being anything but sweet, dizzy and slightly gaga. She looks like the apple of every college boy's eye and you know how dumb they can be. Just a little clinging vine, with blue eyes and dumpling cheeks.

Oh, yeah? If you think all that, I wish you could meet Mary Carlisle.

The first thing that would hit you is her self-assurance. It isn't conceit. It's simply that she seems to be ready for anything that happens. Nothing fazes her. She stands in awe of no one. Half Irish and half English, she combines the common sense of the English girl with that fighting quality that the Irish always seem to possess.

Nobody can put anything over on her. Nobody! Not even the Barrymores.

When Mary and Lionel Barrymore were appearing together in "Should Ladies Behave?" Lionel kept forgetting his lines. The director went over and over and over the scene, and each time Lionel forgot his lines.

Some time later, Mary was cast with Lionel again in "This Side of Heaven."

This time it was Mary who kept forgetting her lines. Each time she started to say them, she forgot them. She told me what happened:

"Finally, Lionel Barrymore grew impatient with me and started bawling me out. So (*Continued on page 104*)





(Left) In "Lady Mary's Lover" Norma Shearer wears a tricone trimmed with the tiniest pleated edgings that end in a pert peak on the middle of the crown. (Right) Attention, June brides! Claudette Colbert in her stunning wedding gown and veil in "It Happened One Night."

By MARGERY WELLS

ON Dress PARADE

THE parade this month—fashions on the screen—goes ga-ga on period gowns. Queens and their royal regalia are all very well, but not for our rush-about lives when we're dashing here and there doing things every minute. No, we have to hunt up modern movies if we want a practical "design for living." We've got to be royal in our own good American way and content ourselves with swiping a collar here and a cuff there from a lady-in-waiting.

But when Connie Bennett steps on the screen in "Moulin Rouge," she's saying something in our own language. Perhaps she does go a bit haywire with too much glittering lamé and too many swishing sequins when about her own home business. But that's movie talk, and if you're on to your nice distinctions, you'll recognize the fact that, in her private life, she'd never rattle the spangles in a quiet hour at home any more than you or I would.

However, when the Bennett steps out in that simple little organdy with the double circular bertha, wide skirt and ribbon sash, then we understand her. By the way, that's one of the dresses copied best by the Cinema Shops. Not a detail has been overlooked. Connie wears it in white with a twisted ribbon of blue and pink, but you can have it in two shades of bluish lavender with those same two shades in the sash. It's keen for a summer dance or a garden party.

Her white satin evening gown—flat under the chin and very low in the back—is something to write home about. Now that gown has all the elements of perfect style for the present moment. See it and study its simplicity, for there's a fashion lesson there worth learning.

And I want you to notice Connie's headdress, too. It's her own idea. She always does it more or less the same, but the point is, it's good for her. And that's the secret of the modern headdress for all of us. If you look at all like Connie, then go in for swirly bangs. They cover a high forehead in a most flattering way, and the straight lines over the head ending in shaky curls, do quite a lot for a face inclined to be too round.

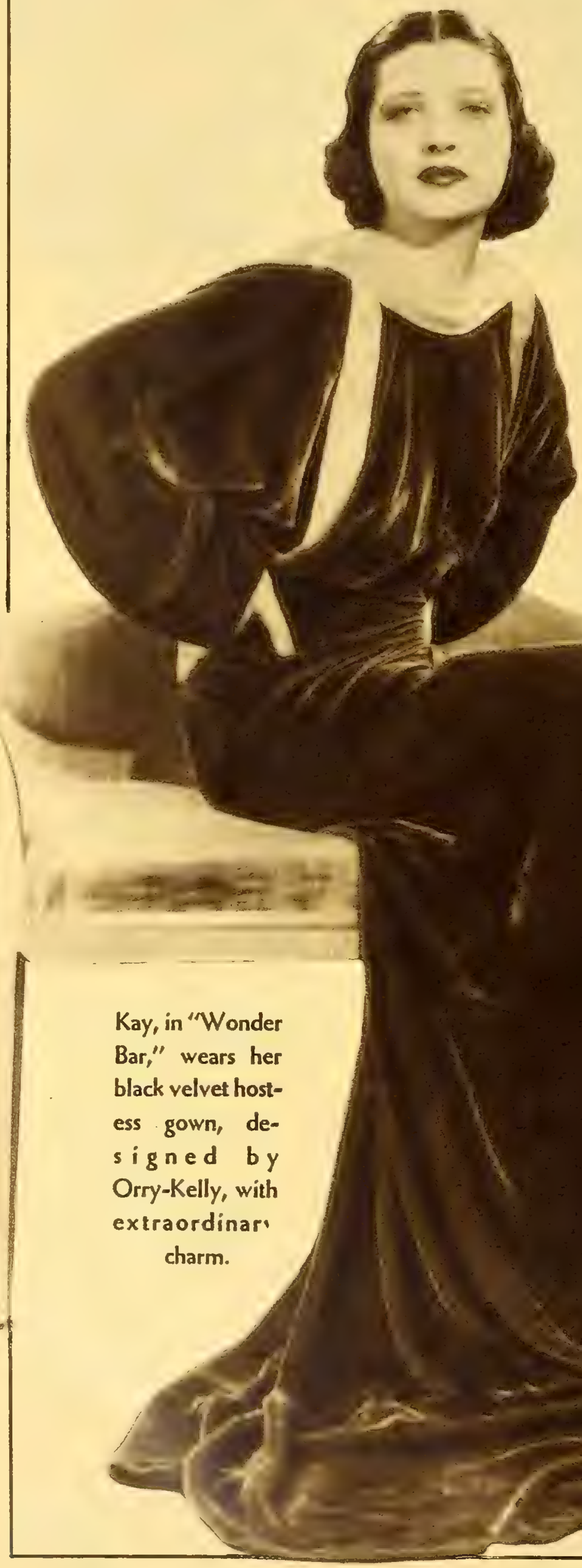
"HI, NELLIE!" There's a pattern for a business girl. Glenda Farrell knows how to dress her part and no mistake. Not every girl in the marts of trade has to come up against a bunch of wild men like the Nellies of newspaperdom. But the clothes pattern holds good all the same.

Notice her white, fresh collars all the way through the piece. See how crisp she always looks, even though she's as mad as a hatter underneath and ready to kill some confrere at a moment's notice. Her frocks help to keep the illusion—and it often must be an illusion—of perfect composure under trying circumstances.

She must have had a frock (*Continued on page 108*)

All about the newest hats and the newest gowns in current cinemas

Who better than the lovely Kay Francis can put that desirable adjective, glamorous, into clothes?



(Right) In her flowery frock of chiffon and lace, the Kay Francis of "Mandalay" makes us believe that those before-the-war days are here again. Look at the hat, if you doubt for one minute, and the fan of starched organdie, a flirtatious affair. (Right, below) In chiffon and organdie, Kay becomes demureness itself, except for the precious bracelets on her arms.



Kay, in "Wonder Bar," wears her black velvet hostess gown, designed by Orry-Kelly, with extraordinary charm.







SPEAKING OF *Glamor*

Spangles will always lure the girl who by nature is dramatic—and aren't we all? This gorgeous gown worn by Kay sacrifices everything for the beauty of the fabric. Notice—not an inch of trimming, for even the shoulder and back straps are made of the material itself. The long train (can't you hear its luscious swish as she walks?) is quite perfect as modern evening style and the open back—as open as it can be—is formality at its best.

It looks free and airy enough, this evening cloak of black velvet, but, as a matter of fact, it is circular—vastly circular—so that Kay may either swoop it together in one long line for a becoming background, or wind it about her figure so that she and her glittering gown are completely covered. Notice the pin of precious stones fastened at the low neckline of her dress—her one flight into ornamentation on an otherwise severe ensemble.

Delicate pastel tones in striped taffeta make this dinner dress something to contemplate and honor. That fichu arrangement over the shoulder has its 1890 flavor and so does the wide shirred ruffle on the skirt which sweeps the floor. Even the sash, made from one of those ciré ribbons, with a bow at the back and long streamers, carries out the quaintness of an old-time fashion which has been adopted as this season's favorite.

Screen Stars' dresses and

Follow the fashion path the screen stars blaze and insure smartness



Fay Wray's dress for evening and dancing is very new. Why? Because of its square neckline in back as well as front. (Below, left) Loretta Young sports a Breton sailor in soft pliable felt, looking particularly lovely with her white collar and violets. But Irene Dunne (below, right) chooses a real Tyrolian cap, feather and all, to bring out her charms to their best advantage. You'll find them all at the Cinema Shop and you can fit your type to the styles the screen stars are wearing.



Breton



Tyrolian

Square Neck

hats for you, and you, and you

by Margery Wells

WHERE can I get it?"

My, how many letters I receive asking this question. To dress as the screen stars dress seems to be the desire of every girl who worships at the movie shrine.

Well, you can do it now. How?

Scattered all over the country, in hundreds of towns, there are shops which are selling replicas of frocks worn in current pictures. You'd be surprised what a pull they have, for these dresses somehow have the sanction of all that is right and good in the language of modern fashion.

Dress like Miriam Hopkins in "All of Me," and you know you are right. Indeed, how could you be wrong?

Well, you can do it if you search out the Cinema Shop in your neighborhood (I will tell you where it is located) and demand the dress which is shown in the picture on this page. There's this about it—a mode so advanced that it will stay in style for months to come. There is not nearly so much chance in buying a dress with this background as there is in selecting something which looks pretty and which you *think* is all right.

For this time of year, and (*Continued on page 119*)

(Below, left) A black turban, cocked to one side, over pale blonde hair. Is there anything more effective? Miriam Hopkins wears this pert little hat with its tiny bow on the left side in a perfect way. And she has artistically used a white scarf further to set off its line and darkness against her frail blondeness.

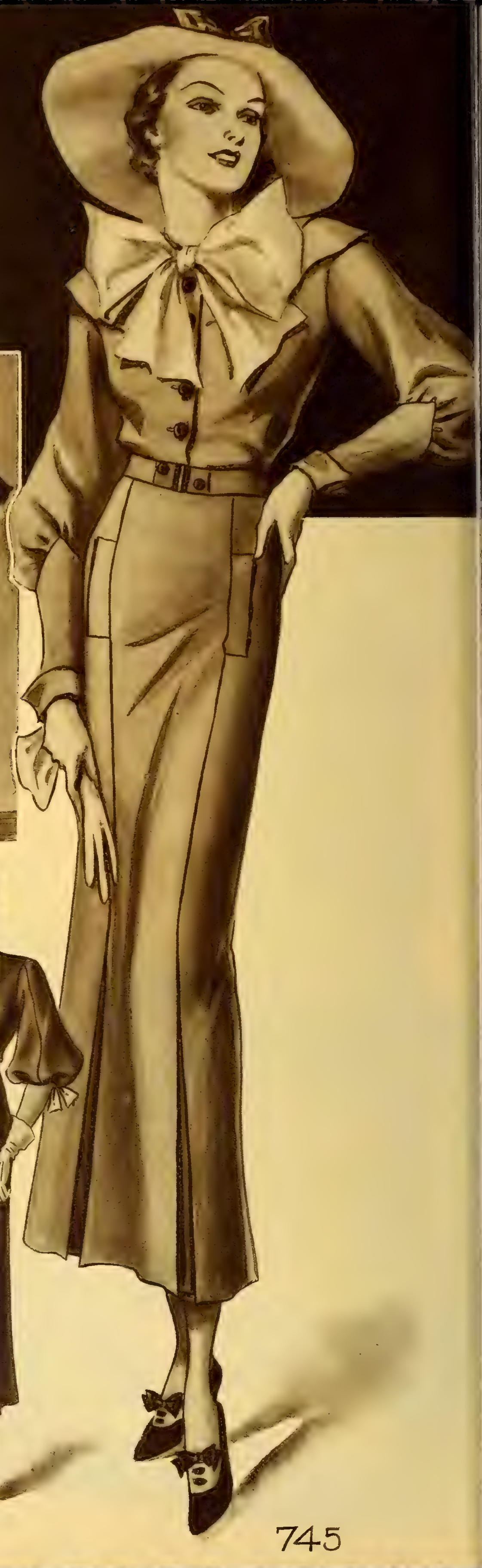
(Below, center) Evalyn Knapp shows us what the Merry Widow hat can do on a modern head. None of its charm is lost. In fact, much is added. (Below, right) Little Shirley Grey's dress, a daisy print in blue and white, is simplicity itself enhanced by a touch of organdy at the neck and at the extreme ends of the sash.



MODERN SCREEN *Patterns*









745—(Above, right) Prints for spring—or plain? Elizabeth Young dons a tailored frock of brown, yellow and beige dotted crêpe. The large bow of brown taffeta gives it added chic. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust.

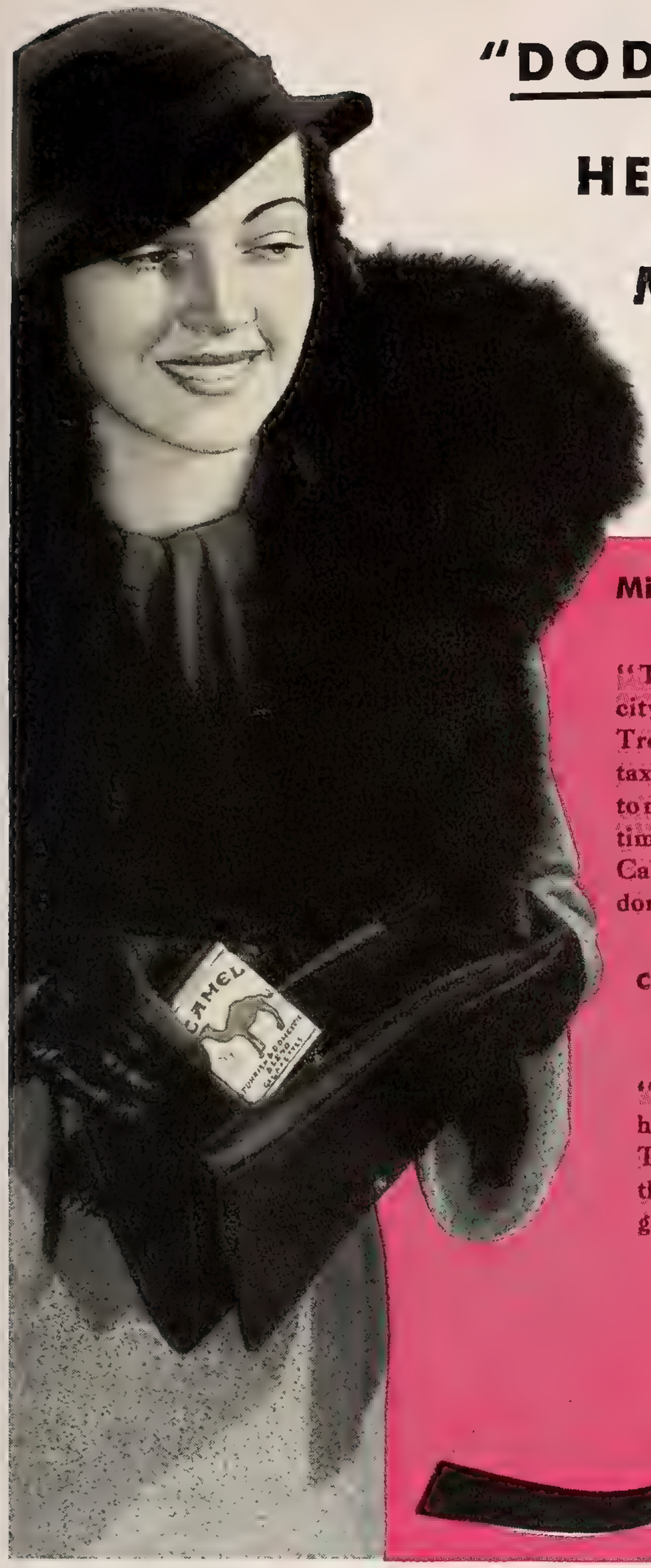
747—(Above, center) Ida Lupino wears this up-to-the-minute 1934 frock. It's excellent for every-day or office wear. It is made of red and white checked men's shirting material. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

754—(Above, left) Ginger Rogers wears a charming black Elizabeth crêpe dress with kick pleats in the skirt, long puff sleeves, trimmed with white Marylyn crêpe dotted with blue. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 bust.

Instructions for ordering patterns —and back views—on page 108.

747 754 745

"DODGING TRAFFIC TAKES HEALTHY NERVES, TOO, MR. HOCKEY PLAYER—"



Miss Ruth Dodd of New York, says:

"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

Captain "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers, 1933 Champion Hockey Team, says:

"A hockey player can't afford to have 'nerves.' I smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Few are those today who have not been face to face with the "jangled nerves" that our modern, high-speed life is blamed for!

You know the signs — tenseness, irritability. Feelings that are hard to control. Fussy little habits like key-rattling... hair-mussing... pencil-tapping. All are signs of nerves that flinch.

Check up now on *your* habits that may cause jumpy nerves. The way you eat and sleep. Your work and play. And get a fresh slant on smoking by making Camels your smoke.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

You'll find Camels rich in flavor — yet mild and delicate. Smoking will have a new zest. And each Camel renews the enjoyment... the full, satisfying taste... the pleasure of smoking at its best!



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Never get on your Nerves
Never tire your Taste

Lines start below the surface — in your under skin

Dryness comes in your outer skin . .

Each Skin needs its own Cream

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins are both firm and smooth.

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken.

3 The outer skin wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This happens in human skin!

THE truth is—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where *Dryness* comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin—and puts moisture back into it. It's a greaseless cream. You can use it day and night without fear of oiliness.

But *Lines* have their cause deep down in under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm, use a deep penetrating oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.



Here is the way MISS WHITNEY BOURNE *describes this Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment . . .*

1. "***Last thing at Night,*** I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt. I use Pond's Tissues to take this off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream—it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.



Miss Whitney Bourne *of New York, accorded the most beautiful girl of last winter's brilliant social season. She guards her exquisitely fair skin with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams. She says: "Two different creams are absolutely necessary."*

2. "***After that,*** I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

3. "***Next Morning,*** and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

For your Under Skin
Pond's delicious oil-rich Cold Cream. Or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin
Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.



Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been trying to get along with one cream only, just try this famous Two-Skin Method for a few days—and see your skin grow soft and fine—smooth.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
50 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 9¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Good News

(*Continued from page 39*)

THERE'S a terrible feud on between two dashing idols of the Paramount lot. The first time they were introduced, one of them became so sore he pinched his rival.

In other words, Baby LeRoy is pretty burned up over the fact that Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr. (eight months old) scored such a hit in "She Made Her Bed" with his Daddy and Sally Eilers.

JOAN CRAWFORD really had her heart set on playing the title role with Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." But when popular demand won the swell part for Jeanette MacDonald, Joan was the first to wire her congratulations and good wishes. Nice going, Joan, and a real indication of the kind of gal you are.

SPENCER TRACY gave Loretta Young a real little moom pitcher camera for her birthday and Loretta was so thrilled she immediately started on a home-made production. The idea was a burlesque on "Man's Castle," with Polly Ann Young and William Bakewell in the roles Loretta and Spencer created on the screen. Loretta produced, directed and wrote the script for a swell time was had by all until the bills from the camera shop and "lab" started to roll in. The amateur production had cost her exactly $750 in cold cash.

The film is so cute and so funny and it cost so much, Loretta hates to see it go to waste. She's playing with the idea of showing the picture in someone's private theatre, charging "premiere prices" and turning the proceeds over to charity!

JACK OAKIE has a five hundred dollar bet on he can lose fifteen pounds in two weeks. On account of Oakie not caring any more about money than he does for both eyes, arms and legs, you can expect to see him considerably thinner.

THERE AND HERE

Cary Grant and Virginia (bride) Cherrill did a stop-over in New York to look at a couple of plays they may do for Paramount . . . Zeppo Marx played "twilight golf" with Leo Diegel the other evening and the caddies went around with lighted matches until eight o'clock. . . . 'Tis said that Myrna Loy's trip to Honolulu is not only breaking Novarro's heart, but a certain big producer is having trouble as well. . . . When they once started cutting the "Scandals" they did a big job, only to find that they had cut out the ten biggest scenes. . . . Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing) cut Sally Eilers colder than *that* in issuing invites to a Friday Afternoon and Sally took it big.

BING CROSBY and James Cagney have gone literally crazy over auction sales. There is a certain very exclusive auction sale room on Wilshire Boulevard and so far Bing and Jimmy and their wives have not missed a single one.

Strangely enough no one in the big crowds seems to recognize Bing and he can bid away to his heart's content. But they place Jimmy Cagney right away and many a withering look he gets when he over-bids some indignant housewife.

Crosby comes home from auctions laden with Italian and Spanish *objets d'art* which cannot possibly be fitted into his early American home. So Dixie has set aside a certain room in the back of the house which he can furnish with his auction bargains. He's taking far more interest in this than in the entire furnishing and interior-decorator schemes for the rest of the place.

The latest auction addicts are Joan Blondell and George Barnes.

THE latest gossip is that Margaret Sullavan got in Gloria Stuart's hair out at Universal and that is why the last named young lady is so anxious to terminate her Universal contract. The difficulties were not personal, but professional. Gloria thought she deserved a better break than being forced into screen roles which Margaret had considered and discarded. Even the studio had to break down and admit she gave a grand dramatic performance in "Beloved" and for a while there was talk she might get "Little Man, What Now?"

But when you see that picture it will be with Margaret Sullavan, not Gloria. Gloria's feelings are so hurt she is threatening to leave Hollywood for New York, where she will join the Group Theatre.

A CERTAIN scene in "Rip Tide" with Bob Montgomery and Norma Shearer was shot thirty-five times by director Edmund Goulding. No, Bob and Norma didn't "blow up" in their lines, but a door they were supposed to open kept creaking in spite of the gallons of oil the prop boys poured on its hinges. Just as the stars were about to swoon from fatigue, the door decided to behave itself, and then what should happen, but the cameraman sneezed. It went on and on like that all day long!

LITTLE Dorothy Wilson knows a great deal more about Hollywood than she did two years ago. Now that Dorothy has clicked again in "Eight Girls in a Boat" and has a new Paramount contract, she is not going to make the same mistakes she fell into after her sudden stardom in "Age of Consent."

"I went hay-wire," says Dorothy, "and spent every cent I earned. I thought I was a big shot and that I was set on the screen for a long career. Well, a year of idleness taught me differently. I'm going to work hard and really make something of this second chance."

EVIDENTLY Genevieve Tobin doesn't like her Hollywood reputation of being a ritzy and hard-to-get-along-with young lady. Her press agent has been flooding the local blats with the "most democratic" items all about how Genevieve is playing dominoes with the electricians and actually waving to the extras as she crosses the studio lots. You can't imagine how friendly it all is, or is it?

GEORGE RAFT says the only way to be happily married in Hollywood is not to read the newspapers.

"Then," says George, "you won't know when Hollywood has made up its mind you'll have to get a divorce."

NEIL HAMILTON is so tired of ape-men and animals that he is almost tempted to give all his earnings on the new version of "Tarzan" to charity. Neil has been on the picture for months and it isn't finished yet. Of course, he received something over $50,000 for his work, but he hasn't appeared on the screen during that whole time, which is bad for any actor. (Please note: we said "almost" tempted.)

WE haven't been handed the official list of "Baby Stars" as yet, but we have some news on the subject. It seems that the Wampas, a group of studio press boys who yearly chose the group, want to introduce them to the fans via radio and two or three of the major studios are all against the plan. One of the studios has its own radio station and doesn't like to see the business go to another hook-up and the rest of the no-likees are just "agin the deal." So, maybe you'll hear Baby Stars and maybe you won't!

WARREN WILLIAM disappeared the other day and no one could locate him for hours. The thing had two aspects—one serious and the other funny. (1) William was actually "lost at sea" and his studio was almost crazy during the fourteen hours until he was rescued by the coast guard. (2) The studio was afraid to broadcast the tragedy because Warren William's picture was about to be released and the publicity department *knew* that the press boys would think that their star's "disappearance" was merely a gag to publicize the film. When he finally returned, after a terrible fourteen hours on a stranded boat, the press was notified. The boys all admitted that, "It would have been too much like a certain Broadway play of last season." Quaint?

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN'S Papa is busier than a bird dog denying he ever gave out a story: "My son is going to marry Greta Garbo." Mamoulian read the statement in New York and nearly hit the ceiling. The wires he sent back were so hot, it is doubtful if his father will ever open his mouth again, even to be "misquoted."

THOSE HONEYMOONERS!

GARY COOPER and Sandra Shaw are still very much in the honeymoon stage. Sandra visits Gary practically every day at the M-G-M studio, where he is making "Operator 13" with Marion Davies, and lunches with him.

The other noontime Mrs. Cooper was late and Gary waited so long for her to show up the company was called for work before he had had his lunch. But everything was okay when Sandra arrived with homemade sandwiches, which Gary ate on the set between scenes.

THE thin half of the team of Laurel and Hardy has been having a Roman holiday for himself the last few days. Stan just up and disappeared and no one could find him. The studio was all set to start his new picture and his wife was crazy. The rumor had it that he was going to return to England to get out of paying his wife any alimony (which might have been the reason she was going "crazy"), but now that Stan has returned, he lets it be known that his disappearance was merely a gag to try to get his wife to return to him. Which is a new idea, or maybe it's Stan's idea of love.

MR. PAUL LUKAS is overly-funny about his working hours (must have been reading the publicity about George Arliss) and so, the other night when the company executive approached him with, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lukas, but it looks as though we'll have to work a leedle overtime this evening. You'll play ball with us, yah?" Paul merely chirped over his shoulder as he left, "I'm an actor, not a ball player."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT either stepped in—or the reported offer was never made—because Elliot Roosevelt denies that he will work for M-G-M. "I have never been offered $1,000 a week, or even thirty dollars a week. I have no knowledge that would fit me for a position in a studio anyway," said Elliot. Some of the colony think the job-rumor was merely publicity, while others think it was an actuality, but that Elliot's father told his son to stick to something he knew about. It's your guess, but it is a cinch he isn't working.

THAT was some cocktail party that was thrown for Lady Furness and her twin sister Gloria Vanderbilt. The crowd was so large that a tent was built in the back yard to handle the overflow. We thought Dolores Del Rio was the most beautiful lady there, but she certainly had top competition from Corinne Griffith, Gloria Swanson, Loretta Young and a whole host of beauteous damsels. The most popular man in the gathering was Jack Warner who got a "hand" upon his entrance that wasn't equalled all afternoon.

WELL, after all the hurrah, Mexico has finally okayed "Viva Villa," that is, all except one little scene. They don't seem to think that Villa had enough soldiers in his army when he entered the Capital and they merely want M-G-M to re-shoot that one little scene using the entire Mexican Army as extras. Thy will be done, Mexico.

IT made us laugh. A couple of agents in Hollywood had been having a terrible time making a certain star pay her commissions—until they hit upon an idea. The boys hurried to New York and got in touch with the star's mother whom they asked to meet them at the studio for an interview with the newsreel boys. She came. When they had the camera set up they told her to start talking. Said Mamma, "Vell, vat do you vant me to say?" All the while, of course, she was looking straight into the camera. The boys told her that would be enough. Then they rushed back to Hollywood and gave the non-paying star a preview of the little picture. P. S. She paid.

THE publicity department over at Warners went rather ga-ga when the studio finally found a baby to play Joe E. Brown as a child. Said they, "Joe can get four billiard balls in his mouth—while George Evans at the age of three can hide two in his oral cavity."

IMAGINE this! The Bruce Cabots had a cocktail party over the week-end for Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe. A whole gang of people came and were they laughing when it was found that Bruce had forgotten to have the swimming pool filled. "It's mutiny!" cried Johnny.

IT will be too bad if that "Wonder Bar" engagement breaks up the long standing friendship between Dick Powell, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. During the making of the picture Dick made no secret of the fact that Jolson took the good song numbers and shunted off the weak ones on him. Jolson didn't like these cracks from his wife's musical comedy partner and of course Ruby is always on Al's side.

A CONCEITED young actor on the Paramount lot was explaining to a luncheon table group that nothing made him so mad as to be referred to as an "actor."

"Hmmm," said Alison Skipworth, "no wonder you have the sweetest disposition on the lot!"

That's a little deep. You have to figure it out!

THIS is almost a believe-it-or-not, Mr. Ripley, but Warren William's studio stand-in is named William Warren.

THE question of the month: Why hasn't Alice Brady, who was such a terrific hit in her first three pictures, been assigned a new picture. The delightful Alice told us the other day that she hasn't worked in four months.

MAE WEST and her pal Dan Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-by. C'm up and see me some time."





Star of Paramount's "It Ain't No Sin"

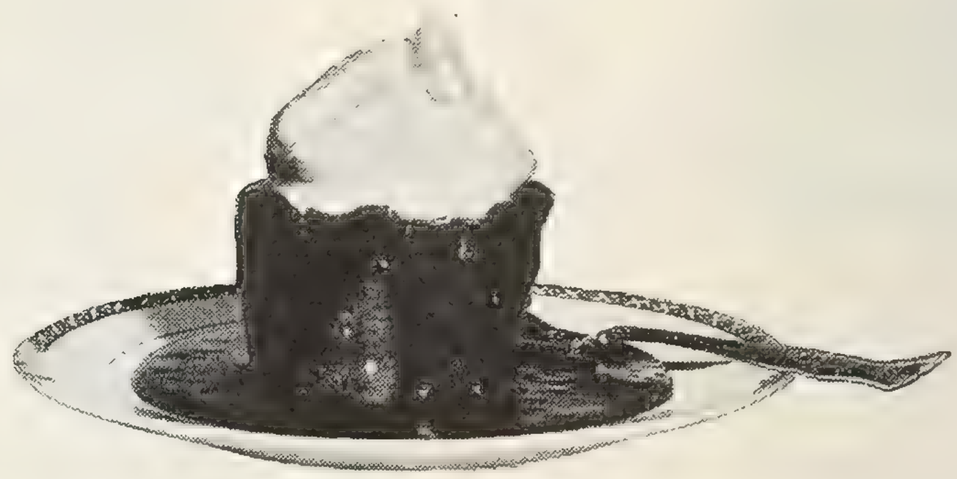
"MY GREATEST ALLY"

Take a leaf out of Mae's little notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it just as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!



The MODERN hostess

Some delightful desserts for you



"Don't serve monotonous and uninteresting meals," warns Mae Clarke. Those individual plates of Savoy Pudding she's topping with chocolate sauce and whipped cream look interesting enough to us. She has also given some excellent daily menu suggestions.



OVER our tea cups the other afternoon, Mae Clarke and your scribe were discussing the marital difficulties of a mutual friend—a non-professional girl whose husband, one fine day, just up and walked out without any explanation!

"It's a shame!" I declared hotly. "And such a nice girl, too. Now, if she'd ever really done anything . . ."

"That's just it!" replied Mae, between bites of cinnamon toast. "She's never done anything to anyone or for anyone—she's just what I term 'negative nice.' Consequently he was bored stiff, fed right up to the teeth on her everlasting monotony."

"But that's not enough excuse for leaving your wife," I protested.

"It may be no excuse but it's often a Grade A explanation," asserted Mae. "I often think that if our courts of law would grant divorces on the grounds of boredom we would soon see boredom forever banished from the hearth. And do you know where I think the first improvement would take place?"

I shook my head. I had my own guess, but I wanted to hear Mae's ideas.

"In the food placed upon the family dining table," said Mae, emphatically. "With so many people discussing vitamins and calories and diets I suppose I'll be considered downright old-fashioned when I say that I still think good food is terribly important—that is, food that is colorful, interesting and exciting. It's all very well to concentrate on foods that are wholesome, nourishing and simply teeming with vitamins and mineral salts but the resulting meals shouldn't be dull and routine."

I shed a mental tear as I thought how often I had heard men (and youngsters, too, for that matter) complain that their meals at home were monotonous and uninteresting. Why is it that so long as women's most important household task is to see that their families are fed, they won't take a little extra trouble and see that they are well fed? "The little more, and how much it is—the little less, and what worlds apart." The poet who wrote that was not referring to food, but he might have been, for it is truly "the (*Continued on page 82*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me the recipes for May, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and Number)

.....
(City) (State)

LOVELY ROLLICKING

Joan Blondell



Joan Blondell's gift for comedy sparkles through the new Warner Brothers' picture "Smarty," with Warren Williams and Edward Everett Horton.

EATS BREAD EVERY DAY AND IS GLAD TO TELL *Why*

Good natured, lovable . . . very much alive . . . Joan Blondell enjoys every minute of her busy existence. In this friendly letter to Betty Crocker, cookery expert, she willingly gives one clue to her abounding vitality.

Dear Betty Crocker:

Of course I like bread, and of course I eat it—every day! I couldn't keep in tip-top shape without plenty of good energy food, and that's what bread is.

Joan Blondell

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."



CLEVER NEW USES FOR BREAD IN THIS BOOK BY BETTY CROCKER



Free! A thrilling new book of recipe and menu suggestions, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)". New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make an appetizing, well balanced diet. By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Fascinating accompaniments for soup, main course, salad. Answers to questions on bread etiquette.

Delicious, appetizing . . . bread "goes" with everything. Is economical, convenient . . . baked for you in pleasing variety, together with other tempting baked wheat products, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name.....

Street or R.F.D. No......

City..... *State*.....

Copr. 1934, General Mills, Inc. Mod. Sc. 5.34

Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

The Modern Hostess

(*Continued from page 80*)

little more," that extra few minutes thought spent on planning the meal which makes all the difference between "dining" and just "eating."

TO me, menu-planning is one of the most creative duties of homemaking. I love to sit down with a pencil and paper and my filing cabinet of recipes and work out a whole week's menus in advance. Admittedly I have to alter my schedule occasionally—left-overs I hadn't counted on sometimes crop up—a roast I figured would be good for hash the next day gets itself devoured at one sitting. But in spite of this I find that planning meals in advance enormously simplifies both marketing and cooking, cutting down my trips to the shops and the length of time I have to spend in the kitchen. And I am sure that once you get into the habit of working out your menus for a number of days ahead you will wonder how on earth you ever struggled along on the old meal-to-meal system.

But there I go again! Telling you how to make things easier for yourself when my purpose this month is to inspire you to serve more interesting meals, even if it does mean a little extra effort. So now I am going to give you six excellent menus, each one built around a different meat and each one a guaranteed gloom chaser. These menus are ones that Mae Clarke says would turn the most thoroughly depressed male into a scintillating dinner companion. Of course, these menus are not intended to be considered iron bound. If you hate broccoli, there is no law against your substituting asparagus or cauliflower. And if your whole clan loathes cream soups you won't hurt Miss Clarke's feelings or mine if you substitute a clear bouillon. But these menus do provide a magnificent framework upon which to drape your own ideal menus. And I advise you to cut them out and file them away with your collection of pet recipes.

SPRING LAMB DINNER

Grapefruit cup with wedges of mint jelly
Roast Stuffed Leg of Spring Lamb
Gravy Pickled Peaches
New Potatoes, Parsley Butter
Baby Beets, Piquante
Lyonnaise Carrots
French Mixed Green Salad
Mocha Tapioca Cream—Sauce de Luxe
Coffee

CHICKEN DINNER

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Roast Stuffed Chicken—Giblet Gravy
Buttered Peas Corn Fondu
Baked Potato Puffs
Celery Olives Radishes
Orange Cream
Coffee

BAKED HAM DINNER

Tomato Bouillon
Baked Virginia Ham—Mustard Sauce
New Cabbage
Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Corn Bread Spiced Crab Apples
Hearts of Lettuce
Roquefort Cheese Dressing
Springtime Pudding—Scarlet Sauce
Coffee

VEAL DINNER

Mixed Seafood Cocktail
Veal Cutlet Brown Gravy
Mashed Potatoes
String Beans
Moulded Cheese and Tomato Salad
Savoy Pudding
Coffee

FISH DINNER

Individual plates of Hors d'Oeuvres
Broiled Sword Fish—Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Cheese Biscuits
Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery
Chiffonade Salad
Queen of Puddings
Coffee

STEAK DINNER

Iced Honeydew Melon
Broiled Steak
Broiled Mushrooms
Broiled Sweet Potatoes
French Fried Onions
Broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumber Salad
with French Dressing
Crackers and Cheese
Coffee

DOESN'T just reading those menus make you hungry? Can you see what I mean when I say they will give you a permanent groundwork upon which to build your own meals? The recipes for many of the dishes mentioned in the menus have been included, from time to time, in the Modern Hostess Recipe folders. Surely you have been sending in for them every month—if not, now is the time to begin. As for the desserts in these menus—the final treat which draws each meal to a triumphant conclusion—you'll find these Mae Clarke favorites in this month's folder. And such desserts! Once they are in your possession you'll never serve a dreary, last-minute subterfuge of a sweet again. Let me tell you about them.

The Mocha Tapioca Cream lifts tapioca out of the nursery class and makes it as sophisticated a delight as you've ever tasted. And the sauce that accompanies it is as smooth as satin. The Orange Cream is a real picture, all golden and white and you can give the children a treat by letting them share it. The Savoy Pudding is fragrant and spicy and can be served with either a molasses cream sauce or a velvety chocolate fudge sauce. And the Queen of Puddings is a relative of that much-maligned dish, Bread Pudding—but what a difference!

All of these Mae Clarke recipes are included in this month's Star Recipe Folder, which you may have by filling in the coupon on page 80 and mailing it to me. Do be sure to send it right in, before you forget it. I have tested every recipe very carefully and you have my word and that of everyone who has tasted these desserts that more delightful last courses cannot be imagined. And while waiting for your set, try this Mae Clarke dessert:

SPRINGTIME PUDDING

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
a pinch of salt
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon molasses

Cream shortening thoroughly. Add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add well beaten egg. Mix well. Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder and spices and add to sugar mixture alternately with the milk. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and molasses. Turn into square or oblong greased cake pan and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 minutes or until a straw comes out clean. Turn out on cake cooler, cut in squares and serve with following sauce:

SCARLET SAUCE

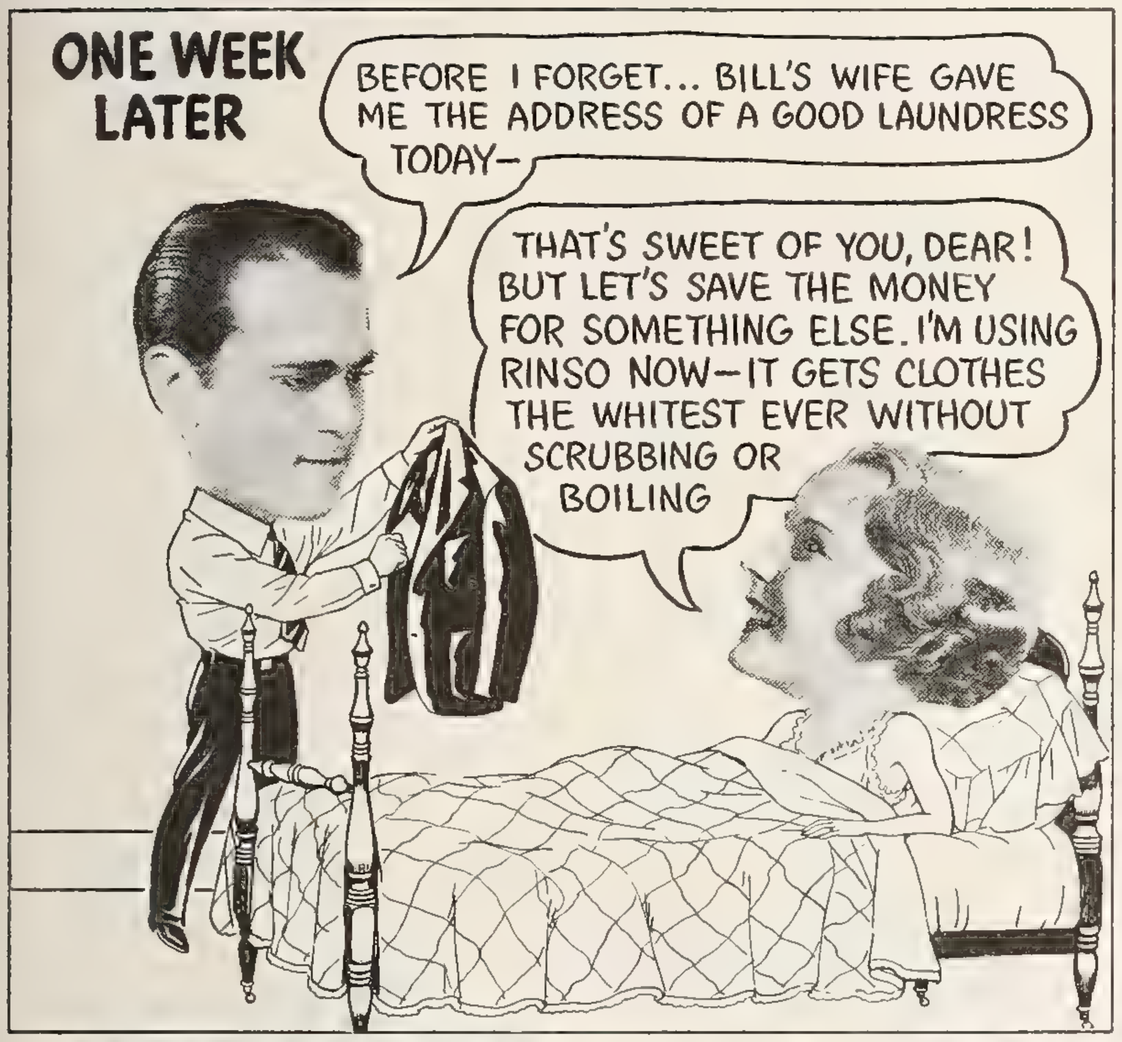
2 cups strawberries, washed, hulled and cut in halves
2 cups red rhubarb, cleaned and cut in ½-inch pieces
½ cup water
1 cup sugar

Combine fruit, water and sugar and cook slowly just until fruit is tender. Serve over cake, either hot or cold.

Do you want to know about THE MAN GARBO LOVES and why she's that way about him? You can do just that by reading our next issue









Rinso gives thick suds—*even in hardest water*. Great for dishes. Easy on hands! Makers of 40 famous washers—home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers endorse it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

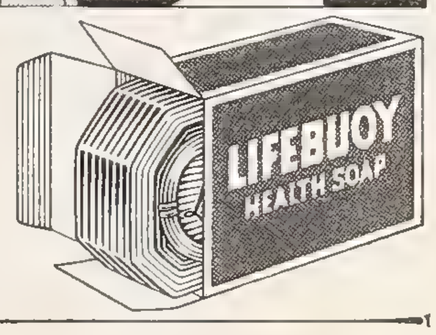
Rinso

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You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

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☐ Cake ☐ Liquid ☐ Black ☐ Brown

I Can Handle Ben

(*Continued from page 56*)

merely to spite the meanies.

There are two good reasons why the Lyons still check in each night at the modest fourteen-room hacienda they call home. One of them is Bebe and the other is Ben. Bebe is confident their lives are going on like Tennyson's brook, for she admits she has a system that has a Monte Carlo routine lashed to the mast when it comes to effectiveness. Not that she has conscientiously worked it out. It is just sort of a common sense how-to-be-happy-though-married formula.

Bebe claims that, like the traditional customer, the husband is always right. Even when he's wrong. Especially when he's wrong.

"A clever wife," claims Mrs. Lyon, "knows how to work her points while she is agreeing with something on which she totally disagrees. Ben has a fault—the only real one I've discovered—and that is a tendency toward stubbornness. He gets an idea, a not-so-good idea. If you cross him on it, it grows into a fixation. He is going to carry it through or else!

EARLY in our acquaintance I discovered that it didn't hurt him and helped *us* if I seemingly fell in with his plan. Without visible opposition, he could finally be brought around to listen to its discrepancies. It wouldn't be long before he'd tell me that he had thought the matter over carefully and decided to discard it. Then I'd do the best acting I could without benefit of camera and make-up and say, 'Well, maybe you're right.'" And lo, a Daniels came to judgment and checked up a triumph!

Bebe is willing to give in on unimportant matters without even playing a game. Such as leaving parties early and not having visitors too often. Ben does not like lots of people around most of the time, for he is not essentially a social person, and so his wife manages to get along without much company.

And when Ben recently decided to redecorate their home, there were a few rooms that, in the process, went rather too Spanish. Bebe might have preferred something lighter for a Santa Monica house, but if she did, her husband never knew it. For it didn't matter an awful lot to the Missus whether the influence was a bit of old Seville or a dash of western America. The important point was their happiness.

"And," declares Bebe, "I have conquered any tendencies toward jealousy and possessiveness. Not that I had much to cope with in myself in this direction, for I've always had pride and if a man would rather be with someone other than me, well, let him run along. He would run anyway, so let him go with his opinion of me high and his own personal vanity low. Am I the calculating one? Tch! Tch!

"Seriously, Ben knows his comings and goings are never timed nor must his absences be accounted for. I never ask 'Where' or 'With whom,' and consequently never hear the one about sitting up with a sick friend. Instead, I get a straightforward story—and believe it. More foolish wives torture themselves with doubt than you can imagine and I sort of have a hunch that you can attract the thing you fear—whether it's a cold in the head or a beautiful blonde."

Bebe's native disposition is as bright as the California sun, when the climate isn't busy being unusual. She is naturally gay and if there is a quarrel, she has a great little capacity for forgetting as well as forgiving. Which comes in the nature of being a big relief to her verbal opponent. And she doesn't nag!

SPEAK your little piece once," says Bebe, "and only once. Then it will hit the mark and sink in. Repetition weakens. If I scold Ben for some shortcoming, he is as humiliated as a little boy, but if I keep it up, in rides his high horse and the first thing you know he's on it. Then I discover I've talked myself in and out of a good argument.

"Another reason why Ben and I click is because when we first married we deliberately cultivated mutual interests. Ben has always been crazy about aviation. He flies his own plane and would rather be in the air than in the White House. So I took up aviation.

"A few years ago, Ben wouldn't have given a nickel for a deck of cards. He didn't know a club from a spade; and what's more, he didn't want to. I'm the original bridge fiend—with nods of apology to Joe Schenck and Sam Goldwyn—and so my husband learned to play. He went at it as doggedly as a child practising scales on the piano, but now he could take on Culbertson and after it was all over, we'd still have rent money! See what a born gambler I am! Or is it just optimism?"

Bebe admits that love may make the world go round, but that it takes the steadier feeling of companionship to keep your head from going with it. She and Ben have been in love so long now that they have regained their perspective. The whole life picture is clear to them instead of merely their own little corner of it. And so, as time goes on, the road becomes smoother instead of bumpier. Of course it takes two to make the journey steady and Mrs. Lyon claims it is mostly up to the woman. So if you want still to be somebody's wife—or some day expect to be—let him win (then he won't want to), don't be possessive, trust him, don't nag, and cultivate mutual interests.

These are the ingredients in Bebe's recipe for a sure-fire marital success. If you follow it carefully, you can't lose.



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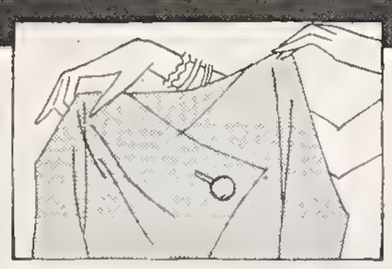
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

I Can Handle Bebe

(*Continued from page 57*)

lady's trail until it led into the Beverly-Wilshire one evening and up the bridal path.

Then they settled down, which in this case didn't mean to hibernate or grow stale. Ben was so much in love that he determined his marriage was going to be a success. If it wasn't, it would neither be his fault nor for want of trying to make it so.

"Of course," insists Ben, "Bebe has the disposition of an angel and is the most agreeable person in the world. Don't think she's saccharine, though. She is plenty spirited. She doesn't trespass on anybody's territory and expects the same consideration when anyone approaches hers. I've learned this more and more during the last two years.

"It is especially in evidence where the baby is concerned. I had some ideas about how she should be brought up. Bebe had others. We had discussions which could have become arguments. It didn't matter just what they were; whether it was a question of the temperature of Barbara's milk or if it was cool enough for her to wear a sweater. Finally, I thought it out and decided that it was only fair that Bebe should supervise the baby. It was hard for me not to put in my oar and at times a great temptation, but, if we were to continue to be happy—well, I saw the way."

DURING the kidnap scare that hit Hollywood a year or so ago, Bebe insisted that they hire a guard for little Barbara. Ben thought that a big burly man, wearing a corsage of gats, would so frighten the child that any benefits derived from his protection would be offset. He tried to persuade Bebe that with a nurse and a couple of doting grandmothers ever on the scene, little Barbara would fare very well. But the strong-armed lad appeared, nevertheless, and the baby, who has Bebe's sweet friendly disposition, grew fond of him.

"Shortly after we were married," declares Ben, "we told all the mother-in-law jokes to our mothers-in-law. At first they laughed a little uneasily, but when they discovered we were laughing with 'em and not at 'em, we drew up a little pact. Everyone concerned agreed that we were to have no so-called

(*Continued on page 88*)



Chick Chandler, who plays an important role in Warner Bros.' "Harold Teen," just can't make up his mind whether he's sitting next to Katharine Hepburn or her twin. Well, it isn't Katie, it's Aloha Wray, one of the high school kids in the same production.

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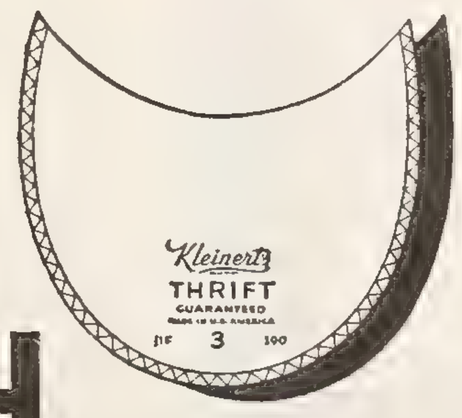




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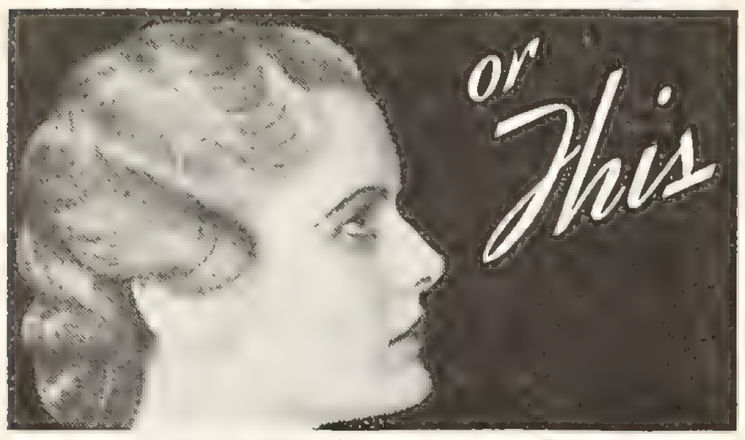
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I Can Handle Bebe

(*Continued from page 86*)

mother-in-law problems and since Bebe and I both have mothers who are not interested in anybody's business but their own, this was easily arranged. They themselves wouldn't have had it otherwise."

If there is one thing Bebe would rather do than make a lot of money, it is to spend it. Like the beautiful girl in the magazine ads, it is because she likes nice things. Clothes and jewelry and furs and then more clothes. And don't forget the perfume. No, let us never! Probably the Daniels is the most ultra-feminine person you could hope to meet. Lace and chiffon and shimmering satins. No mannish attire for this stunning girl. And so the bills come in. The first of the month and the second and for twenty-eight days thereafter.

"At first," says Ben, "it used to drive me slightly screwy. I knew how hard Bebe worked for her money, for there is no more conscientious star in pictures than she. And then to see her squander it was just too much. I spoke to her about it and, as I look back, recall that she never told me to mind my own business. As I said, my wife possesses the traditional sunny disposish. But there was something about her attitude that made me stop and think.

"Then I realized that I had no more right to tell her how to spend her money than she had to tell me what to do with mine. And she had never presumed to make even a suggestion in that direction. From that moment, I decided that she was to run her own financial show. And she has—and the ship hasn't sunk yet!"

Of course, the Daniels judgment is legendary in Hollywood. Why, 'tis said that her final decisions on business matters would do credit to the opinions of a couple of magistrates just out of conference. Bebe knows the movie business about as well as anyone on the Coast, having been a part of it since she arrived at the mature age of fourteen. And so her husband defers to it on all occasions.

I'D rather get Bebe's ideas on a picture set up—everything from story to salary—than almost anybody's I know. So, one more reason that we have hit it off so well matrimonially is that I never question her business affairs. Last summer, for instance, she had an attractive offer to make a couple of pictures in England. I was to do one on the Coast for M-G-M. Bebe thought she needed this trip before making other films in California. Having made up my mind never to cross her on matters of this kind, I came to the conclusion that I would drop my picture and go abroad with her. I was not playing the big self-sacrificing guy either. It was the wise thing to do and proved a swell trip with no regrets.

"We made a lot of new friends in London. For that matter, Bebe does everywhere. This was always one of the things I admired most in her; her ability to attract and hold people. Before we married she had a host of men friends. I determined—and I had to school myself to it at first—that they wouldn't lose her companionship because of me. So I never have said, 'If you see Joe Dokes for lunch again this week, the tattlers will have a field day,' for again her good judgment comes into play. She never overdoes anything."

And so, because Ben permits his wife to supervise their child and run the house and attend to her own business affairs and get away with extravagances and, because there are no mother-in-law problems and Bebe may continue to see her old pre-marital friends, there is no cause for strife, and these are the reasons Ben is still her husband. And pretty good ones they are, too. Or do you think so?

A New Kind of Lover

(*Continued from page 61*)

who knows how and when to laugh."

This charming philosopher, born in Zara, Dalmatia, is not one of those numerous screen actors who tell you, "My life is a great romance," because perhaps it is a greater romance than any I have heard. Tullio did the disgraceful thing for a man of his family when at the age of fifteen he ran away from home to become an actor. His titled father promptly disinherited him but I do not think he very much minded. In fact, I have visions of the boy Tullio driving off to join a theatrical company in Ancona and blithely singing a song as he does when he first drives into the picture, "Gallant Lady." It was not important to him then that he be a count. His dreams he valued far more.

WHILE in Ancona he was discovered by the celebrated actor, Novelli, and taken to Rome where he worked and studied and worked, traveling from one company to another across the Continent as actors abroad have to do. Finally one day in Rome when he was heading his own company, the great actress, Duse, visited him. He was overwhelmed. He tells of the incident with far more charm than the written word can capture, but I shall try.

"Monsieur," began the Great One.

"Yes, Madame." And here Tullio bowed and showed the respect he had felt at the honor of having Duse seek

him out.

"I have a little ship, a very little ship—"

"Yes, Madame?" There was another bow and a moment of breathless waiting.

"But the ship has no captain."

"Yes, Madame," bowed Tullio once more, wondering whether the great actress had lost her mind to talk of ships.

"Would you like to be the Captain of my little ship—my company?"

Light dawned at last and Tullio nearly fell over. But of course he accepted. He became Duse's last leading man and manager and she always teased him by calling him "Le Capitan" and saluting. After her death in 1924, he was at loose ends. At the time, it seemed impossible to act again with anyone else. He went into the country for six months to try to think things out so he could go on with his career. And then his father died and he was summoned home. But having made good in his chosen profession, he could not go back to an empty title. It was indeed empty now because the castle and estates that made up Brambille had been swept away in the war.

Tullio went back to acting, was discovered by Joseph Schenck in 1926 and brought to America for five silent pictures in which he appeared with Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, Pola Negri and Virginia Valli. Although he made love to his stars in French or Italian as the mood seized him, he soon mastered English and his first appearance on the American stage was in "The Command to Love." It wasn't until "Strictly Dishonorable," in which he played the principal role opposite Muriel Kirkland for a year and a half, that New York got "Carminati-conscious." After his great success here he played the same part in the London production. After traveling abroad and visiting his family, he came back to America and had a leading role in "Music in the Air," from which he was signed for talking pictures.

SO now we have a new type of screen lover who acts the way he feels about love. Tullio has never married, first because he supports his mother, his sister and her family and two old servants who have been with the Carminatis for years. He did not marry while acting abroad he told me because, "It would be unfair to ask some poor woman to travel about as I had to do."

And now? Well, Tullio doesn't like the modern woman who flaunts her independence and boasts that she has lost her illusions.

"That should not be. It is enough to lose one's illusions when one is old," he said. "I suppose it comes of a woman's having to fight her way in the world with men, but I notice that even the ones who don't have to, want to. I do not like it because it's a rare girl who does not lose her femininity."

"That's your ancestors in you speaking," I laughed. "Even though you've dropped your title and say we're all free here, deep down in your heart you've still got old-world ideas about women."



Do these warm Spring evenings find you drooping like a wilted sunflower? . . . What to do? What to do? The answer's easy! Before you slick up for a party or crawl between the covers—ease yourself into a soothing, refreshing Ivory bath.

Don't sing at first—just relax. And then get to work with your nice big cake of Ivory. Whip up a cloud of creamy lather and massage it into every tired pore. Goodbye to dust and dirt and perspiration. Ivory leaves your skin cool and pussywillow soft. Simple, isn't it?

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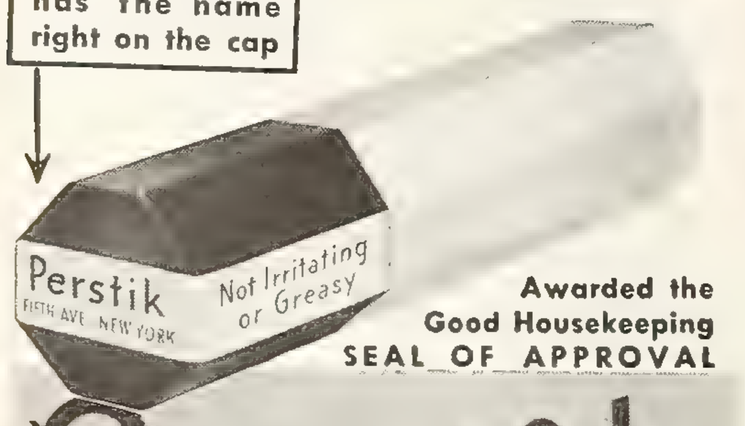
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THE PERFECT WAY TO UNDER-ARM FRESHNESS

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"Not only I," he said, his eyes twinkling, "but all men. We're all the same. Mind you, I'm not criticising American women. I don't care what a woman does so long as she does it with good taste and remains feminine. But girls in America lose the thrill of the forbidden because they do everything openly at too early an age. Frankness is fine, but for a girl of twenty to be disillusioned doesn't make her more attractive. To me, it seems a great pity.

"I think women should practice the art of being feminine. Yes, that and a sense of charm in love are the two things which all men want whether they're American or Continental."

How about it girls? I think Tullio Carminati of the wise and smiling eyes, has given us not only a new screen hero but an awful lot of good advice, don't you?

Smartest Gal in Town

(*Continued from page 34*)

Thus the burden was cast upon Madge's mother. She could not look at her two beautiful children and see them hungry and cold. But what could she do? In her gentle English way, she deplored her utter inability to earn a livelihood and during those sad, dark days she vowed, "My daughter will never be in my predicament. She will know how to cope with the world. She must and will learn."

BUT there was a more immediate problem at hand and Madge's mother faced it. In her mind she reviewed what talents she had and spread them out on an imaginary table. She could paint a little and she began painting with a desperation born of her need.

Because of her charm and graciousness she was granted interviews by several famous artists who gave her good advice. This did not help her to sell her efforts, however. But while she was seeing these artists she met one who specialized in child portraiture and it was during their conversation that a plan evolved.

The artist complained that it was often difficult to make the children be quiet while they were sitting for their portraits. Mrs. Evans suggested that she come and read to them while the artist worked. She offered to perform this service free of charge and if the plan were successful, she would be paid.

And then she had another idea. When the children whose portraits were being made could not come for sittings little Madge posed in their clothes while the artist did the first "blocking in" or worked on the dress or background. Madge's brother posed for boys' pictures and at the same time Mrs. Evans was working, too, reading to the wealthy children when they did come.

And thus this courageous woman was able to save her family from starvation. But she learned then how much better equipped she would have been if she had had some business knowledge.

Also during this time little Madge posed for commercial photographers (you know, of course, that she was the little girl pictured in the Fairy Soap advertisement) and eventually this work led to motion pictures and soon little Madge was a child star. And times were fine for the Evans family.

When she was sixteen—and past the awkward age, during which time she could not work in films—Madge decided that she wanted to go on the stage.

There was an intimate mother and daughter conference about it and Mrs. Evans said, "I want you to do with your life what you want to do with it. I'll help you as much as I can but I'm determined, darling, that you must paddle your own canoe, that you must look for help from no one, that you must learn to rely on yourself, make your own decisions and stand or fall by them."

IT was this that made Madge such a serious, earnest girl as she and her two best friends, Peggy Shannon and Peg Entwhistle (whose tragic story you know) went the rounds of the theatrical manager's offices. There was a beautiful spirit of camaraderie between them. All different types, they gave each other tips when they discovered that some producer was looking for an ingenue.

When Madge at last got her first stage job the producer asked her to have her agent make an appointment with him to discuss salary. "I haven't any agent," Madge said, "I'm afraid you'll have to discuss salary just with me."

He looked at the girl before him—so child-like and baby-faced—and mentioned a pretty low figure. So anxious was she to get the job that Madge was on the verge of accepting that salary but she remembered her mother's words, "You've got to paddle your own canoe." And quite calmly she said, "Oh, I'm sure I'm worth a little more than that."

So in her first real business encounter she came out winner!

Going from one small engagement to another she skilfully worked her salary up to $125 a week until she was called to replace a girl who took sick during rehearsal. In her wise way she discovered that this girl was to receive $200 a week, so when the manager offered her her usual $125 salary she said, "But the other girl was to have $200. I'm sure I can do her part as well as she. Isn't it only fair that I receive the amount she was to have received?"

You see how she works? Calmly, quietly but with the assurance that she must rely on no one but herself.

In Hollywood it has been the same way. She was brought to the M-G-M studio on a three months' contract. Then she was given a year's contract. If she proved satisfactory at the end of that time and signed another agreement her salary was to take a jump. They told her they could not afford to pay her the increase although they would like to give her a new contract.

Madge did not hesitate. She was sure of herself by now. "I think I'm worth more," she said, looking like the princess in an enchanted garden and behaving like Miss Day-After-Tomorrow.

THEY thought at first she was bluffing. But soon they found she wasn't and gave her the increase. That was when she got the reputation of being "Hollywood's best business woman."

The only outside help with the management of her career she ever has is when she has a lawyer look over her contracts. As for the rest, it is done by her and her mother. She gets her own jobs, discusses her own salary. Her mother handles her fan mail and takes care of the monthly bills. Each week she puts aside a certain amount of money in a savings account. When that has piled up sufficiently she talks to her banker about good, sound investments and makes them. She lives quietly and spends very little—compared to the more extravagant stars. Right this minute Madge Evans is financially able to leave pictures and get along pretty comfortably for the rest of her life.

She doesn't want to do that. She likes to work but it is a nice feeling, nevertheless, to know that she can quit.

One day I asked her if she weren't afraid to talk about money with executives. "They know about those things," I argued. "They're in their own territory. Now you could take any one of them out on the set and act rings



Scott

We just can't keep up with this Oakie lad. Here he is looking very lovey-dovey with Toby Wing and if you'll thumb back a couple of pages, to page 63, to be exact, you'll find him equally enraptured with one of Earl Carroll's belles.



"WHEN PATIENTS SAY, 'Doctor, I feel run-down . . . I can't eat as I used to,' my first suspicion is chronic constipation," states Dr. Mélamet, the eminent consultant on diseases of the intestines.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Laxatives give temporary relief at the expense of weakening the intestines.

"Yeast is the natural way to correct constipation. It strengthens intestinal muscles . . . softens waste."

If your food makes you feel drowsy, "heavy" inside, causes you distress . . .

Or if your skin is blotchy, rough, broken out . . . your head aches . . . you toss in your sleep, then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes a day as directed on the label.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. The richest of all foods in the group of vitamins B, D and G.

It has helped millions regain better health. It should help *you*, too!



"I never miss any Fun now!"

"I was terribly run-down . . . had a lot of headaches, too," *writes* Miss Marthalee Grimes, *Columbus, O.* (right in photo). "I never wanted to go anywhere. Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast.

"My appetite picked up. I have no more headaches. Now I still have pep left after working all day."

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around them. But if I were you, I'd be frightened to death of being cleverly done out of something financially."

She laughed. "I'm not afraid of business men. I've never been because I've known that I had to handle my own affairs. But I'll tell you something that I was terrified of doing. When they told me I had to go to the opening of 'Dinner at Eight,' I trembled in my shoes. And when I met Joan Crawford, whom I admire, I was terrified, too."

So what can you do with a girl like that? She'll beard any business lion in his den but she dreads putting on her most beautiful evening gown and having herself admired by thousands of the fans who crowd around theatres on opening nights!

The Life and Loves of Lyle Talbot

(*Continued from page 67*)

of a six months' courtship, Lyle asked Alney to marry him.

I HAD a marrying complex," he grins. "I think I have invited more women to marry me than any unattached male in the United States. The moment I felt the first fluttering of heart interest I proposed matrimony. Had the ladies all accepted me I dare say I'd rate as the male Peggy Hopkins Joyce. But usually something came up to prevent the step. In the case of Alney it was her mother. Alney was a talented and lovely girl and mamma was very ambitious for her. I don't think she wanted her wasted on a young actor who was just getting started in a Sioux Falls stock company."

When the romance began to be too serious, mamma packed the little ingenue back to New York and comparative safety and Lyle was left with another temporarily punctured heart.

The telegram from Doris Oesting came during Lyle's second sworn declaration to "leave women alone from now on."

At first he had a little trouble in placing the name on the wire which came from New York. Then he remembered. During a short engagement in Rapid City, South Dakota, he had met a charming woman, a school teacher. She had been interested in him and had promised to help him if the opportunity ever arose. Two years went by, and he hadn't heard from her. But evidently she had meant it when she said she wanted to help him, for the wire she sent brought exciting tidings that Doris Oesting had arranged the opportunity for Lyle to go to London for a role in Ernest Truex's newest play.

He was almost beside himself with joy and excitement. Even his "woman disillusion" was forgotten in the last minute details of getting his release from the Sioux Falls Orpheum Players, purchasing his ticket and setting out for New York and Broadway, which he had never seen.

He says as long as he lives he will never forget the thrill of his first glimpse of the actor's heaven—Broadway. For hours the first evening he walked along the magic lane with bright glittering lights spelling out the names of the great artists of his profession. Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, were mixed among the movie theatre marquees which blazed the famous to the world. He brushed shoulders in the eight-thirty theatre crowds, happy just to be an eavesdropper to their "show talk." Lyle had saved about $2000 and he could have purchased theatre tickets and been a part of the Broadway excitement. But he found more pleasure in viewing the scene as a whole, reveling in the animated activity of Times Square. "Some day I'm going to have my name up there," he promised himself.

THE day after he arrived in New York, he met Doris Oesting to get further information about the Truex show. Through friends of hers, she told him, she had obtained the promise of a good part in the play for Lyle. She herself was sailing for Europe on the *Leviathan* in a week, as the guide in a party of students, and it had been arranged that Lyle should cross on the same boat.

It was not the least inexpensive jaunt in the world. On the advice of Miss Oesting, Lyle had several suits of clothes made in New York and the first class passage fare on the *Leviathan* nicked him for another big chunk of his savings. But what did he care? A good part in a show that was a cinch to be a "long run" awaited him and his world looked rosy indeed.

He had less than a thousand dollars when he arrived in London. Then the ax fell!

Truex wanted him for the rôle. The author of the play and the manager of the theatre were anxious to hire him, but try as they would they could not obtain permission from the English authorities, who had just passed a law forbidding American talent for the protection of English actors. At least too much red tape and time would be involved in getting Lyle's permit to act on the English stage, far too great a delay for the show to wait for him.

Doris Oesting was heartbroken and no doubt Lyle should have been. But strangely enough he looked upon the whole thing as a thrilling adventure and even in view of the disastrous outcome, he was glad it had all happened. As long as his money lasted he toured London and Paris in style and saved barely enough for his boat fare, third class, back to America. After the purchase of his ticket he had exactly $11.75. His

slim purse worried him not one bit. "Oh, what the hell," he figured, "something always turns up."

It did. And right in mid-ocean. A New York actor's agent, whom he had met through Doris Oesting, radiogramed him of a good offer with a stock company in Memphis, Tennessee. It cost Lyle $4.40 of his remaining worldly capital to accept the offer. And were his third class cabin mates impressed!

The Memphis stock company offered Lyle his first job as a full-fledged leading man. His salary was $200 per week and the Lyceum Theatre was the nicest in town. He began to feel that at last he had his foot on the first rung of the ladder of success which would eventually lead him to either Broadway or Hollywood.

BUT the life of a stock actor," explained Lyle, "is not that simple. I didn't know it at the time, but I was a good long way from my goal. It's a funny thing, you may have an excellent stock engagement in one town and figure your future is just around the corner, and then suddenly the financing (which is never very strong) or something will blow up and you're with a third rate company back in the sticks again. Of all forms of show business, the stock company game is the most perilous and uncertain.

"There are all sorts of ropes to learn —and to pull. For instance, you've got to know how to protect yourself on your seasons. The Memphis company opened about the latter part of September and closed around April. Therefore, to assure themselves of another job, the smart players leave before the run is over and migrate to get in a bid for a job with a northern company. I didn't know this angle. I didn't think it was loyal to the producers. So I stuck out the Memphis engagement until the final curtain came down and so went without a job for several weeks."

Even that really didn't matter. There was a girl in Memphis named Vivian Cueno. Vivian was not an actress. Her interest in the theatre was artistic, but more definitely, Lyle Talbot. They had met during a short span when Vivian and some of her debutante friends were putting on an amateur show. Lyle had coached Vivian, particularly in her love scenes. Of course, he should have known better. Southern women had always been one of his weaknesses. Quite suddenly he found himself in love again, practically engaged and without a job.

No doubt they would have been married if an offer had not come for Lyle in a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. Vivian, it seemed, did not want to go to Lincoln, Nebraska. All her friends were in Memphis, all her social life was centered there. They wept a little about it and for about a week after Lyle left, they wrote hectic letters of "waiting forever" and all that sort of thing. In a little while they both forgot.

Though to Lyle's mind, he was apparently getting "nowhere" during this span of his life, he was really gaining invaluable experience as he passed from

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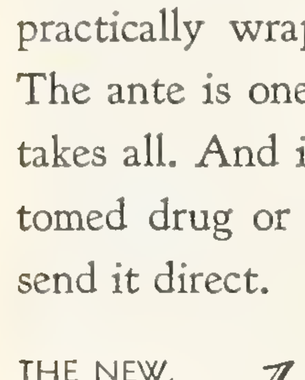
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stock engagement to stock engagement. He was very much in demand as a romantic leading man. His stock itinerary for the next three years included Oklahoma City, St. Louis and Columbus, Ohio.

ALONG that bleak path," relates Lyle, "I met many girls who have since clicked in a big way in Hollywood. I remember little Isabel Jewell, who was so stage-struck and so anxious to get a job with us in Lincoln, Nebraska. She was an awfully cute, attractive little thing, but she hadn't had much experience. The manager wasn't at all impressed with her, but something about the eagerness of the kid got me. I asked the manager to give Isabel a chance and promised to help coach her in stage technique. There was never a romance between Isabel and myself. But we became awfully good friends."

Claire Trevor is another girl who was helped along her professional way by Lyle. They met during the run of his St. Louis engagement and once again he assumed the rôle of teacher and coach to an ambitious little novice, with the result that she made such a success in Ernest Truex's New York show, "Whistling in the Dark," the Fox company signed her on a long term contract for the movies. Still another "protégée" was Jean Muir, with whom he worked in Columbus, Ohio.

"At that time," he says, "it seemed to me that everybody I came in contact with was getting a break, that is, everybody except me. I was still struggling around in stock companies that would go broke, that weren't good enough to stand up, that something always happened to. I think my most disastrous experience took place when I received a wire to return to Memphis and put on my own stock company.

"It seemed a fraternal organization had acquired the Lyric Theatre and wanted me to return South and organize my own stock troupe. I toured around for talent and brought my players to Memphis at my own expense. If I hadn't brought them at my own ex-



With her divorce from Michael Farmer well under way, Gloria Swanson has signed up with M-G-M. Here she is with Irving Thalberg, discussing story possibilities. Gloria may do Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

pense, they wouldn't have been brought. We were not long in discovering that the fraternal order was endowed with everything but money. Here I was tied up with a troupe of actors, several hundreds of dollars already paid out in advance for royalties on shows I wanted to present, and nothing but a flat pocketbook staring me in the face.

"Through the aid of the mayor and the chief of police we managed to put on a show for two weeks. But I knew we were doomed from the start. Somehow or other, I did manage to scare up enough money to get the members of the company back to New York. And I found myself left with nothing but my car. That's another funny thing. We broke actors sometimes do our span of poverty in the grandest style. Because we must keep up the old 'front,' we have starved to death in high-powered cars with elaborate wardrobes and excellent hotel addresses. It's fun, of course, to look back on it all, but it's the very devil to go through."

FOR the next six months Lyle wandered in and out of New York, *out* to Boston for a short appearance in "The Criminal Code"; over to Greenwich, Connecticut, for a short stock job; to Portland, Maine, for an even shorter engagement and then back to New York, where he got an opportunity to do a screen two-reeler called, "The Nightingale," with Pat O'Brien and Vivienne Osborne.

Working in this "short" was a young girl named Elaine Melchoir. She was a New York girl and had had a little experience in musical comedy. Elaine and Lyle and Pat and Vivienne had a lot of fun on that picture. They went places together in Lyle's car and had a lot of laughs. Yet, in view of the fact that two months after Lyle met Elaine they were married, their courtship stands as one of the least-hectic in Lyle's life.

"We were in love," explains Lyle, "but I don't think either of us ever expected our romance would end in marriage. We didn't plan it. We just somehow drifted into it. Anyway, during the month of August, 1930, we took the big step.

"If I can relate nothing particularly exciting or dramatic about my marriage, it is because there is nothing exciting or dramatic to tell. We never quarreled; even today we are excellent friends. During the year we lived together, we were the best of pals. Elaine had a wonderful sense of humor and I'm quite sure ours was one of the politest marriages on record. We had the utmost consideration for each other, and had lots of laughs. Perhaps if we had had more money, or if our respective stage jobs had not continually separated us, we might have made a go of it. But as it was, right after we were married, Elaine got a job in New York, while I went to Chicago to open in "The Cradle Call." Just as my show was closing in the Windy City, Elaine opened there in another show. And so it went. When we did have a chance to be together, we lived with her mother, which wasn't particularly sat-



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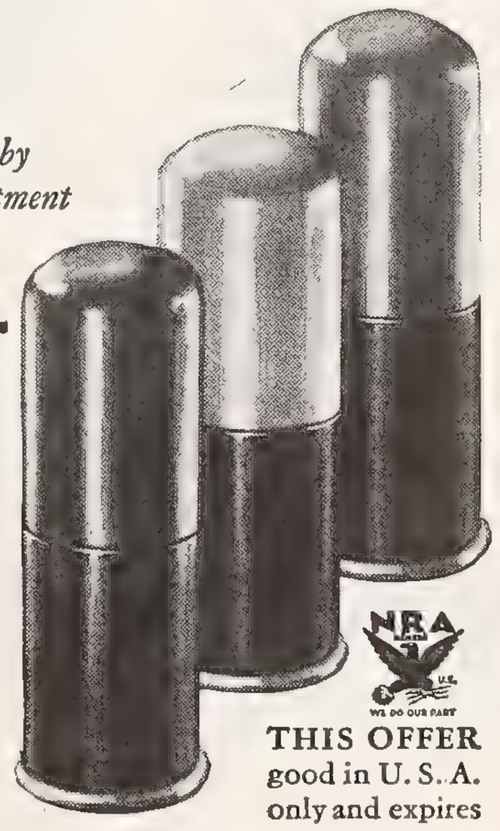
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isfactory, either."

So, both being ambitious, they decided the best thing to do was to separate, thereby leaving each free to go on as he or she thought best. At present Elaine is doing very well over the radio. "But who knows," mused Lyle, "we might get together again and be remarried. There's a chance of it. I saw her when I was in New York on the 'Forty-Second' special train and I think we both realized we hadn't given love half a chance. She's been out here in Hollywood recently, too."

But on February 8, 1932, they were divorced.

BECAUSE of the state divorce laws of New York, it was decided that Lyle should get a divorce in Dallas, Texas. Dallas was selected as there was a strong chance of Lyle's being offered an engagement with a stock company there.

But before he left New York something happened which almost wrecked his screen career when he came to Hollywood six months later.

Through one or two "shorts" he had done, several motion picture companies were becoming interested in young Talbot. He was tested by various New York offices of several big companies. One of the tests was to be a scene from "The Cradle Call" in which the hero asks the girl if she would like to have a child by him. It was a risqué scene on the stage. On the screen, it sounded just out and out dirty. This, combined with the fact that the girl, in attempting to register sex appeal for the camera, was overly brazen in her delivery of the smoky lines, resulted in a test so hot it could easily have been used for stag "smokers." The entire reel so embarrassed Lyle that he begged that it never be sent to the West Coast. They promised him it wouldn't. But later, when he finally came to Hollywood, it was this very test which was responsible for losing him the rôle opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain."

After viewing that test Lyle gave up all ideas of ever being in pictures. He



Madeline Wilson (left) "stands-in" for Frances Dee in her latest picture, "Finishing School." Frances and her husband, Joel McCrea, are minus $150 and a watch as a result of a recent hold-up.

accepted the offer from the Dallas stock company, played one week in "Louder Please," and then received the news the show would close because of lack of funds. This final blow nearly floored Lyle.

"There I was down in Texas, no job, and seventy-five dollars still owing on my divorce. I don't mind telling you I was beginning to lose courage. I was flat broke and desperate, but as it has always been in my entire life, just when I have been on the verge of giving up a telegram arrived.

The wire which came so unexpectedly to the broke young actor was from Arthur Landau, an agent in Hollywood. Landau briefly stated he had seen a test of Lyle at one of the studios (not the sexy one) and that he believed he could do something for him if Lyle would come to Hollywood. Would he? Would a fish swim? But where was the money coming from? He hated to do it and it hurt his pride, but he was forced to wire Landau to advance him a loan before he could come to California. He wouldn't have been surprised if he had never heard from the agent again. But that same afternoon he received money for his ticket and an "advance cash loan" from this perfect stranger.

WHO first said, "It never rains but it pours"? Evidently several other agents had seen a good test of him at the same time, for while he was still en route to Los Angeles, he received offers from two other agencies. Both had "something for him at Paramount." But Landau had befriended him and Lyle decided to stick by his management.

The night before he was due to arrive in Los Angeles he completely lost his speaking voice.

"That," grinned Lyle, "was the climax. Here I was on my way to talking pictures on borrowed money from a man I had never seen and I lost my voice. I couldn't speak above a whisper. I didn't know what the devil had happened. Believe me, I was shaking in my boots when I alighted from the train the next morning and found Landau waiting for me. I was scared to speak, scared he'd think I'd played some dirty trick on him and accepted his loan when I didn't really have a voice for talking pictures. Finally, when I was silent for so long, he asked what was the matter. I merely smiled and attempted to answer by shrugging my shoulders. But when he told me he was taking me directly to the Warner Brothers studio for a test, I had to break down and tell him I couldn't talk. I thought he would be wild. All he said was, 'Just a slight train cold, or possibly nervousness. It doesn't mean anything. Your voice will come back as suddenly as it left you.' Whew! Was that a load off my mind.

"Strangely enough no one at Warner's seemed excited over the fact that I had lost my voice. They decided to go ahead and take my test anyway. Now maybe you won't believe this, but it's the gospel truth: The minute I stepped in front of the mike and started to

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John Cabot Lodge, who plays opposite her in "The Scarlet Empress," tells a charming and human story about the Great Dietrich in our June issue.

speak my first line, my voice came back. Maybe Landau had been right. I guess the muscles of my throat had become constricted through sheer nervousness."

A WEEK after Lyle's first Warner Brothers test, he was signed on a long-term contract.

His first picture was "Love Is a Racket," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and in the two years he has been with Warner's he has made twenty-six pictures.

"Of course I'm crazy about it out here in Hollywood," he will tell you. "It was the goal for which I had been working all during my career. As far as I'm concerned, everything about the town and the movies is perfect and every time I hear a train whistle I have to pinch myself to realize I don't have to hop it for a new stock company job.

"I live very quietly. I'm thinking seriously of buying this little house here on the hill and settling down to being a regular native. No, I don't have any desperate desire to return to the stage, even to Broadway. Oh, perhaps if some extra good show came along I might be interested. But my real ambition is centered in Hollywood. Of all the pictures I have made I think "Three On a Match" is the best, at least so far as my work is concerned. I'm also enthusiastic about "Mandalay" with Kay Francis and "Registered Nurse," which I have just finished, with Bebe Daniels.

"But what about all these Hollywood romances?" I asked him.

Lyle smiled. "I'm afraid that is more press agent and news-photographer stuff than the real thing," he replied. "When I first came out here I escorted Estelle Taylor to several theatres and night clubs and we were photographed together. Of course that was supposed to be the start of a romance between us. The same thing happened with Lola Lane. Both of these girls are charming and it was a pleasure to have them as friends, but really, there was nothing serious. I've come to the conclusion Hollywood is 'that way' conscious. If a young man takes out a girl in, say, Dallas, that's all there is to it. If you do the same thing in Hollywood, you're practically engaged as far as the columnists are concerned. But I don't mind. I'm flattered."

Not long ago, when Lyle was seriously hurt in an automobile accident, it was pointedly noted that one of the daily visitors at his hospital bedside was the Countess di Frasso, former friend of Gary Cooper. But Lyle has nothing to say about this.

The chapter of what Hollywood will eventually bring him, whether or not he will re-marry his former wife, or will choose a new wife from the movie colony remains to be written. Yesterday, a Hollywood columnist called Lyle "future star material." So, perhaps, Lyle Talbot's life in Hollywood is just beginning.

What Cagney Owes His Mother

(Continued from page 31)

Neither his mother's words nor the fate of the boy who died has ever been forgotten by Cagney.

That which helped the entire family more than all else—except their mother—is that they were constantly busy, either at study or work. Before one of the boys quit a job he consulted his mother.

When the future actor decided that the career of an artist was not for him, his mother amazed him with the comment, "I'm glad you found it out."

HE promptly gave up his ten dollar a week job as a Junior Architect and became a bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's at sixteen dollars per week.

After some months at this work, he made a mistake and wrapped the wrong bundle, which changed the course of his whole life. The matter was taken up by the Complaint Department. The man in charge sent for Jimmy. At the end of the talk the man said, "You weren't made for a bundle wrapper, my boy." He looked about him at the men and women, their backs bent in the labor of rectifying mistakes.

"You have too much fire in your eyes to be wrapping bundles. Now if I were a young fellow like you, I'd see something before I died."

No more was said. The mistake was corrected. But Jimmy remembered. His mind was in a turmoil for several days, when he heard, of all things, from another bundle wrapper, where a female impersonator was wanted.

He went after the job and got it. The good Mrs. Cagney had faith in her red-headed son, but not as a female impersonator. She said nothing until she saw him make his debut in skirts.

In a few weeks his mother informed him that she did not care what he did so long as it was honorable. His mother had never talked that way before. Jimmy quit impersonating.

But the dust of the stage was in his lungs. He got a job in the chorus of "Pitter Patter" at $35 per week. In twelve weeks he was given a specialty with the show. Being used to handling several jobs at once, he got $15 a week extra for being a dresser for Billy Kent, the star. Before long he manoeuvered to get $10 more a week for taking care of the baggage. During Jimmy's half hour of spare time each day, he practiced dancing.

THINGS were looking up. His older brother was studying medicine. His other brothers were graduating from high school. The inflexible mother, growing strong with the years,

was keeping her brood together by respect and affection.

After four years in vaudeville, all of which time he turned most of his earnings over to his mother to keep afloat the family ship, he returned to New York. This was in 1926. At that time our trails crossed. My book, "Beggars of Life," had been dramatized into "Outside Looking In." As the book was written in the first person, there was in the play a young red-headed Irishman who played the part of me. It was Jimmy Cagney.

I went to New York for rehearsals and there met the lad about whom I am now writing. His technique in the role of the youthful hobo was such that one might easily have been persuaded that he had also known the road as well as I knew it.

The play ran three months and made us both slightly known in New York. He was shy and reserved, but underneath, he had a magnificent self-assurance.

For this part Jimmy was given $150 per week. A week later he signed a "run of the play contract" for $200 a week. He did his first actual dramatic work in the role of "Little Red." When the show closed he returned to vaudeville and did a dance act with his wife, whom he married while both were appearing in "Pitter Patter."

Another piece of good fortune awaited him when he was given a part in George Kelly's "Maggie, the Magnificent." The kindly Kelly taught him a great deal about "timing" and other essentials which make up dramatic technique. Then a scout for Warner Brothers saw him and a movie contract was his.

A girl by the name of Joan Blondell was also in the play.

Jimmy Cagney and the girl were brought to Hollywood to play in the film "Penny Arcade." All the rest is brilliant film history. The pride of the clan of the Cagneys has played no part to which he has not given vitality and charm. Among his other qualities, he speaks Yiddish and German well, and wears, as of old, the same size hat.



Jim Tully, famous author, quizzes Jimmy Cagney on his past, present and future, and gets one of the finest stories ever written about this star, as you will know if you have read the above yarn.

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Why I Ran Away From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 27*)

studios rent their bodies and minds, the only difference being that the limousines are returned as untouched and shining as when they were borrowed. There are very few picture people who can say as much for their minds and bodies after even a year's rent of them.

HOWEVER, I've never disliked work when it was as genuinely interesting as the making of "Children." The well-thought-out and polished completion of both the story and dialogue, the sure and right direction of Ruggles, the teamwork of the cast (none of whom was Hollywood wise enough to be jealous of each other's parts) and the amount of time taken to assemble all of these items, combined to make the experience a thrilling one. They boil down to creative coöperation, the lack of which is responsible for the great majority of weak pictures. Coöperation is based on mutual agreement for a common end, but there are so many common ends in just one two-reel comedy, and so much more mutual disagreement in just one publicity article, that I have always counted a good picture a miracle and worshipped at its shrine.

Meanwhile, week-ends, I was meeting the picture crowd, all of them, at different parties staged by ——, ——, and ——, one "gala" evening after another, and all alike. The first course was cocktails, the second, highballs, the third, straight. The rest of the courses didn't matter. As party sank into party and the various faces grew more and more familiar, as their habits, trick gestures, trick phrases, trick thoughts focussed, I started staying away.

By this time, I was living up in Hollywoodland, the hills that overlook both the desert and the sea. During the week, I muffled the phone and Sunday afternoons, the only time I had to myself after working all Saturday night, I took Pete, my wire-haired terrier, and set out for the tops of the hills. It was in these small breathing spaces between the weeks that I felt the first stirrings of doubt in the white-heat glory of Hollywood fame. The great, still flag of sky over my head, the earth stretching impassively to the Pacific, so quietly careless of its restless children.



Dorothy Dell, a Ziegfeld Follies dancing and singing beauty, makes her screen debut with Preston Foster in Paramount's "The Man Who Broke His Heart." She was "Miss Universe of 1931," you know.

The doubts were thick, but I was too busy to do anything about them.

ARE These Our Children?" was previewed. Reviewers were kind and I was requested on loan by Fox, Universal, Paramount, M-G-M and Warners. Warners paid RKO the most for me, which was exactly five times what I was getting from RKO, and I was loaned for "The Crowd Roars." Cagney, Blondell, Dvorak. A real troupe. Joan and Jimmy, two of the few human beings in Hollywood, simple, direct, frank, with a sense of humor that didn't depend on the garbage pail for its points.

Warners gave me equal billing with them on my second picture and I went back to RKO. Here they had ready the script of "Veneer," an excellent play on the style of "Bad Girl," which had a run of two years on Broadway to its credit. In the stage version, the boy, a brash, blowing braggart with good intentions, which I was to play, was the main character. Helen Twelvetrees was to star, so the boy's part was cut down, the girl's built up and the sad ending made happy. It was directed by Bill Seiter, an excellent farce director, and released as "Love-Starved." So much for my third.

My fourth was even worse. A Polish novel about a Russian reporter in France was translated in English. The reporter was made American and Dorothy Jordan and myself were put through the traces of as ugly a plot as ever reared its idiotic head. J. Walter Ruben directed, but there wasn't much he could do for it and it got all that was coming to it, when it was released as "Roadhouse Murder."

It was made in eighteen days and we worked from seven in the morning to eleven at night and were back to work the next morning at seven to make up. The fact that contract players are not allowed the twelve-hour rest between calls that free lancers are, meant that—for almost three weeks, I had less than six hours sleep every night. This strain, coupled with the extraordinary dialogue that was dished up to be memorized two minutes before shooting each scene, made the prospect of being loaned out again, extremely inviting.

Once more to Warners. Mervyn LeRoy directing Ward Morehouse's story, "New York Town," later released as "Big City Blues," again with Joan Blondell. Guy Kibbee, Inez Courtney, Walter Catlett, together with good-scout, good-director Mervyn, managed to get the bad taste out of my mouth, and with the additional good luck of meeting Joan's sister, Gloria, life became a little more endurable.

IN "Big City Blues" I played a Charles Ray type, a relief from the smart-alec bullies I had been cast as, which, in themselves, were a complete change from the rôles I had played on the stage in New York and Paris, but then, that's another typical Hollywoodism. First sight, first love, what they see you as first, you are. You can't possibly play anything else.

It was my luck, however, to make so

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many pictures at first, that half of them were still unreleased when I was called by directors to read parts, so that I was able to convince them, by reading, that I could act them, rather than have them convinced by seeing me in a different type of part on the screen, that I couldn't. I wasn't always to be as lucky. When three in a row of smart-alecs followed each other, I was smart-alec. When three in a row of mothers' boys followed, I was mothers' boys. When three in a row of heavy hysterics followed, I was heavy hysterics.

After "Big City Blues" came one of the most valuable experiences I had in Hollywood, the privilege of playing in "Life Begins," a picture which because of its embarrassing subject was received with only half the enthusiasm it deserved. A really great picture, its theme as old as the world, child-birth. Its treatment, human, poignantly so, its dialogue, simple and sincere.

I lived that part for four weeks, eating and sleeping at the studio. I respected it as I would a child given to my care for a little while. Knowing what my own brother went through at the birth of his two sons, knowing what my mother went through at the birth of my brother, it was a little difficult not to be that serious about it. Like "Children" it dealt sympathetically, understandingly with a human problem, as real as food to the majority of theatregoers, their own children.

After it was over, I was anxious to keep up the standard of parts and pictures, remembering the Hollywood slogan, "You're as good as your last picture." And I had to have good pictures to keep myself from thinking of the doubts. I fought bitterly with RKO over their assignments, but David Selznick, who was president then, the third at RKO in a year, refused to even see "Life Begins" and put me into "Age of Consent" as the same blowing show-off. Since the play "Cross Roads," from which "Consent" was taken, had been bought with myself in mind for the part that Cromwell finally played, I was pretty much disgusted.

HALF-WAY through the picture, I moved to a house at Los Tunas Beach. It was thirty miles from the studio. Nights, coming from the fuss and fever of the set to the quiet room with its great stone fireplace overlooking the soft-moving Pacific, was like starting a new life. My mind stretched, straightened, relaxed. But not completely. There were always the doubts, stirring and growing.

As soon as there's time, I kept saying to myself (more than a year and I hadn't had a week off between pictures, or less than a week)—but as soon as there's a week or more, I'm going away, as far away as I have time for and think this out. Whether it balances. Whether it's as important as everyone here has made it out to be. Your name in every paper in every state in every



Bing Crosby helps do the honors when Carole Lombard's brother, Stewart, visits the set of "We're Not Dressing." He looks like good movie material to us, don't you agree?

country. Your face as familiar as salt to families from Alaska to China. Whether it is important to you as a person, as a human being with a long life to lead with yourself and others. Whether it gives as much as it takes and what the balance is. I thought all that in the house by the Pacific. And soon I had the time. I had five weeks.

First, I made "Afraid to Talk" for Universal, a vivid account of the persecution of a bell-boy by gangsters; a strange potpourri called "No Other Woman"; another strange mixture, "The Past of Mary Holmes," both RKO. Then "Sweepings," with Lionel Barrymore. And then I went away.

I spent one week in Carmel, the most godly spot in California; a week with Kathleen and C. G. Norris in Saratoga, a week on a fishing boat in San Francisco Bay, a week on a ranch up the Klamath River in Oregon, and the last week just roaming from one corner of San Francisco to another. I saw people of all kinds, life, swift, slow, high, but I saw life. I saw that the world still moved, and the people in it, a fact that Hollywood has forgotten, along with all the rest that they've forgotten—the tragedy, joy, completeness and rounding out of simple everyday things.

I saw all of this and I realized that I also had forgotten. And I came back to Hollywood, realizing more. That a place that could make a person forget life, is a bad place. Especially bad for as young a person as myself. It flattens you out and as Edna St. Vincent Millay says, "He whose soul is flat, the sky will cave in on him by and by." And I didn't want there to be such a by and by. I wanted to enjoy life. But how can you enjoy it if your mind is thick with narrowness and discontent?

As a human being, I had a right to live. But I wasn't living. I was smothering, and soon, when I had gotten used to breathing as little air as I was breathing, to as little reality as I was experiencing, I would die, a mental death perhaps, but so much worse than physical. How many dead you meet every day, their eyes open, their mouths moving, but their minds dead. And I was too young and too eager to live. So when I came back to Hollywood, I made one last picture, "The Silver Cord." When it was over, I moved fast. A friend said, "I'm flying to New York tonight and sailing for Europe the day after." It was a Saturday morning, Europe was six thousand miles away from Hollywood. Far enough, I thought, and I said, "I'll go with you." And I went.

At the moment, as I write this, I am sitting at a window overlooking the Mediterranean from Monte Carlo to Antibes. The hills opposite are terraced with olive trees, the ancient symbol of peace which is what I left Hollywood to find.

There are a few of my old fans, who were most faithful and encouraging during those two years, that I should like to hear from. If they'd like to write, they can reach me at Villa Capra, Avenue Serena, Rimiez, Nice, France.



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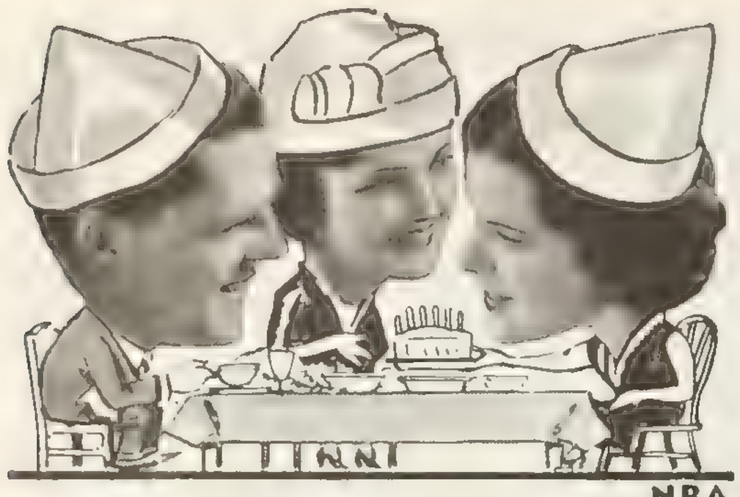
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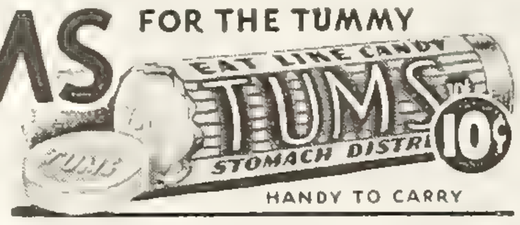


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Plucky Little Girl

(*Continued from page 68*)

I said, 'Mr. Barrymore, do you remember the day you didn't know your lines?' "

Talking back to a Barrymore!

LITTLE Mary, who looks so round-eyed and innocent, is a fighter. She has a temper. And sometimes loses it.

Most newcomers in pictures are content to take whatever publicity they can get, and be thankful for it. But little Mary raised Hades when a fan interview painted her as being a brave, gallant little girl with dimples in her knees and an ache in her heart. According to the story, wherever she went on the M-G-M lot, people would call to her, "Hi, stupid!" She would swallow her gum then and her heart would throb and she would blink back a tear. Then she would call back gamely, while her heart was breaking, "Hi, yourself!"

"It isn't true," stormed Mary Carlisle. "Not a word of it! No one on the lot ever tried to call me stupid. And if they did, I'd never have let them get away with it."

Which, you can be quite sure, is true enough.

If Mary Carlisle were not a fighter, she would not have gotten as far as she has. It is true she looks utterly adorable, with hair of spun gold and those China blue eyes. But so do hundreds of other girls in Hollywood. It is true she has a certain amount of talent, but so have hundreds of other girls, who have no chance to prove it. So she must possess something else. Something that those hundreds of other girls haven't got.

You see, it was this way. Mary was born, of all places, in staid old Boston about twenty years ago. The family moved to Los Angeles when she was three years old.

When she was about fourteen, Mary was sitting one day in the commissary at the Universal Studio. Carl Laemmle, Jr., was sitting at another table and he whispered to his secretary, "That girl has the most angelic face I ever saw. I'd like to give her a test."

When Laemmle's secretary came over to Mary's table and asked her to take a movie test, she was naturally half flattered to death.

ALL the angelic innocence that Carl Laemmle had seen in the girl was gone. She was heavily rouged and powdered. She wore a long dress that



A pair of moccasins—and Lupe Velez is all set for "Laughing Boy," in which she co-stars with Ramon Novarro. Don't they look like a couple of honest-to-goodness Indians?

trailed to the ground and a huge feather boa. She tried to act as grown-up as she could, and her imitations of adult emotions were ludicrous. In place of a fourteen-year-old child was a little girl trying to act like Madame Butterfly. It was pitiful. And awful.

Naturally they buried that test deep in the vaults at Universal.

But the desire to act in pictures had been aroused in that little blonde girl. And when Mary Carlisle wants anything, she goes after it.

She knew people at Universal who knew nothing whatsoever about that awful test she had taken. They knew of her great ambition to act in pictures, however, so they arranged to have her play a little extra part in a picture called "The Collegians." She played the part for two days, and then she was dragged back to school because she was so young.

Still she didn't give up hoping that she would get into pictures. She begged her uncle, Grant Whytock, who is a supervisor at M-G-M, to get her a chance, a start. Finally he referred her to Sammy Lee, the dancing director, who gave her a job as a chorine.

It was pull that got Mary her job, but it took more than pull for her to get ahead. After all, she was only one of hundreds of dancing girls.

She haunted the casting office. She listened avidly to gossip as to what pictures were being cast. If a director happened to mention the fact that he was hunting for an ingenue, the next day Mary Carlisle would be on his trail. If he happened to mention the fact that he needed a vamp, who should be there the next day but Mary? Or suppose he whispered discreetly to a friend that he needed a comedienne, somehow or other Mary would hear about that whisper and be there begging for the job.

There were times when she was so tired after her grinding routine all day long that she was ready to drop. But if someone so much as whispered to her, "Say, did you hear that Mr. So and So is casting a new picture?" she would immediately rush off to the director to plead for a chance to do a small part.

"Can you imagine it?" one assistant director said once. "That little hoofer actually thinks she can act!"

Still she went on, praying for a chance to act. She would get advance copies of scripts, memorize long sequences and recite them before directors.

Do you remember in the picture, "Dancing Lady," to what lengths Joan Crawford had to go to get Clark Gable to give her a chance as a dancer? How she had to follow him from his office and plead with him?

Well, Mary Carlisle went through equally agonizing experiences, only she was begging for a chance to act, to be something more than just another chorine.

Because she was trying so hard to get out of their ranks, the other chorines, who didn't have her ambition or persistence, laughed at her. When she appeared on a set lugging a few ad-

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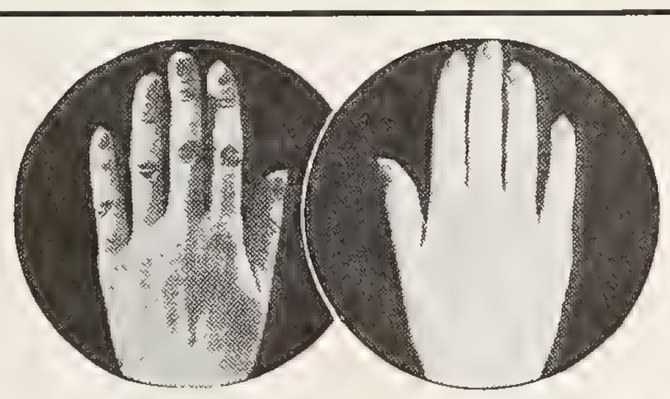
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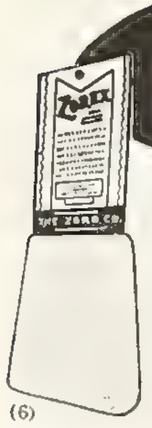
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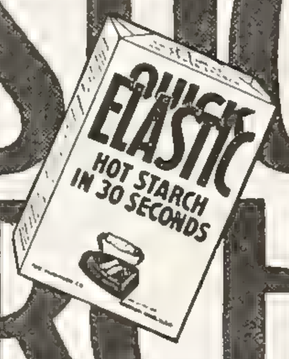


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.....

vance copies of scripts with her, they would wink at and nudge each other. Then they would whisper among themselves, "Here comes the prima donna."

Mary's persistence grew to be a sort of standing joke around the M-G-M lot. How could the directors and the chorus girls who laughed at her realize that the joke in the end was going to be on them?

One day Nick Grinde, the director, took her out for a part in "Devil's Cabaret," a short subject in which she cavorted in tights with Edward Buzzell. And gradually other directors took notice. Sam Wood took her out for a small part. Soon she was getting little acting parts to do quite frequently.

Finally Sammy Lee, the dancing director, said, "As long as they're taking you out for parts, it would be a grand thing for you if you asked for a stock contract. You can take dancing with me any time, but it would be to your advantage to play regular rôles."

MARY asked for and got a stock contract. When the contracts of the dancing girls expired, Mary was still at M-G-M. In fact, they gave every sign of grooming her for stardom. They sent her to Oliver Hinsdell for lessons in diction and reading lines. And before you could say Jack Robinson, she was his pet pupil.

He coached Mary Carlisle and Robert Young in a little one-act play which was shown in Irving Thalberg's private projection room. And contrary to any stories you may have heard, it was that little one-act play which got Mary Carlisle her seven-year contract with M-G-M.

Mary also appeared in two plays which Oliver Hinsdell put on at a Beverly Hills little theatre. In one of them the famous burping incident occurred. What, you haven't heard of it? Why, Mary during the course of the play named "The Second Man," was called upon to drink some ginger ale.

"Some of the ginger ale went up my nose," said Mary, "and I burped. The audienced howled and they kept the burping in the play. It was very funny when it happened, but I hate the way that story's generally told. You see, they imply that I'm so angelic that I couldn't drink down the ginger ale, just because I usually don't smoke or drink. Well, it may be true that I don't smoke or drink, but it's not because I'm angelic or disapprove of smoking or drinking. And anyway, I drank some champagne the other night, so who knows, maybe I'll be drinking like mad soon?"

There is an eager, radiant quality about Mary that has helped her get ahead. When the important stars on the M-G-M lot actually realized how terribly in earnest the kid was, they went out of their way to encourage her.

Walter Huston stopped her one day and said, "Now, Mary, I know they are kidding you around this lot, but keep up what you are doing. Don't let anybody tell you that this acting is entirely a God-given art. You are born with a certain amount of talent, but hard work and practice in acting and more acting is the only way you'll ever develop what talent you have. Do your little tests, recite your pieces before directors and don't let anybody kid you out of it. It's all practice . . . and pretty soon you'll be so good they can't turn you down!"

When Mary got her first important bit, as the giggling bride in "Grand Hotel," practically every star in the cast went out of his way to help her.

Edmund Goulding, the director, was the first to notice that the little honey blonde was nervous and scared.

"It'll be over before you know it," he said. "You just get out of the auto, dash into the hotel and the bridegroom registers. Smile at Mr. Barrymore when he comes through."

"That was the hardest smile I ever smiled," Mary confessed.

John Barrymore noticed that she was tremulous. Now I don't for a moment want to kid you along that John is a boy scout at heart, but there is something about Mary that does things to men.

When Mary's lips trembled, he laughed and said, "Don't lose that blonde head. You know, gentlemen still prefer 'em."

That cheered Mary up considerably, and after that she was relaxed and poised.

IT isn't only men who give her a helping hand, however. Joan Crawford, touched by Mary's eagerness and inexperience, walked over to her and showed her how to make her entrance at the right angle to the camera.

You can't imagine Mary Carlisle getting flustered today by any scene she has to play. She has acquired a tremendous amount of poise in the last few months. But she still has loads of spunk and a radiant sort of vitality. You may have noticed a tendency in some of her pictures for her to look a little roly-poly. A few months ago Mary noticed it herself. She knew that more than one career in pictures has been wrecked by something just as silly as that. She made up her mind that she wasn't going to weigh an ounce more than she had to. In a month's time she reduced from 116 pounds to 106 pounds by going on a diet. For breakfast she would limit herself to a glass of grapefruit juice, and for lunch to a salad with mineral oil dressing and a very small portion of steak or chops with spinach or string beans. It takes a lot of resistance for a girl with a sweet tooth and a liking for Chinese food to stick to a diet. But Mary did it. Would you?

Apart from the fact that she has more spunk than the average girl and maybe more ability, Mary is very much like the girl next door in her likes and dislikes, her flirtations and her chatter about boy friends.

When I was talking to her recently, the 'phone rang. She evidently liked the boy who was on the wire. Her voice was honey sweet.

"Oh, how darling of you to call me! You want to see me tonight? Why, I'd just love to, after I get through with

that personal appearance I have to make. I hope there won't be too many people around the theatre. I turned down a date tonight and I hope I don't bump into the person I turned it down with. I'll be seeing you soon. Goodby."

Her blue eyes were sparkling as she turned to me.

"That was a boy I met at a party last night and he's awfully cute. I won't tell you his name because if I told it to you, you would print it and I don't want you to print it. He left the party at half past one o'clock because he said he had to go to another party. Then he asked if he could 'phone me at three o'clock in the morning and I said I'd just love it. But he didn't phone last night and he didn't 'phone till just now. Then he said he was calling to apologize for not 'phoning at three the way he said he would. He said the reason he didn't phone was because he got a little too tight and he was afraid he might say the wrong things if he called me up then. But I didn't care, because he's awfully cute. Heigh ho and lack-a-day!"

I'll bet Mary is the partyingest girl in Hollywood. While all the other Hollywood gals claim they're sitting home with their knitting or with a good book, Mary is having the time of her life between pictures, rushing from one party to another. When she's working on a picture, she works her blonde head off. But when she's having a good time, she has the best time any girl ever had.

In Hollywood she has more friends than she can reel off names. Perhaps she's seen most often with Edgar Allen Woolf, the writer.

"But you can't write it down as a romance," she says with a toss of her head. "Why, he's old enough to be my father. But we're very good friends and have a lot of fun when we go out together."

Occasionally she goes out with Billy Bakewell. She claims she isn't in love with anyone yet and won't be for some time to come.

She has a swell sense of humor and is full of the devil. Once—quite some time ago—while she was working in a picture at Columbia, she walked into the beauty parlor there. The head hairdresser was busy, so she sat down and waited. And waited. Till she got tired. In the meanwhile, a little extra girl came in. She, too, was told that the regular hairdresser was busy. But Mary Carlisle walked over to her very calmly.

"I'm Fay Wray's stand-in hairdresser," she told the extra girl. "Fay Wray is busy now and I haven't anything to do. Won't you let me do your hair? I'd love to dress it for you. May I?"

The little extra girl agreed, and Mary gracefully fashioned curl after curl, till the little extra's hair was completely done. The extra girl went away, thanking her. She doesn't know to this day that it wasn't Fay Wray's stand-in who did her hair. And unless she reads this story, she'll never know who really did it.



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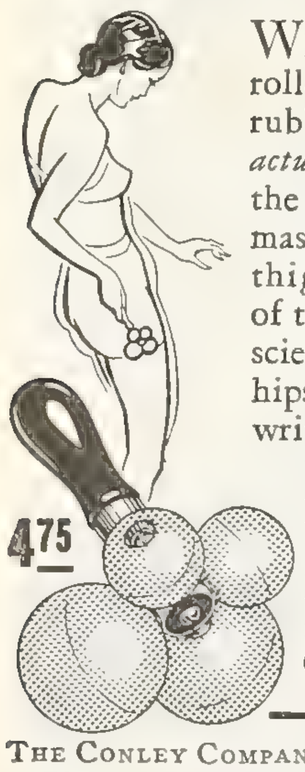
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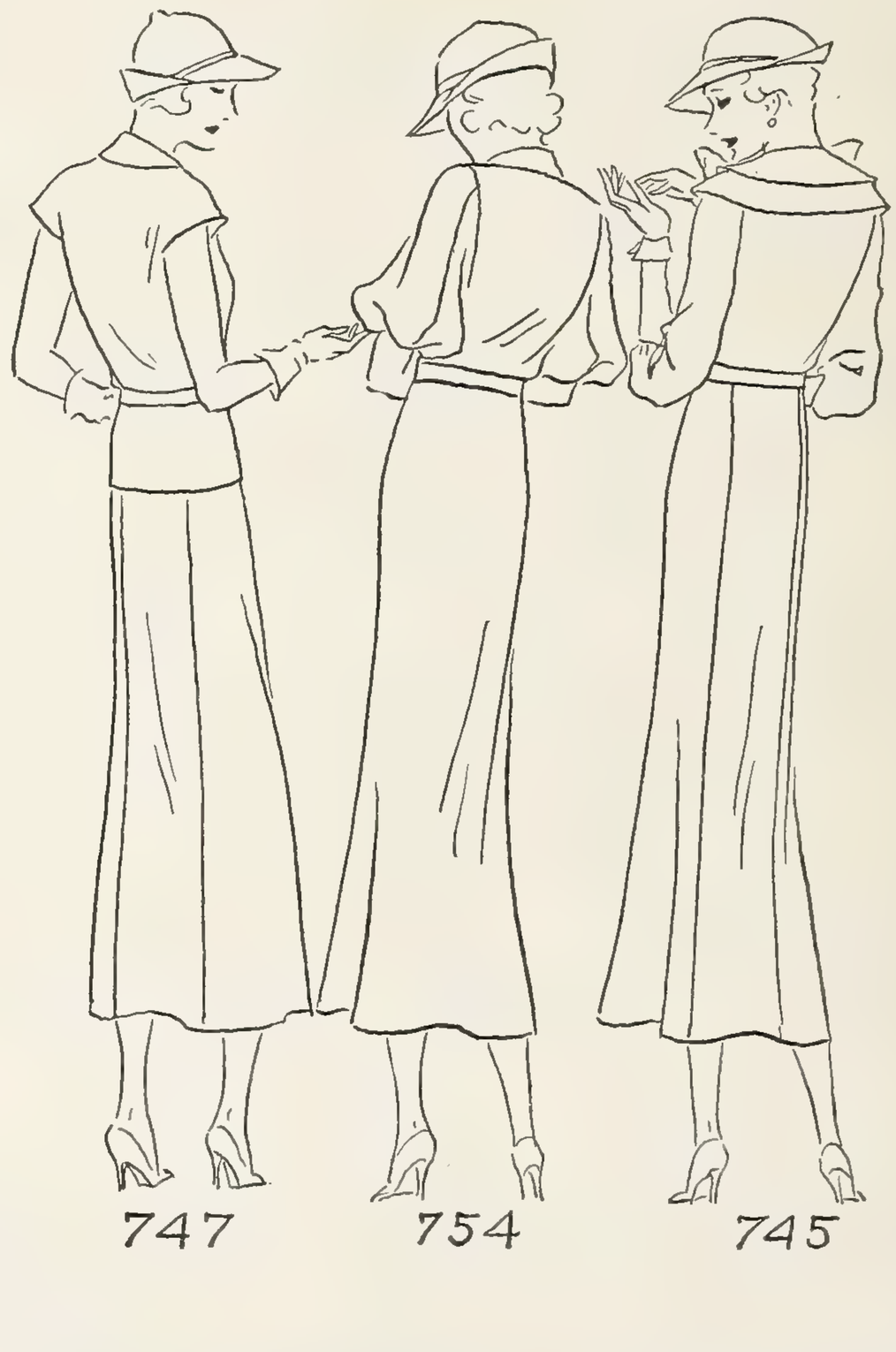
(*Continued from page 69*)

for every day of the week—say five—judging from her various appearances on the screen. She wears a suit with a white blouse, a dress with pointed piqué collar, another with a light-toned tunic over a dark skirt, still another woolen one with rows of buttons under the chin, just to relieve the monotony. Would we could all dress in so perfect a manner!

Pajamas! What gal isn't interested in them? For a real inspiration, take a look at the satin brocade ones Claudette Colbert wears in "It Happened One Night," and no doubt you'll go right home and copy them! The style is a charming adaptation of the Russian blouse, with turned-over collar and full sleeves, but instead of two pieces, they are in one, with tops of the trousers fitted snugly around the hips. Note the sash with long silk tassels and the mannish braided frogs and buttonholes. Stunning!

Then for a simple, practical and "copy-able" outfit, study the one Claudette wears on her bus journey. Plain dark skirt and over-blouse of diagonal stripes with composition buttons running down the front and narrow white linen cuffs and collar to give that "feminine" touch. The dark hat, perched on the back of her head in the approved style, suede bag and patent leather pumps complete the ensemble most satisfactorily.

BUT how the girls gasped when she stepped out in her wedding gown. June is just around the corner, maybe that's why. The Empire bodice and high waistline accentuated the lovely Colbert figure puh-lenty—and the circular décolleté, edged with gardenias, certainly was an original touch. No doubt the presence of these flowers, plus the ones that rimmed her cap, was the reason for eliminating the customary bridal bouquet. The small prayer book was most effective, don't you think? But the really grand thing about this wedding gown is that it would make a simply elegant evening dress. And that's a thought worth noting.



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Despite the fact that most of the costumes worn by Carole Lombard in "Bolero" were dated back to 1914, they wouldn't look a bit old-fashioned in any 1934 wardrobe. Take that traveling cape suit in navy twill for instance. The snug buttoned vest of plaid was right up today's alley and the navy cape, lined with the same material as the vest, was quite chic. The beret type o' hat crushed over one of Carol's exotic eyebrows was taken right from today's smartest fashion sheet. However, the other street dress seemed a bit overdone. The long tunic with buttons running all the way up the front was attractive and modern in style, but those enormous cuffs and collar of starched white linen seemed just too much of a good thing. Her little straw hat with the two upstanding patent leather quills was daring, to say the least.

And speaking of hats, how did you like the jockey-type one Myrna Loy wears in "Men in White"? Remember Clark Gable's remark, "It looks like a postage stamp, but I like it!" That tricorne one with the brilliants that she wears for dinner was fairly good-looking, too.

If you're planning a motor or boat trip and are perplexed about an outfit, go to see "Hold That Girl" and pay close attention when Claire Trevor steps out in that smart swagger tweed coat. Don't fail to notice the Johnny collar, the full sleeves and the smart turnback cuffs. And when she removes the coat, lo! a cunning flannel waistcoat buttoned down the center, with small points in front and short peplums over the hips. The skirt seems to be a tweed mixture and the blouse of crêpe, with tailored four-in-hand crêpe tie. I liked her small hat with turned up brim on one side.

NOTHING like trimming up an old afternoon or evening frock with artificial flowers. So many of the dresses featured in the fashion show in "Hit Me Again" had a floral cluster of some kind. One of the organdy dresses boasted a nosegay at the natural waistline, another had it attached to a narrow laced girdle, set far on one side and still another featured a small cluster of flowers attached to a narrow neckband. This was adorable.

Joan Blondell, a strictly "sport" type, looked very girlish in her navy and white organdy tailored frock. The neck was particularly interesting. You will notice it conforms to the "high, wide and handsome" line—cut from shoulder to shoulder, with rolled collar and trimmed in front with a sassy bow.

If you're interested in alluring evening wraps (that are practical as well) look closely at Bette Davis' floor-length circular cape of black velvet in "Fog over San Francisco." When she flings it over the back of a chair, these eagle eyes noticed an amazing feature. The lining is of silver tissue and would act very nicely as another cape! Yep, it's one of those "turn-about" affairs.

For something utterly exquisite, take a peek at Marlene Dietrich's nightgown in "Scarlet Empress." Luscious white satin with row upon row of the finest

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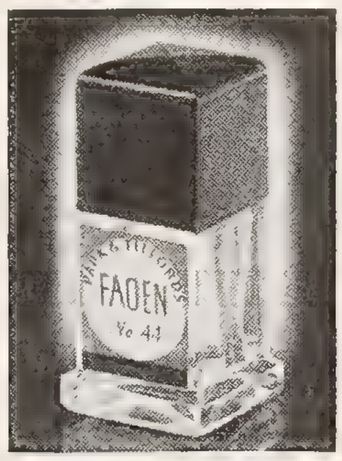


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of fine lace. And the gorgeous negligée of black velvet with bands of ermine and countless yards of lace ruffles. Alluring—no less!

Elissa Landi proves that she can wear clothes in "Sisters Under the Skin." Her dressy street suit of light corded cloth with gold cloth blouse had dash to it. The coat is knee length, very loose, and the three-quarter length sleeves boast huge cuffs of red fox furs with the cuffs of the gold cloth blouse showing at the bottom of them. The most attractive feature, however, is the inverted scarf at the neck, with ends tied back and allowed to hang outside the coat.

Her rich velvet hostess gown, with high-necked Empire bodice and large collar of Renaissance lace, is the height of good taste. Notice the square-cut jeweled pin brooch which adorns the neck at the throat. Just a quaint little touch.

The striped silk organdy fills the semi-formal need. Here again we find a resemblance to the 1914 model. A sheath-skirt slit to the knee . . . bodice with a surplice neckline edged with a ruche, which also trims the edge of the slit skirt and the bottom of the overskirt that hangs almost to the knees. A chiffon scarf also wends its way into the picture.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 6*)

beauty. They must be brought out and made to shine at all costs. And to this end, he has adopted one entirely new theory of spreading on the make-up.

I tried it with amazing results. Try it yourself and see what luck you have. I'll bet you'll have the surprise of your life.

After your face has been thoroughly cleansed with a mild cold cream, put the merest dab of cream rouge on the end of a finger tip. Mix it with another dab of cold cream to help it to spread more easily. Now spread it evenly and thinly under the eyes in those hollows which have never known the touch of rouge. Spread it down towards the nose if there are lines or hollows there, and on the outer sides of the cheeks towards the ears, where there are apt to be other hollows. Blend it in carefully and don't let it touch the tips of the cheek bones.

Exactly opposite to what you have been doing? Yes, but note the effect. Doesn't this new setting make the eyes stand out miraculously? Intelligent, expressive eyes are so important—especially for the business girl.

After the rouge has been applied, lay on the merest coating of a powder base (a liquid one is best) and apply the powder. The beauty expert advises a lighter powder for the chin, because that gives the face an oval effect.

AND, by the way, he wants you to use a rouge that is the color of blood rather than one of those orange or red shades. That's all in tune with the looking natural idea. We're getting away slowly and surely from that artificial idea of make-up. We must look natural.

This man is a great believer in eye shadow—more power to the eyes, he contends. For daytime he advises a transparent color to match the natural color of the eyelids. Examine your own eyelids under a strong light and see if they are not some shade of brown, either very light, medium or dark. Don't match the color of the eyes. That is all wrong; note the shading of the lids and then spread on the shadow in a very sparse form.

More eye expression is the immediate result—so much so that you will be astonished.

The application of mascara is a last touch. Make that brown or black for daytime use.

Eyebrows are the very last—and here again this up-to-date specialist differs from most of his confrères. He says, accent the color toward the nose and not toward the outer edges. Well, try it and see the result. I can only say that the faces I have seen, my own included, have had simply marvelous results from this roundabout treatment.

OF course, the lips must be rouged, but away with the yellowish and rosy shades. Here again, keep to the blood-red tone.

The underlying secret of a healthy complexion is the condition of the skin. We all know that, or should, by this time. And for that condition, I can only beg you to be diligent with your cleansing creams night and morning, as regularly as the hands of the clock go round the dial.

Then, if your skin is dry, rub in a nourishing cream before you go to bed. I promise that if you are at all faithful about doing this, you will come forth with one of those velvety skins which will be the envy of all who meet you. It's not so much a God-given asset as it is the result of what you, as your own God, do to yourself. And the beautiful part of the whole process is that, once it becomes a habit, you do the ministrations without even thinking about them. Then you will have a distinct shock some fine day when the girl at the next desk sighs and complains that you were born with a beautiful clear skin while she has not been so fortunate. If you are generous-minded you will want to tell her the whole gay story, but likely as not she will not listen, much less believe the mystery tale you are telling her. So you might as well save your breath. Added to which you can maintain your standard as being one of those fresh, pretty, young workers who registers joy on the job she is doing—even if you happen to be gritting your teeth underneath it all, be-

cause of this and that here now worry.

What do you think of this new way to make up? I'll admit it is different from anything you or I ever heard of but the results are marvelous. And, let me assue you, it's no more trouble than the old method and well worth trying.

And, ladies, please don't neglect your hair. Next to eyes that are alive, a skin that's colorful and fresh, hair that is electric and bright is most essential. Don't be afraid to shampoo it often. Once a week won't hurt it a bit. That old shampoo-once-every-three-weeks myth has long been exploded. And if your hair is drab, neither one color nor the other, and you feel you'd like to fall into the blonde, red-head or whatever category, here's a tip. You can restore your hair to its natural shade, or one you'd like it to be, by a very simple process. You can do this safely, effectively, cheaply, right now in your own home—all in one sitting, too. Isn't that good news?

It isn't a new product but an improvement on a very old and reliable one which has been on the market for years. After many years of research, beauty specialists have finally perfected this new process which permits the hair to be colored in a short space of time. If you're interested in knowing the name of this product, I'll be glad to tell you all about it.

If you wish to know the names of these cosmetics, the name of the wizard who has discovered this new theory of make-up, and the name of that hair restorer, write to Mary Biddle, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Remember, too, that Mary Biddle is always eager to help you with any beauty problems if you will send her a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

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WHAT ABOUT LEE TRACY?

In his own words Lee relates what he has gone through these past months and what he owes that spunky little gal, Isabel Jewell.

IN OUR JUNE ISSUE

"Any Woman Can Have My Husband"

(*Continued from page 65*)

soldier-husband who had developed a strange passion that has given her more agitation than a platoon of Hollywood sirens. Like his ancestors the Irish Cal Daugherty, the Carmichael lad, and Carl and Cicero Smith who hied themselves to the Boer War, John had fallen a victim to the Boles' heritage, wanderlust—love of travel.

"It was all right," said John's wife, smiling. "I have the same thing. If it were possible, nothing would please us better than to divide our money, half in one sock, half in the other; lock the door of this, walk out with the children and go as far as the money would take us—South Africa, Indo-China. The children could do without school. Travel is a better educator than school. I could teach them mathematics; they would learn history, geography as they traveled; John could give them languages. He coaches them in French now.

IT'S the Scotch-Irish in John and the thrifty housewife in me, I guess, that makes us plan to save exactly half of what we earn. We'd come home to a bankroll, work for awhile, and then do the same thing again. We all have a love of travel. Marcelite, last year, begged her father to take her to Tahiti. He couldn't on account of work, but if he had been free, I know he would have.

"I'll agree that for a woman it is hard to pack up and leave her home. You cannot be a materialist and live happily with a man who likes to travel. That is one reason why we do not own the home we live in. We own only one piece of property, our Malibu Beach house. The furniture, here, is all ours however. But furniture and antiques, no matter how much I love them, can be crated and stored in a warehouse in a single day and we can be free to travel immediately."

There was considerable travel for the Boles family between post-war days and the cool comfort of the white Beverly Hills house with its real Duncan Phyfe table, Sevres china, porcelain, 18th Century fire screen of petit-point, rare old rugs. During the war, Boles discovered he had a singing voice. In Dallas, working in a cotton broker's office, living in a boarding-house, studying singing, he secured an audition with New York's famous Oscar Seagle. He sang for Mr. Seagle and made arrangements to borrow $600 from his father's bank to continue musical training at Seagle's summer camp at Schroon Lake, New York, when Mrs. Boles discovered she was to have a child.

Nothing, not even Marcelite's expected arrival, deterred the Boleses. Mrs. Boles' aunt who specialized in being fairy god-mother to her favorite niece, bundled her own two children, her mother, John and Marcelite Boles together and hastened, for the season, to Schroon Lake. John's summer, in addition to vocal practice, was spent building hearth fires, making breakfast for his family, gardening at the Seagle estate, and acting as Mr. Seagle's secretary.

In the fall at the Glens Falls home of the Seagles, John Boles' first child was born. He was teaching French at a girls' school, taking daily lessons from his patron. The next summer found them abroad with sixty of Mr. Seagle's pupils, living at Nice in the Hotel Continental, studying with Jean de Reszke. Happy-go-lucky and debt-ridden it wasn't until 1923, after Boles had walked New York streets upon their return, turned down vaudeville and night club offers, almost starved, that Broadway success came in the leading role of "Little Jesse James." Then films and the scrupulous saving of every dollar until their debts were paid.

SOMEHOW, with the intricate pattern of their lives so closely interwoven, with the hard work, faith and honesty, that went into the living of those bare years, the petty question of Hollywood's marital standards and infidelities dwindles into nothing.

Laughing, Mrs. Boles can say, "Any woman who wants my husband can have him!" because she knows that her marriage is based on something deeper, even, than love and companionship. It is based on hard work shared. It is based on success achieved.

She can say, and she does, that she is her husband's harshest critic. Complacently, as safe as a ship in harbor, she can say, "Of course we quarrel. Every married couple does. But our biggest quarrels usually result from my criticism of either John's singing, his acting or his make-up. But don't think that I follow him onto the set, telling him what to do. I don't.

"I have only been in a studio three times in the six years that we have lived in Hollywood. I have only watched John work three times. It's his profession. It is not for me to manage it for him.

"You see, I don't want to know what he is doing at the studio or anywhere. I trust him. Last night, for example, he 'phoned that he would be working until midnight; that he was having dinner at the studio. For fun I said, 'I'll be over to watch you work this evening.'

"'All right,' he answered. 'We'll be on Stage Four. Are you coming?'"

"'You know I'm not,' I told him. And I didn't go. Why should I?"

And why, indeed, should she? Deep in her heart and safe from strangers' sight, Marcelite Boles knows that she has weathered storms such as she and John Boles will never see even in the turbulent waters of Hollywood.

Baby Talk

(*Continued from page 47*)

crawling around, trots up, chucks me on the cheek and hands me the same line. 'Hello, you cute little ducky—you. Say hello to Aunt Estelle.' Of course I'm expected to grin and show my gums—open my eyes big, and wait for the next crack, which is always the same: 'Why, you look just like your Daddy, don't you? No, I think you've got your Mother's eyes.' Phooey—such tripe! You know something? I've even got an Aunt in Brooklyn. She sent me a Christmas present, a couple of months ago. Her name is Barbara, and she's been sending Pop a present for years, and he doesn't even know her . . . least, that's his story. This Christmas, a package comes addressed to Master Gary Evans Crosby, from 'Aunt Babs.' Ya coulda knocked me over with a teething ring."

Though the orange blossoms were blooming in the Crosby gardens behind the house, Gary still had his first Christmas on his mind. "Gee, Christmas was great! But what a dizzy gang came in here to try to decorate that tree. Even the crooner got the spirit of the season and he helped about a dozen of my self-appointed aunts and uncles to trim the tree. It was stupen—stupendi—it was swell! But you shoulda seen Pop pilin' himself up and down the ladder, droppin' ornaments and then, when he got all finished and took the ladder away, Mom says to him, 'Okay, Crooner' (that's what she calls Pop, to kid him). 'Okay, Crooner,' she says, 'now take a good healthy look at the little space of about three by ten feet, where the ladder covered the tree!' Gee! I looked up myself and there was a tremen—tremendo—BIG blank spot. Did that tree look silly? And as for Pop—well!

"A couple of days before Christmas, my 'Fawther' came home and announced he'd done some Christmas shopping. Of course, this being my first Christmas around here, I didn't think anything about it.

"'You've done shopping?' said Mama. 'It's the first time in history. What did you get?'

"'Oh, I bought a bunch of sweaters and socks and things.'

"'Who'd you get them for?'

"'I dunno—anybody.'

"'How did you know what size socks to get?'

"'Got all size elevens—that ought to be close enough,' says he.

"What a card my Pop is! He even wrapped the presents himself, and they looked it. But anyway, he had the spirit, and that's what counts. If there's anything I hate, it's the lack of Christmas spirit," said Gary, gnashing his gums in wrath.

FOOTSTEPS approach. It's the nurse. "Hello, Tootsie-Wootsie. How's Mama's 'ittle cutey-pie? Did you know it was time for the itsy-bitsy baby's milk?"

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"That's Helen," Gary explained. "She's a good old gal, but this 'itsy-bitsy' stuff kinda feeds a guy up. Some people come to see the family. First they want to get a look at the new house and then the baby. I'm exhibit 'B.' Just an excuse for a lot of useless chatter, I think. You know, Helen took me out for a little ride in my buggy —cute trick, that buggy—and a sightseeing bus actually drove up in front of the house and stopped.

"'. . . and this, ladeez and gentlemen, is Bing Crosby's house . . . the entrancing home that gives him inspiration to sing for his millions of fans. That large window to the right, folks, is the new baby's nursery. To the left —where you see those two large windows, is Mr. Crosby's room. You have actually seen, folks, the outside of the very bedroom where sleeps the world's popular singer of popular songs.'

"Can you imagine a gang of people paying fifty cents to ride out here to Toluca Lake just for that?" Gary asked.

I, of course, could, but didn't argue.

"Now, for a few questions of your personal life, if you don't mind."

"Go ahead—shoot! There's nothing in my life that I can't lay bare."

"What time do you wake up in the morning?"

"Wake up about three o'clock—my family claim—but that's gross exagg! I really don't wake up 'til five—give a little yelp or two, to get some attention—have a nip or two of Grade 'A' and back for a little snooze."

"'Til about 5:05,'" interrupts Dixie Crosby.

"This is my mother."

"Yes, I've had the pleasure, Gary, a couple of years ago."

"'Gary's a great boy, but terribly spoiled. He'll get a new toy, play with it about five minutes, then never look at it again. He has a great sense of humor, though. Everything seems to strike him very funny. You know, he actually laughs every time anyone says the word Mama to him.'"

"Wait a minute, Mom, let us finish up this interview. Oh, oh! Hey, Helen, blabaa blurb, gamma damma wu. Excuse me, Uncle Henry, but I gotta change—for dinner."

Gary's expecting a new brother or sister soon. But he's neither worried nor jealous, for he knows that in the Crosby household he will still be head man.

"I'm Afraid!"

(*Continued from page 41*)

not afraid of things that I can lick. You can't lick an earthquake.

"I felt my first one in '26. Last year, when I bought my new home, I made sure that it was quake-proof. I also took out insurance. Then came the quake of March 10, 1933. I was a hopeless coward, absolutely helpless.

"After the March quake, Bob Montgomery and I went to a meeting at the Writers' Club. A tremor shook the building. Bob and I, two Hollywood he-men, dashed from our seats to the nearest exits. They were locked. We turned around. We were embarrassed. The room was silent. All eyes were on us. We were the only ones out of two hundred people who had left their seats. Mae Murray piped up, 'Come, children, sit down like good little boys.'

"I can't overcome my fear. It's a part of me. I've done everything possible, but every time a floor shakes from the weight of a passing truck I find the bottom drops out of my stomach."

The fear of water, which is known to the psychologists as hydrophobia, is another fear that Maureen O'Sullivan has. Imagine, then, how brave she was when she swam in "Tarzan." She was scared but she has overcome this fear by forcing herself into the water and now she swims well and constantly so that the fear will be scotched for all time.

MARGARET SULLAVAN has no fear of water but a fear of everything that is in the water. When she was a child, her father caught small sharks off the Virginia coast and their ugly mouths frightened her. The dreadful part of this fear is that she loves to swim. But once in Wisconsin she found leeches in the water and the nameless fear possessed her. But Margaret believes that fear can be overcome. She once forced herself into the water on a tropical beach where sharks' fins had been sighted from land.

"I am afraid, but I go into the ocean frequently," she said. "If one has a strong will, any fear can be overcome."

There is also the fear of speed. When Claudette Colbert rides in an automobile, motor boat or plane that is going fast, she dies a thousand deaths. When a car goes more than forty-five miles an hour she becomes tense and rigid and cannot talk nor take her eyes off the road ahead. She tries to overcome it by making herself talk or read or by counting the signs and cars as they pass, but it does not work for long.

Richard Dix is another who cannot drive fast in a car, for he is terrified of accidents. This comes from the fact that when he was a child he was in a bad accident in which he almost met his death.

Alice White has the snake phobia and once, while she was on location making a picture, went into hysterics when Mary Astor, who has no fear of reptiles, appeared at her dressing room door with a harmless black snake wound around her neck. Bruce Cabot and his wife, Adrienne Ames, are both terrified of a mouse. Warner Baxter fears horses and uses a double in riding scenes. This is the only time he ever uses a double. He will—and has—taken

hair-raising jumps from cliffs, but he will not get on a horse. But I think the most curious animal fear of all is Jean Parker's. She loves snakes and all animals and is now making an animal picture with lions, which she adores and of which she has no fear. But she is afraid of birds. And that should certainly prove that these phobias come from something quite outside ourselves. For surely a little bird could actually hurt no one. No, it is some deep-seated horror—something inherited from those dim, dark days when we walked on four legs or flew through the air or wallowed in slime.

A variant of the crowd-fear is the stage fright which even the most seasoned troupers have. It is not surprising that Ruby Keeler suffers from stage fright, as she does continually, for she is young in the business. But it is rather amazing to learn that a veteran of many first nights like Billie Burke is still deathly afraid of them and that on the first day's shooting of a new picture she shakes and trembles like an extra girl with her first bit part. And Marie Dressler has never overcome stage fright. When she was called upon to speak at her recent birthday party she trembled like a leaf in the wind. When she goes on the air she feels the same way. Once she opens her mouth to speak, the fear goes.

And there are the phobias of Hollywood. Now look at yourself. What are your fears? Are they the same or different ones from these listed?



Kay Francis, looking very glum, after the judge granted her a divorce from Kenneth McKenna. She said he was far too critical.

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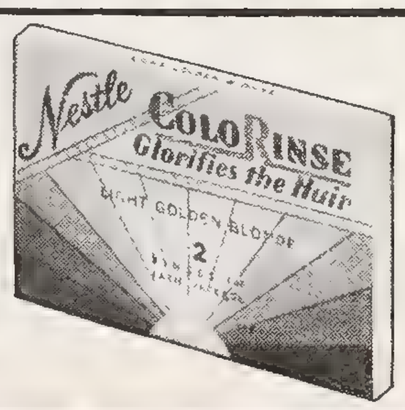
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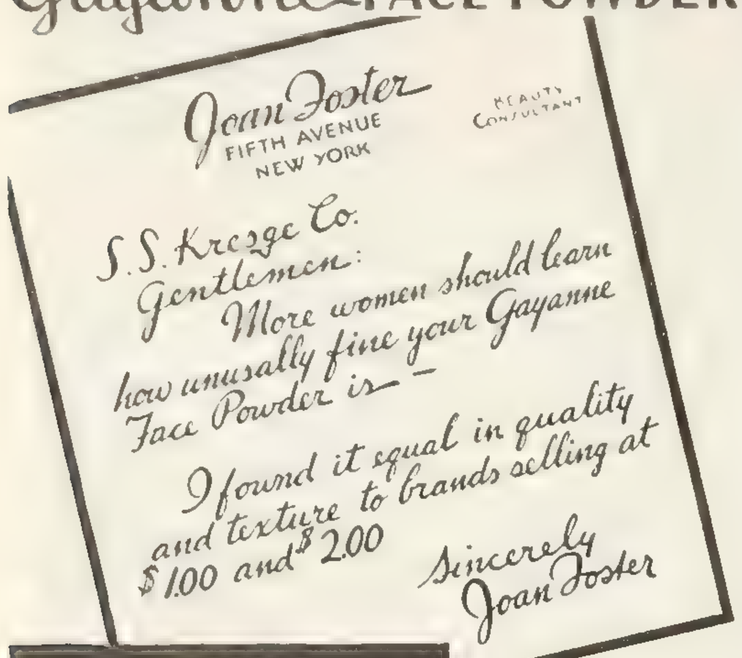
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Secrets of the Make-Up Room

(*Continued from page 29*)

of course, from being present at the actual work, George used to pace up and down the studio road outside the door. His temple muscles were twitching. I wouldn't even be surprised if he was muttering imprecations against the sort of business that made a man have to stand for it while his beloved was being pawed by some other man.

And I'm quite sure that, during that period, nothing would have pleased George O'Brien better than to find some warrantable excuse for pushing my face in. Because he was a husky boy, I took extreme care not to give him the ghost of an excuse. And finally, we all got through "Adam and Eve" unharmed. And when everything is said and done, I understand what George must have experienced. He really was in love with Olive. I was sure, at the time, there'd be wedding bells. And now he's happily married to Marguerite Churchill. Well! Well!

Today, I'm sure George himself will be the first to laugh when he reads this story. Because he must realize now that such physical intimacies are utterly impersonal.

And yet that paradoxical "personal impersonality" often leads to a sense of entrusted confidence which in turn leads to those heart's revelations which, I can assure you, pass from star to make-up man.

Why, twice at least, I've actually played the role of Dan Cupid himself —and each time scored with a happy marriage. One case was the romance of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent.

When Ruth came, with great fanfare, from Paramount to Warner Brothers, we worked hard to make the acquisition all it was worth. My part was to work with her on make-up and hairdressing. I had heard tales of her snootiness and temperament and was ready for it. But instead, I found a woman as sweet as she is shrewd, as square-shooting as she is keen business-minded. I liked her at once.

SOMEHOW I sensed that in her life with Ralph Forbes there was a sort of friendly happiness, but that love—well, there was something lacking when it came to love. And then they began a frantic search for just the right leading man for Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us."

Now there had just come to the Coast, under contract to us, a black-haired Irishman called George Brent. A run-of-the-mill actor, who had done some good things on the stage. I had worked on Brent, making him up for his first screen test and found him gentlemanly and likeable. Then I forgot him until I went to the projection room to see how the test had come out.

There I found Ruth Chatterton, looking at it, too, on the chance that this stranger might do for that leading man. There was not a word from her while the test was run. I heard her breath quicken, though. The film flickered to an end and the operator switched on the lights. Ruth's eyes were glowing. She looked at me and excitedly exclaimed, "Perc, where has this man been all my life?"

Right then and there, I knew!

Next day, it was I who escorted Brent to Ruth's dressing-room. I mumbled a vague introduction. "Miss Chatterton—Mister Brent." I might have said even then, "George, permit me to present the future Mrs. Brent."

Whether they realized it or not, I do not know. If they did, they were both too well bred to show it. Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, and George knew it. But love never in this world has been stopped by that.

In the days that followed, I saw the ripening of their love. I saw, too, the young pretties on the lot making their respective plays for George. However, none of them ever got closer to him than a Senegambian could get to Queen Mary. He was gracious and courteous, but aloof. They called him high-hat. Truth was, he was in love and couldn't see any other woman.

So ill that he should have been in bed, Brent forced himself to work through that picture, rather than hold up production, or miss the chance of playing opposite Ruth. I knew the hours they spent in her bungalow. Long before anyone else knew, I realized the inevitable.

GOING back to the subject of impersonal intimacy, I think one of the most utterly unconcerned women about displaying her personal charms I've ever met was Madame Maria Korda, the famous "Helen of Troy" in the picture of that name.

Believe it or not, when I was summoned to her dressing-room mornings to arrange her hair in the peculiar style required for the picture, I'd almost invariably find her clad in absolutely nothing but a towel.

"Exhibitionism," some of you will say. But it wasn't that. There was about it such an absolute unconsciousness of nudity, that I realized it for, and admired it as, the ultimate expression of professional impersonality.

Probably, if I had visited her and her husband at home and her dress inadvertently lifted and revealed a knee, she'd have been embarrassed and annoyed. Funny, isn't it?

Maria Korda was perhaps one of the most temperamental women I've encountered. She started out by being a big-shot. Thought she could show up as late as she pleased. However, in my department, if she wasn't on time, she wasn't made-up. She soon learned to respect me and came early. But her husband, Alexander Korda, who directed her in "Helen of Troy" (and who, incidentally, was the director of the present success, "Catherine the Great"), was often a victim of her tempera-

mental outbursts.

Her favorite gesture was to fly suddenly at him. Korda always carried a half dozen expensive cigars in his breast pocket. Like a tigress, Maria would be at him. One hand would tear into the breast pocket, and out would come his stock of cigars. Furiously, she'd crush them and then fling them in a confetti-shower of brown tobacco into his face. And Alexander would shrug his shoulders and let it go at that. His cigar bill must have been colossal.

But, after that first failure to get away with temperament with me, she never tried any tricks in my direction. On the contrary, she was almost too meek. I recall one day I came across some accounts and found she owed me money for supplies. I stalked over to the "Helen" set. For six hours they'd been shooting on one love scene.

Ignorant of the tension, I walked over to Maria and without ado, said, "You owe me $127 and I want the check right now."

Tears flooded her eyes. I had expected anything else—rage, haughtiness, even a slap in the face—but not tears. Very soon afterward, the check was delivered to my office.

And at the end of the picture, I was the only person but one that she remembered with a gift. The other present was delivered to the door timekeeper who used to glance with ill-concealed resentment at his watch every time Maria Korda would arrive late. To him she sent a Big Ben alarm clock, with a strap attached, "So you can strap it to your wrist, and not have so much trouble pulling out your watch," she wrote.

TALKING of temperament calls to my mind how Sidney Fox got off to a bad start when she first came here because she believed that she'd have to "act temperamental" to impress Hollywood with her importance.

One of the first requirements, when she arrived, was a set of new coiffures. She phoned me and made an appointment.

Then, when the time came, without excuse or good reason, she deliberately broke it. I paid her back, by myself breaking the next one in the same manner.

However, in the meantime, I prepared ten wigs for various personalities to test on her head. Finally, we got together and I began to prepare her head for a wig. She let out a scream.

"I don't want a wig. You dress my own hair, you hear!"

I could have told her, perhaps, that today ninety per cent. of our foremost women stars wear wigs in their roles! But I wasn't in a mood for reasoning with a creature as unreasonable as she. I merely asked her why she objected to a wig.

"They give me headaches," she said. "I tell you no, no, no! You dress my own hair and—"

"You get out of here," I said. "Get yourself into some silly beauty parlor where you can act and fume and shout directions. But you can't do that here."

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Welcoming David Manners back to the Hollywood fold, after his New York vacation, are Emily LaRue (left), who looks very much like her brother Jack (right), and Glenda Farrell. Scott



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And I walked out on her. I didn't see her for weeks. Then we met on another picture. She was completely changed—as sweet and kind and lovable as you'd want anyone to be.

"What's happened to you?" I asked. She smiled.

"Wrong advice," she said. "Just before I came to Hollywood, I was scared to death. I asked what I should do when I got here. Some advisor who, I now know, knew no more about Hollywood than I do about the Einstein theory, told me: 'Sidney, when you get there, be as hard-boiled, as mean as you can, with everybody—no matter who or how big they are. That's the only way to get by.'

"I tried to follow that advice. What a fool I was! I know better now."

BEFORE I close this chapter, let me tell you the inside story of Barbara LaMarr, that tragically glorious and misunderstood creature.

It all began so ordinarily, that association between us that was to probe such extremes of emotion. A call came to me from the set where they were shooting "The White Moth."

"Can you hurry over here, Perc? There's something wrong with one of the wigs."

"Miss LaMarr's wig hurts so she says she can't work," an assistant whispered.

I fitted it to Barbara's head, while she winced in agony. In a few seconds, I found what was wrong—and, as so often happens, it was absurdly simple. On each side of her head, at the temples, the wires of the wig-frame were pressing hidden nerve centers. A few minutes of such pressure, I knew, could cause excruciating pain. And yet, Barbara LaMarr had worked for several days under that torture, before she complained.

It was the work of a minute to re-fit the wig. I knew the suffering she'd undergone and I appreciated her courage. It must have shown in my eyes. She smiled up at me. In that glance between us, passed an unspoken understanding that many people could never achieve in a lifetime of intimacy.

I somehow sensed a great sadness about Barbara—a prophetic sadness. But it was more than a year before my forebodings began to come to pass.

One night my phone rang. A Mr. Watson on the other end. "Barbara LaMarr's father," he hastened to explain. "She wants you—can you come?"

Shock stopped me speechless as she came into the room when I'd reached her home. She was thin; her face drawn. She smiled when she saw my reaction. "Yes," she said, simply, "it's what I want to talk to you about. You see, Perc, I—well—I'm dead."

I can't tell you here how I felt.

"Two years ago," she went on, "my doctor told me I could not live more than twenty months. My lungs. My body would have given in long ago, but I won't let it. I've got work to do. And I love life, Perc, that's why, when they told me how long I had, I deliberately burned the candle at both ends. But it cost money and I have debts and before I die, I want to earn the money to pay in full.

"You've got to help me. I'll make myself stay alive, if you can make me lovely enough to keep on working until the end. Will you?"

THERE was a really physical sickness in me as I heard from her own lips how she had paid for her fun in those hectic months when she had raced with Death.



This gay group at the Cocoanut Grove includes Russ Columbo, Walter Lang, Madeline Fields (Carole Lombard's secretary), the Misses Dietrich and Lombard. Carole and Marlene are very pal-ly these days.

I capitulated utterly. My heart, my admiration was hers. Each morning, I'd make her up. As she rose from the chair more weary than the day before, she'd turn those great, dark eyes on me, and whisper: "Perc, is this the last day?"

"Far from it—not for many days," I'd say. I don't believe anyone, save she and I and the doctor who worked all night with her many a night during those months of shooting on "The Girl From Monterey," knew what was happening. And we kept the trust and did not tell, even when she'd stumble blindly off the set, to faint in my arms in her dressing room. God, what courage!

Even if I'd have dreamed of taking it, she had no money to pay me. But she had other ways. Let me tell you how she tried, once:

Often she'd said to me: "Perc, some day soon—before the last day—I want to dance for you my Dance of the Rosary. It is beautiful, Perc. . . ." Always I put her off, knowing that any unneeded exertion was just another card played into Death's own hand. But one day we were in her dressing room in the tower of the LaVenta Castle on the hills overlooking the Pacific, where we were shooting on location. It was between scenes; she was to rest. In a corner was one of those little portable gramaphones. She stepped over to it, and even before she spoke, I knew.

"Perc," she said, "don't stop me—today. I've promised I'd dance for you. And I keep my promises."

She flicked the lever and the first notes of "The Rosary" sounded. And there, just for me, she danced. Wearing the little tight bodice over that once beautiful breast, the flaring skirt, her bare legs white, her feet naked. Danced divinely. I can close my eyes today and see her, as the last sad notes wept, sway with eyes closing, to faint dead away in my arms as I leaped to catch her.

I could have beaten myself for letting her do it. I told her so. But she only smiled, when she revived, and said: "It gave me happiness, Perc. I wanted to do it for you, who have done so much for me. . . ."

A few days later she said simply, "Today, Perc, *is* the last."

Halfway through that day, she collapsed, and had to be taken in a coma to her home.

It's never been told before, but the last two or three sequences of that picture were played by an unknown girl who looked enough like Barbara so that, with painstaking effort of make-up and camerawork, the deception was never apparent to the audiences who saw the picture afterward. And all the time, Barbara lay dying at home—and I, with heart heavy as lead, made up the girl who only looked like her. . . .

One night shortly after my phone rang. "Come quickly, she's calling you." It was Barbara's father's voice. Before I could leave the house the bell rang again.

"You need not come, Perc," he said. "It's too late. She's gone."

At dawn that morning, with the fog rolling thick over the hills about her home, with Barbara lying in the next room, I heard her father repeat to me the words she'd spoken to him for my ears.

"She wants you to take her to the chapel. She wants you to do what you two agreed on. And no one is to see her until you say it is time."

I took that pathetically wasted burden and paid her that last service I'd pledged. As she'd made me swear, I transformed her into the beauty she had once been. It took all the wizardry of make-up. And I cried, unashamedly, as I worked. It was only the inviolability of my pledge to her that gave me the fortitude to do it.

Then, as she had wished, she lay in the chapel so that those who wanted to pass by might do so. And she looked fresh and beautiful. It was the least I could do for her.

Screen Stars' Dresses and Hats for You

(*Continued from page 73*)

through the summer months to come, there is nothing like a printed silk. Of course, some of them are good and some, pretty bad. Take the one Shirley Grey wears in "One Is Guilty." There is a perfect example of what is good. One you will not tire of, that will stand up under hard wear and that, after a long, hot summer, will do its stuff just as well as it did in the cool of the spring.

All the stars' dresses at the Cinema Shops are priced from $15 to $35. The higher figures are in the minority, for most of them come between the $15 and the $20 class.

Hats? Oh, yes, there are Cinema Hat Shops, too, for what good is an attractive costume after all, if the hat is the least deficient? It can sink into obscurity like nobody's business. But go around to one of these little hat shops, tucked, many times in the middle or on the outer edges of large departments, and there you will find in actuality a real hat, living out the picture which had been planted in your mind by some stirring film you had lately seen.

On pages 72 and 73 you will see some of them pictured. Loretta Young's, for instance, is too chic and fascinating for words, and the sort of a hat that can perk up the appearance of many a dark dress you may have hanging around, wondering how on earth to make it look like something. Well, add a wide white organdy collar, a bunch of artificial violets and Loretta's hat. There you have an ensemble no one would recognize as starting from a humble last season's beginning.

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THERE'S a lovely golden glow to curtains dipped in French Ecru Rit that brightens the whole house—gives it a cheery "sunshiny" quality. And the color *lasts* in a way that will amaze you if you're used to ordinary dyes that run in the wash and fade or streak in the sun.

And Rit is so EASY to use. It dissolves completely *like lump sugar*—deposits a uniform amount of color evenly in every fibre of the fabric—gives a "professional" look to everything it touches. Rit is patented because it's *different*—so to get results, be sure to get Rit!



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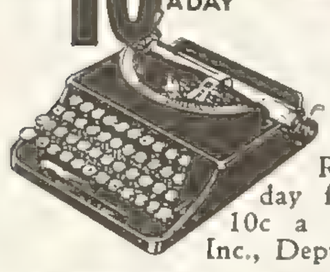
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Good hats are harder to locate than dresses in good style. Usually they look cocky and happy on the wax dummies in the windows and when you get them on, they are rather dreadful. But once you have seen them tried out on a movie actress' head, you know more or less what you are getting—no buying a pig in a poke after that formula has been gone through with.

Evalyn Knapp's sailor is swell. They'll be wearing these pre-War sailors this year. And Irene Dunne's little Tyrolian cap is just the thing for sports clothes or those street things that we all have done in the manner of sports togs.

If you want to know the address of the Cinema Dress Shop or the Cinema Hat Shop in your neighborhood, write to me care of Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y., and I will send you immediately all information on this subject.

When Is a Woman Most Alluring?

(Continued from page 59)

The average age of this group might be placed in the neighborhood of twenty-six, which is not so young, for in the exotic, hot-house atmosphere of Hollywood, emotions and bodies blossom early. Most of these actresses have come through a long period of training. They have lived enough to know trials as well as thrills and they have developed a technique of expression.

CONSIDER the vivid Joan Crawford, communicating feeling in every movement and always suggesting fiery emotions that burn through the conventions. Most assuredly Joan had not reached her most attractive year at eighteen. At that time she manifested sex appeal and little more. Today this appeal has been refined and intensified.

Jean Harlow is an inspiration to those to whom recognition comes only as the result of painstaking effort. A few years ago, Jean was dismissed with a tolerant smile as a girl who flaunted a beautiful body. Critics were a bit contemptuous, but she kept stepping along to a place of assured recognition. It is quite possible that she has not yet reached her most attractive years.

Lilian Harvey, the daughter of an English mother and a German father, came to us from a Viennese background. She had been saturated with the color and the spirit of European capitals, an experience one would never surmise from the sweetly innocent parts she portrays. Lilian possesses a persuasive beauty. Likewise she is a cultured artist capable of adapting herself to varied characterizations. It is doubtful if she has reached her most interesting period.

Miriam Hopkins is distinctly a case of development. When first seen on the New York stage she was merely a talented girl who had not yet learned how to make the most of her appearance. In Hollywood she revealed a lush personality—seductive and compelling.

Madge Evans is one of the rare instances of a child star whose gifts are carried over into young womanhood. Her progress has been steady.

Years have made little difference in Janet Gaynor. To Gaynor fans she always will be the sweetly sentimental heroine of "Seventh Heaven." She has found little need to venture into deeper waters.

Like Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan is a Southern girl picked from the Broadway stage. She is definitely on the up-grade. Her heart-touching performance in "Only Yesterday" will not be forgotten.

Having passed through various phases, including the Oriental, Myrna Loy has only recently found herself and in so doing has gained a well-merited recognition.

THEN there is Katharine Hepburn, the flaming sensation of the year—a gifted child from some magic land possessing unaccountable magnetism and an emotional power beyond her years. Have not college and marriage given her resources to draw upon? Would she have been so important a few years ago?

How about you? Have those very few years since eighteen given you the confidence necessary to make your personality felt? If so, you may now be at your best.

Longer established on the Hollywood records is a considerable group of stars who combine the freshness of youth with the allure of ripe emotions directed by keen intelligence.

They are actresses who have learned to enhance their personalities. The art of the dress designer, the skill of the hairdresser, the wizardry of the make-up men—all contribute to their glory. And more than that, they have come to know themselves and have achieved a poise born of confidence. They are still young, but they have tasted enough of life to reflect poignant passions.

In asking at what age a woman is the most attractive these names cannot be overlooked: Kay Francis, Norma Shearer, Ann Harding, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez, Diana Wynyard, Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo.

It would appear that each one of these favorites is at the top of her swing utilizing every resource at her command.

Kay Francis, for example, is an exquisitely groomed figure, always costumed in perfect taste, yet never permitting clothes to overshadow her performance.

Norma Shearer is an instance of natural talent cultivated with marvelous

skill. As an artist's model and later as an extra, she recognized her best features and those that were not so good. Clever photography, effective make-up, stunning clothes and more than all else an active brain have placed her in the first flight of stars.

Ann Harding, one of the few natural platinum blondes, belongs among the bright mentalities. She went to Hollywood from Broadway triumphs and has given many memorable performances.

Elissa Landi, author of books and composer of sonatas, brings to the screen both emotion and intellect. Daughter of an Austrian countess, her personality has been colored by life on the Continent.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, too, knows more than the art of acting. Beginning her career as an artist, she turned to the stage, which was a pathway to the studios. She is a smart young woman equally decorative in a boudoir or at a cocktail party and always appropriately gowned for either.

Constance Bennett belongs in the same social set. Her butterfly brilliance and her ability to wear extreme styles make her the idol of girls who think that society is like that—broken hearts washed away by cocktails.

Helen Hayes does not lean upon beauty. She is one of the most accomplished actresses of the day and by reason of her gifts casts a spell over an audience. She is not dependent upon years or the lack of them. Her effectiveness has been the natural outgrowth of talent.

Dietrich, as everyone knows, is an exotic product of a fortunate combination of beauty and brains lighted by the torch of sex.

The mystery of Garbo lies in the depths of her strange soul. The force of her dramatic personifications indicates that she has known life—its torrents and tempests as well as its brilliance. Surely her genius is ageless.

Have these spectacular actresses reached their zenith?

Possibly they have not. Undeniably they have beauty, brains, also understanding born of experience. If you possess these qualities at their age, you probably are at your best right now.

Coming to the most mature group—widely dissimilar though they are, all of these players assure adult entertainment: Alice Brady, Ruth Chatterton, Irene Dunne, Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Tallulah Bankhead and Mae West.

No actress lacking the ripening influence of life could have portrayed Ann Vickers with the convincing quality imparted by Irene Dunne.

Mae makes no pretense of youth, yet late polls show her to be the most popular star among the boys at leading universities. Mae appears to be more attractive now than fifteen or even twenty years ago.

While her appeal is due to a ribald humor and her sex manifestations are boldly unrefined, it is only fair to place her among the more intelligent actresses. She uses her brains to exploit her body. She writes her own stories and plays them to the hilt, or to be more accurate—to the hip.

The question remains: At what age is a woman most attractive? It might be ventured that woman is most attractive in the fortunate period when all her powers of body, mind and soul are coördinated in harmonious expression. She may be fifteen or she may be fifty when this fortunate moment arrives. But when it does, years will pass into sweet oblivion.



Romayne, director Wesley Ruggles' secretary, interviews more people than her boss does. So why shouldn't her name be in larger type than his own? Romayne's telling Ethel Merman all about it.

Don't give up!



—a helping hand may be all you need

"I DO NOT want to give up . . . but why do I tire so easily . . . why can't I 'carry on' . . . and how is it that I do not feel like myself?"

It may be that as the result of colds . . . indoor or over-work . . . worry and the like . . . the strength of your blood has been weakened—that is, the red-blood-cells and hemo-glo-bin reduced . . . and Spring finds you with that "worn-out" and "let-down-feeling."

A deficient blood content is often responsible for many ills—frequently: loss of weight, sleeplessness, skin disorders, skin eruptions, sallow complexion, paleness, loss of appetite, nervousness or lack of clear skin.

You just can't be well, strong, and up and doing when you have "weak" blood—that is, blood with lowered red-cells and a deficient hemo-glo-bin content. Look to your blood if you suspect a tonic is needed.

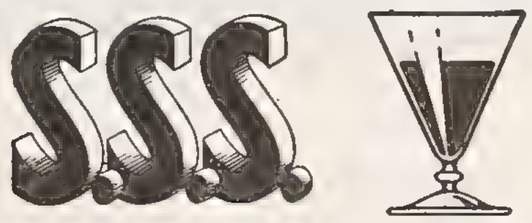
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Heroes Are Poor Lovers

(*Continued from page 49*)

appeal to the camera. No, I'm not kidding.

JUST put yourself in their place for a moment. Suppose you never picked up a magazine or newspaper without seeing your own face leering at you. Suppose you received millions of fan letters telling you that you're all that could be desired. Suppose in your work you were required to make love to a beautiful woman all day long and not only to make love to *her* but, through her, to thousands of women who will see your screen likeness.

It is so necessary for you to flash that big sex appeal personality to your public that you can never have respite from it. Every woman you meet says to herself, "Ah, there's So-and-So. He's the big sex appeal lad; he'd better give me a thrill." Why, man, you're on display every waking moment! If you've made your screen reputation by sex appeal you've got to keep proving it. Every woman who comes to interview you has to be made to realize that you have a magnetic personality so she'll write articles which praise you. And when you make a personal appearance! Well, heavens! The smiles you have to flash, the subtle glances you have to give. And you've got to do that whether you're suffering from indigestion, whether you're unhappy, or whether you've just had to mortgage your house.

You average men need to please but just one woman—either your wife or your sweetheart. But the poor screen lovers have to prove to thousands of women that they're great lovers. And imagine proving you're a great lover when your luncheon has disagreed with you.

CLARK GABLE is a grand gent. Once you've broken through that first sex appeal flash he invariably gives every new woman—and, mind you, it is for business reasons only—he will talk for hours about his real interests, guns and hunting and polo and good wines and books. But he rose to fame on the tide of sex appeal and he stands or falls by that. All day long he makes love to a beautiful woman. All day long he meets women who expect him to be the personification of sex. Is it any wonder that the poor lad chooses—for his constant companion—a woman older than he, a woman who understands that he's just a hard-working guy with a job to do, a woman who mothers him a little and with whom he can, at the end of the day, forget that he is a great screen lover?

Gilbert Roland was hailed—along with a lot of others—as "the new Valentino" and he was expected to prove his hot Latin blood on the slightest provocation. Is it any wonder that he, like Gable, chose as his most constant companion, Norma Talmadge, a woman several years his senior?

Before his marriage I once asked Joel McCrea, "How do you keep up the pace of not only being on-screen but off-screen lover? How can you be Hollywood's official beau as well as an actor of sex appeal roles?"

"I get a kick out of going to public places with glamorous women," he said. "But, believe me, public places are where you will always find us. I'll never give anyone's husband a chance to worry about me. Say, what do you think I am, anyhow? A super-man?"

And you'll notice that screen-lover Joel has now married a gentle, intelligent girl, Frances Dee. He has not picked one of your voluptuous, lush, glamorous Hollywood gals. Why? I've been telling you the reason for a dozen paragraphs.

Isn't it ridiculous to expect a man to work all day at a certain job and then continue doing the same job—fascinating women—when he comes home from work in the evening?

For remember that the men stars are just as much on parade as the women stars. It's true they don't have to spend their time in beauty shops as the women do—although I could tell you about some who have permanent waves and hair dyes—but if they have gained a reputation for great lovering they've got to prove it with every woman they meet.

And this fact—the fact that nine times out of ten the glamorous lads are glamorous only on the screen—is such an open secret in Hollywood that you'll find a lot of actresses choosing as their husbands men who are not actors.

There's little Arline Judge—as peppy a cutie as you'll find west of the Mississippi. Who's her husband? Wesley Ruggles, the director. And Dorothy Jordon is happily married to Merian Cooper, the producer. Norma Shearer chose Irving Thalberg, a producer, as her husband. And Garbo is quite obviously in love with Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Jean Harlow married the producer, Paul Bern, and is now married to a cameraman, and Sally Eilers—a hot-cha gal—married to Harry Joe Brown, a producer. I could go on and on with that list.

I know that you've wondered about this. Many fans have asked me, "But why did that beautiful, exciting girl marry *him* when she could have had a handsome, charming actor? And they would have made such a stunning couple!"

Sure, they would have made a stunning couple. But looks aren't everything, baby. The smart gals don't choose the sex appeal boys, for they have long since learned that those lads use up their fascination doing their stuff before the camera!

I'm not joking when I say that these boys lose their wives and sweethearts because they are required to give too much to the camera they serve and too much to their feminine public.

Bad Men Are Good Lovers

(*Continued from page 48*)

for the most part, in music, books and sports, and they keep much to themselves, loath to let the gossips interfere with their private lives.

WALLY BEERY has been married to Rita Gilman for five years. They met when she had a small bit in one of his pictures, and she immediately gave up her career to marry him.

They have a lovely home in Beverly Hills and have adopted three children—Carol Ann Beery, three years old; George Priester Beery, five, and Billie Priester Beery, eleven.

Wally takes Carol Ann to lunch at the Brown Derby and to visit the studio; in fact, he has her with him all the time he isn't working. He buys every stitch of her clothing, from her little especially made shoes to her hand-embroidered dresses. And that's not all. He insists that Mrs. Beery take him with her on her shopping tours. While strolling along Hollywood Boulevard, Beery frequently sees a dress or a hat that he thinks would look well on Mrs. Beery and takes it home to her. She says that the surprising part of it is that his purchases are becoming.

Beery recently tore up the set on "The Bowery" in a manner quite in character with the role of the roughneck he was playing because he was held over for retakes. Mrs. Beery and Carol Ann were on their way to New York by train, and Beery had planned to fly there and arrive ahead of them, and he was worried about them being alone in the big city.

Eddie Robinson is another "meanie" of the screen who enjoys going shopping with his wife. He married Gladys Lloyd, an actress, nine years ago. Mrs. Robinson gave up the stage to devote all her time to Eddie. So fond is "Little Caesar" of his wife that he insists she spend most of her time on the set while he is working and, for good luck's sake, she has a "bit" in every one of his pictures.

Anyone not interested in babies would be tremendously bored by a visit to Robinson's home these days, for Eddie spends the best part of his time talking "goo-goo" to six-months-old "Little Caesar."

JIMMY CAGNEY met his wife fourteen years ago while both were working in a Broadway chorus. Mrs. Cagney gave up professional work when she married. They have just bought a new home in Beverly Hills, the first home Jimmy has ever owned. Their greatest pride at present is their new swimming pool.

George Bancroft is regarded by many as a pretty tough customer, both on and off the screen. He wants what he wants when he wants it, and, if he doesn't get it, there's pretty apt to be trouble.

But even George is a "softie" to his wife, to whom he has been married for twenty years. If Mrs. Bancroft asks him to be home early for a special occasion, such as an anniversary or the birthday of Georgette, their fourteen-year-old daughter, George will upset any studio schedule to get there.

Paul Muni is the most adoring of husbands. He has been married eight years to Bella Finkel, an actress before her marriage. Muni insists that his wife be with him constantly on the set, and wherever Paul is you'll be sure to find the missus.

Paul's chief hobby is farming. He lives on a large semi-ranch near Van Nuys and the surest way to interest him is to discuss the new methods of irrigation or planting. Both Muni and his wife are ardent horseback riders, and they have just built a new stable.

Charles Bickford has been married for sixteen years, and he has two children, a fourteen-year-old girl and an eight-year-old boy. Bickford spends most of his leisure time at home and greatly resents any publicity that intrudes upon his private life.

He takes pride in the spacious gardens on his Playa del Rey estate and grows prize dahlias and chrysanthemums.

WHILE Jimmy Durante cannot exactly be classed as a "meanie," he is certainly a two-fisted guy with no claim to pulchritude, but, to his wife, he's an angel.

Recently his wife had a birthday, and Jimmy, knowing that she had a particular fondness for luxurious lingerie, thought it was up to him to get some. He couldn't picture himself walking into a shop and actually asking for the latest bits of chiffon and lace, so he had one of the script girls call up and order dozens of the most costly and frothy teddies and nighties from an exclusive shop. And, when the boxes arrived, Jimmy made the selections himself. Even after fourteen years of married life, Jimmy calls his wife over long distance telephone every night while he is in New York and she is on the coast.

As the monster of "Frankenstein" and in other gruesome roles, Boris Karloff has struck terror into the hearts of many, but, as a husband, he's perfect, according to his wife.

He has been married to Dorothy Stine, a non-professional and a graduate of the University of California, for four years. They have a charming home at Toluca Lake and go out only occasionally. Karloff loves to putter around the garden and he is a cricket enthusiast. And even this monster of the screen goes shopping with his wife.

The happiest women in Hollywood are married to the "meanies," so you see that, strange as it may seem, bad men do make good husbands.

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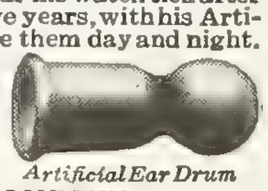


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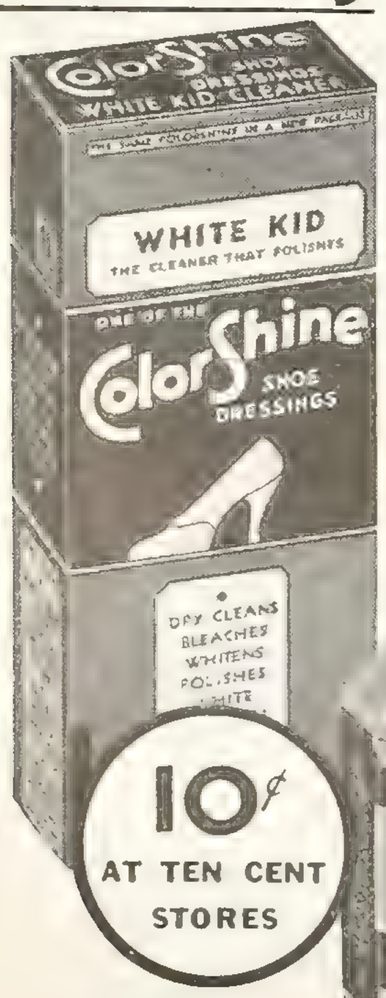
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Those Hollywood Feuds

(*Continued from page 43*)

Gilbert became less successful in pictures. Maybe Schenck never did a thing about it. He had the power, certainly. He could have. But if there wasn't really a feud between the men, screen lover and husband, people thought there was. Other producers thought there was. Maybe that's why they didn't give Gilbert work.

It doesn't seem fair to go back to Connie Bennett again, but the girl does seem to get her share of feuds. They told it all over town that Lil Tashman pulled one of Connie's photos off the wall at the old Embassy Club and ground the glass to bits under her heels. Why? "Connie's been casting eyes at Eddie," Hollywood promptly explained it. The point, as with Gilbert Roland and Norma, is *not* whether the story was true or not.

No one really knows for sure if Lil smashed the picture, and certainly there was no reason why Connie should be giving Eddie Lowe a come-on at that particular moment. The point is—another rumor started the rounds. A feud was on between Lil and Connie, people whispered. Think of the spot that put hostesses in, when they wanted to ask both women to parties. Think of the spot it put their friends in. They couldn't be loyal to both of them, and so they had to make one enemy no matter what choice they made. And enemies, as said before, are bad things to have in Hollywood. Careers hang by slim enough threads as it is.

Most feuds do run in the well-known triangles, of course, but they're not always just the triangles you'd expect. Nobody in Hollywood much doubts that the third point in the Gary Cooper-Lupe Velez triangle was Gary's mother. Gary went away to Africa, you remember. Perhaps to shoot lions, as he said. Perhaps to forget. When he came back, by way of London, Lupe was in New York playing in a Broadway show. Gary could go nowhere in New York without running into her. There was Gary, colder and more dignified than ever in his new London clothes. And there was little Lupe, the life of every night club he dropped into. It was enough to make you pity them, to watch them pretending not to see each other.

THAT was a different kind of feud. And with a far-reaching effect, if you think it over. Have you ever heard of people marrying on the rebound? Hollywood has! What if Johnny Weissmuller and Sandra Shaw start believing, some day, that they were married by a Lupe and Gary trying only to forget one another? That little train of thought, in anybody's mind, can easily lead right into a divorce court.

Sometimes feuds end in death. I met Dolores Del Rio when she was making her first American picture. She was wide-eyed. Hollywood was a delightful shock to her. The sums of money she heard talked about dazzled her. People treated her like a queen. She simply couldn't believe it had happened to her. "Here's one that's going Hollywood with a bang," I said.

Dolores knew that her success depended upon the director who was interested in her, Edwin Carewe. Carewe, Hollywood said, was interested in her as a woman as much as he was as an actress. When Dolores' husband, Jaime, arrived from Mexico, a feud started between the two men. Jaime could hardly recognize his own wife. Instead of the quiet, home girl he had known, he was talking now to a star. It was her stardom that was his rival, not Carewe. Carewe was only its symbol. And that was a feud that was hopeless from the start. He couldn't win.

Dolores had to choose between her husband and the life she used to know, and stardom. She chose the latter. Jaime went to Paris and died shortly after. The doctors were mystified by his death. There seemed to be no reason for it. There was plenty of reason. A broken heart.

SOMETIMES, however, the ending of a feud can spell success rather than failure. People thought the engagement between Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers was the real thing, with marriage just around the corner. Mervyn, while not a great director, was knocking out hit after hit. Ginger was the unknown one of the pair. A pretty little kid from Texas who had won Charleston contests, drifted into vaudeville and musical comedy and ended up in Hollywood. People said she was cute.

Then Mervyn dropped Ginger over night and married the boss' daughter, Doris Warner. That ought to have finished Ginger. Married to a director, she would have had a chance. On her own—well, there were a lot of other cute kids in Hollywood. But it didn't work out that way. Ginger went up like a sky-rocket!

Hollywood takes care of its own. It's the non-professional husbands and wives, like Jaime Del Rio, who suffer. There are so many of them that a list would reach from here to Doomsday. Take a single instance. How do you suppose Herr Seiber, Marlene Dietrich's husband, feels toward Josef von Sternberg—or, as he was christened, Joe Stern? Marlene says she is still in love with Rudolph Seiber. The last time he visited America the three of them had their pictures taken together, all smiling and looking very friendly. Well—fine.

But, just the same, back in Germany Rudolph can never pick up a newspaper without seeing Sternberg's name coupled with his wife's. They are seen together everywhere, they work together on every picture Marlene makes. Rudolph, smiling photos or no

smiling photos, would be a very strange man indeed if he could look on Von Sternberg with friendship and affection.

Does your memory go away back to the days when John Gilbert went on a rampage one night and ended up at the Beverly Hills calaboose demanding that they put him in jail? The publicity department said Jack was "out for a lark." Hollywood insiders had another idea. They said Jack was still crazy about Garbo—crazy wild, wanting to smash things, start fights and raise hell in general. (The feud he had with Stiller, the director who brought Greta from Europe, was something to write home to Sweden about.)

Gilbert has always been highly emotional, liable to plunge into things on the spur of the moment. He quieted down for a few years when talkies broke him. Then Garbo took him back for her leading man in "Queen Christina." Up flared the old Jack again, instantly. And—picked a fight with his studio, left his wife, returned to her again and—well, we'll see what he'll do next.

YOU might almost say that Joel McCrea's middle name is Feud. To make the figure of speech more exact, you could say it's a middle name nobody knows. Joel has done more dating of Hollywood wives, is his time, than any other man in town—and nary a peep of jealousy out of either husbands or wives. Of course he did stop before he got in too deep, and got married himself. But he had done plenty, just the same. Why weren't those hubbies out a-feuding against him like a pack of wolves! Joel grins and says, "Because I treated the husbands better than their own wives did." But that's just a wisecrack. It's closer to the truth to say that he dodged it by being square and above-board.

If Joel took your wife out you knew it and everybody else knew it. There was never any sneaking. And so husbands and wives alike trusted him. If there were a few more Joels in the old town there'd be a lot less feuds.

It's the women, on the whole, not the men, who go in for the under-cover romances that stir up trouble. I know one star who surprised everybody by marrying a plumber. He wasn't really a plumber, but if I come closer to it you'll guess who I mean. "What on earth did she marry him for!" gasped Hollywood. Well, kiddies, it's simple. She was going places—under cover—with another star's very nice husband. That little romance was not so innocent, and Star No. 2 got wise to it. A divorce-suit was brewing, with some nasty charges for the newspapers. So Star No. 1, being a smart gal, promptly married herself off to her plumber, the only man handy at the time for legal ties. Then let 'em sue! People would never believe an innocent little bride could be guilty of all those wicked charges, don't you see?

That's been done more than once, to duck one of these feuds, too.

A feud is different from a passing quarrel. If you pick up today's newspapers you'll read that So-and-So is mad at So-and-So for flirting with her new boy-friend at lunch. That isn't a real feud. It'll be over by tomorrow. The real feuds are the quarrels that settle down into steady grudges and run on year after year. Those are the poisonous ones. They cause trouble and plenty of it, although the papers never hear about it. But the little quarrels of today are the feuds of tomorrow.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 15*)

Let's Get Sentimental

JO ROBISON, of Huntington, W. Va., wants to weep:

Aren't Hollywood directors sentimental anymore? "Can" all of these hardboiled prize fighting and gangster films and give us a good cry. The crowd I pal around with is crazy about Otto Kruger, that new actor from Broadway. Give him more rôles—leading ones—and more pictures like "Ever In My Heart," a heart-touching film.

More Pictures Like "Little Women"

HELEN GREEN, of Paterson,, N. J., explains its success:

The reason we packed the theatres to see "Little Women" is this: It is different from other pictures. It isn't a modern romance and it isn't a musical comedy. It's just a sweet, sympathetic, interesting and old-fashioned story.

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One cheer for the young man who became "the answer to every maiden's prayer" over the air waves. Another cheer for the famous singer who was not afraid of risking his popularity by trying his luck in the movies, in spite of the fact that many had failed before him. And one more cheer for the lad who manages to be natural and sincere on the screen.

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Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 8*)

important thing and what was the unimportant thing. But what would you do yourselves?

THIS sort of thing has come to my attention several times recently. If a girl slips on the ice, or stumbles over a rug, or bumps the old bean against the shelf over the kitchen sink, the man, instead of being properly solicitous and asking her if she has hurt herself, is very apt to howl, "For the love of mud, you're always banging yourself or falling over something. Can't you pick up your feet?" And the girl, smarting from the accident, can't be blamed too much if she pitches a book-end at him or comes back with a snappy retort.

I suppose, once again, the old idealization business enters into it. In the man's mental picture, his girl never stumbles or cuts herself. She glides gracefully through life, like the glamorous ladies on the screen. What to do about it? Well, grin and bear it, I guess, and summon your sense of humor, if you can, to kid him out of the disagreeable habit.

It seems that I'm cracking down on the men too much. Someone will be asking, "Haven't the girls any faults?" Sure they have—and one of the worst of them is a little disease I'll call interruptionitis. I used to notice this at home with mother and father. Dad would no sooner get himself launched into a dissertation on the political situation or something, than Mother would start thinking up interruptions. "Excuse me, dear. Would you mind handing me the scissors. They're right on the table beside you." Or, suddenly she came forth with a startled exclamation—"Oh, dear!" And he would say, somewhat disgruntled for being cut off in the midst of his best sentence, "Whatsamatter? Got a pain?" And *she'd* say, "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to interrupt. But I just remembered that I promised to call Mrs. Whoosis today and I forgot all about it." Then, very brightly, "Go on with what you were saying." And Dad would stand this just as long as possible and then he'd shout about it and quit talking and sulk for hours.

THERE is a certain important talent or virtue or whatever you want to call it, which in dancing is termed "the ability to follow well" and in accompanying a singer is called "anticipation" and in plain ordinary life is called "a woman's intuition." It's really a gift for knowing what the other person is going to do before he does it—and, furthermore, a gift for knowing what he'd *like you to do* without his saying a word about it. Girls, you know, if they're the least bit clever, can wheedle and coax the right response from a man with all the pretty feminine tricks they know so well. A man can't do anything like that. He's supposed to be strong and silent and would scorn asking for a compliment or praise of any sort. It's up to us to figure out what he would like us to do or say. I know a chap who, for some silly reason, loves to read aloud. He read a story to me once and I said what a nice story it was. That wasn't enough. He kept saying, "You didn't like it. You didn't like it." I kept saying that I did and finally I added, "It was a swell story—and you read it beautifully, too." He beamed. No, it wasn't a boy friend—it was a plain, ordinary cousin who was bitten by the stage bug and yearned to be an actor. But he was the same as any other male. He wanted to be praised. And whereas a girl could say, looking cute, "Nice story, yes. But you didn't say anything about the way I read it," a man, of course, would consider any such hint as quite beyond the pale.

Make a point of telling him that he looks nice—they're just as vain as we are. Praise his tennis, or the way he writes a letter, or his manner of introducing people, or his choice of neckties—or any confounded thing—just so long as you, occasionally and without being gushy about it, give back to him a little of the pleasant old applesauce which you enjoy yourself. He may be gruff and say, "Oh, nertz!" But don't tell me he won't love it!

Have you some personal problem of love and romance on your mind which you would like to talk over with someone who would give you honest, helpful advice? If so, write about it—fully, to Alice Van Doran. She will regard it as absolutely confidential and will send you a personal reply. Address your letter to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

They Visit New York

(*Continued from page 35*)

We dropped into Lilyan's dressing-room and there was the movies' "best dressed" curled up on a *chaise longue* having a studio box lunch. It consisted, as she put it, of "one good sandwich, one not-so-good, a hard-boiled egg and a thermos bottle of what laughingly passes for coffee." (Well, we've tasted coffee, so that makes one of us wrong—us or the studio cafeteria).

Miss Tashman, who had recently suffered from arthritis, looked extremely well as per usual. She has just about the ten best figures in Hollywood, plenty of good grooming, a throaty voice and a divine sense of humor. Much too much for one gal. She had seen a performance at a Group playhouse the evening before—one of those little theater community effects—and reported it to be the "Grope" theater, and when we discussed a maturing actress who takes herself much too seriously, Lil said, "Well, personally, I like her. The only thing that's wrong is that when we all want to have some fun, she has to go dedicate a Date Farm or something."

* * *

NOW, about Mr. Clark Gable!

We visited M-G-M's contribution to sex appeal with (shame on us, tch, tch) not too open a mind; with a slightly "well, bring on this big he-man, cave-man, ladies' man, and let us have a look."

And, girls and boys, we beg to humbly report that Mr. Gable is suh-well! Even more attractive than on the screen, with a grand sense of fun and a trigger-like mind when it comes to snappy repartee.

He hadn't been to New York since he became rich and famous—although he insists he isn't rich now—and took all the hurrahs and fanfare in stride. Yes, Clark's Stetson still fits and it sorta looks as if it always will.

Clark made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York and about a million fans and the Police Reserve came out. Everybody seemed to be there to protect each other from being mobbed. The poor Famous One, of necessity, was forced to leave by the front of the house.

So, if anyone should say that Mr. Gable is slipping, tell 'em that he must have spurs on the soles of his shoes.

* * *

LAURA LA PLANTE, a platinum before platinums became the rage, breezed into New York en route to Europe. The little lady looked positively radiant, for she had a stunning mink coat and a new Warner contract to make some pictures in the land of fog and royalty. Laura saved her pennies for the coat and is as proud of it as a child with an "A" on his report card. As for the contract; well, that comes in the nature of a good big break, after two years' absence from the screen.

Of course, the rumors preceded Miss La Plante's arrival by about two days. You know, the ones about her anticipated divorce from Bill Seiter, the di-

"Here is the SECRET"

says *Mary Brian*



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rector. Well, fans, it's a big, bad lie. Bill and Laura have no more idea of parting than has ham from eggs or pork from beans. They just don't go in for the Hollywood marital Virginia Reel. You know—time to change partners—I draw my leading man and you get the brunette ingenue.

* * *

He lives at the Waldorf-Astoria because it's big and impressive and he can afford to now. So says the lovable Walter Huston, appearing on Broadway in "Dodsworth." The talkies made it all possible and to the little village in the golden west he gives the credit.

Mr. Huston is constantly amazed at the personal fame he has lately acquired. Why people recognize him wherever he goes! Can yuh 'magine? Well, he's just about as naïve as a small boy about it. Of course, this fame business has its drawbacks, too. For, if you want to go into a chop suey joint to do a little business with some chicken and noodles, your public is apt to see you and be disappointed. You sort of owe it to them to ride in taxis and put on the ritz.

This star likes to do a stage play once in a while to keep in tune histrionically. It is so easy to go lax in the movies where there is no need for sustained emotion. Mr. Huston would like to see a couple of fellow players with real talent (he named 'em, too) trail east and do something for the theatre, instead of sinking into the gold fields of the camera coast. The Broadway stage may be less lucrative, but it is plenty stimulating.

* * *

Spring and the personal appearance season is on in New York.

No sooner had Clark Gable packed his make-up kit at the Capitol Theatre than Ramon Novarro moved into his vacated dressing-room. Ramon about rated four ovations a day—or as many rousing cheers as there were performances. He sang and the fans adored it.

Ramon's first love, you know, is the concert stage and here he had another chance to do his stuff. Remember his successful European tour?

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 46*)

the rôle of the wife to a nice turn, and you can understand her reaction to the "flirt." Ralph Bellamy is handed a better role than is his usual lot and he is right good. Kay Johnson will spout so much grand dialogue in an hour that you will wonder where she's been all along. The gals should eat this one up.

B: MEN IN WHITE
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Jean Hersholt, Elizabeth Allen

YOU'LL talk about this. Because it's human, true-to-life and thrilling. And it isn't so much the story that is told, but the way the actors tell it, that makes this such an excellent picture. Clark Gable, as the doctor, does almost the best work of his career. Jean Hersholt makes you really understand him in a fine rôle, but the orchids go to Elizabeth Allen, who takes a small part and makes it stand out like a beacon light. The story is laid in a hospital background and the best scene is where Gable has to watch a nurse with whom he has had a liaison, die as the result of an illegal operation.

B: HEAT LIGHTNING
(Warners)

Aline McMahon, Ann Dvorak, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins

GOOD show in new atmosphere. An auto camp in the desert, to be exact, run by Aline McMahon. The rôle was perfect for her. Into the dull and monotonous surroundings, come two bank robbers (Lyle Talbot and Preston Foster) and Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly, two rich and silly divorcees whose car has done a nip-up. Through the whole deal (tragic at times and very funny at others) moves Ann Dvorak, daughter of owner McMahon, who would like nothing better than to light out for the Big City and Romance. Good stuff. Go!

C: COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO
(Universal)

Fay Wray, Paul Lukas, Patsy Kelly, Reginald Owen

NOT so good. In other words, this picture isn't clean-cut. The cast is a bit bewildered by the whole thing and the story is out of focus a great portion of the time. Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly are a couple of movie "extras" who decide to leave the lot in the middle of a scene. Of course, they are mistaken for the characters they are portraying, but the entry of two crooks (Paul Lukas and Reginald Owen) complicates matters a trifle. Patsy Kelly is the whole thing. Fay Wray is miscast. Paul Lukas was the only one in the cast who understood the continental touch the director was trying to put over. It doesn't sound very promising, does it?

C: NO GREATER GLORY
(Columbia)

George Breakstone, Frankie Darro, Frank Morgan, Lois Wilson

SAND-LOT version of "All Quiet" or "Skippy in the Trenches." This picture is from the story "The Paul Street Boys" and is about rival gangs

of boys who are continually in a state of warfare. Young George Breakston practically carries the show and we bet that last fight the gangs have will linger in your memory. Frank Morgan and Lois Wilson are barely in the picture, for the boys dominate the screen. If you're fed up on drawing-room sex drammers, try this.

C: SHE MADE HER BED
(Paramount)

Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong, Richard Arlen, Jr.

LET her sleep in it, sez I. This is rather unpleasant, as pictures go, but it has a gusto and some good acting that might make you like it. Tough guy Bob Armstrong runs an auto camp and cheats on wife, Sally Eilers. Along comes Arlen, Sr. selling snake oil and Grace Bradley selling banana oil (at least to Armstrong). To his collection of bob-cats, which he whips hourly to show the ladies that he's a big shot, Armstrong adds a ferocious tiger. As a result of a fire, Baby Arlen winds up in the icebox, the tiger behind the eight ball and Armstrong takes a nose-dive. If you like fast-moving, lusty entertainment, take it.

C: I BELIEVED IN YOU
(Fox)

Rosemary Ames, Victor Jory, John Boles, Gertrude Michael

NOT so hot. In other words, skip it. This story about a gal (newcomer, Rosemary Ames) from the small town who is suddenly thrown into a bunch of no-accounts in Greenwich Village, is rather inanely directed and badly written. The dialogue leaves everyone standing around and the cast (besides Miss Ames, Mr. Jory and Mr. Boles) don't even do the best they know how. "What's the use?" you can hear them say. You might keep an eye on Rosemary Ames, though. She seems to be headed places. This last advice is just for those who go anyway.

C: REGISTERED NURSE
(Warners)

Bebe Daniels, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, Minna Gombell

THE doctors will laugh. But the technical faults in the picture won't be so apparent to the average audience and you might say it was better-than-usual entertainment. All about a wife whose husband goes insane, so she returns to her old job of nursing. Bebe Daniels does this right well and Gordon Westcott plays the daffy husband to the last drop. Of course, the reason Bebe doesn't marry Lyle Talbot (whom she should) is a bit far-fetched and the method finally used to get the husband out of the picture forever is unforgivable from a real-life standpoint, but the general idea is one you'll enjoy.

C: GAMBLING LADY
(Warners)

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Pat O'Brien, Claire Dodd

FAIR to middlin'. And it's too bad, too, because it is a Barbara Stanwyck picture. She is good, as usual, but the story is just straight formula. One coincidence after another is unreeled before the unsuspecting audience until one almost wonders if, by some strange coincidence, the picture will really reach a logical ending. The title gives the whole thing away. Barbara is a gambling lady and there is love, murder and suspects. Oh, yes, there are several triangles and a happy ending. Miss Stanwyck, McCrea and O'Brien try, but we can't promise much.

A: HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD
(20th Century)

George Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young, Boris Karloff

WORTHY of special praise. George Arliss has not only given us the picture of the month but, I'm sure, the picture of the year. Such a beautifully-done story, gorgeous settings, Arliss at his best and a cast of ninety-five speaking parts! True, it is another of the present line of "costume pictures," but so far ahead of the best that there is no contest. It's all about the history of the banking firm of Rothschild, how they influenced the map of Europe during the time of Napoleon. The story has strength and purpose that will remain in your memory for a long time. George Arliss dominates the picture, but there are some marvelous characterizations such as Boris Karloff as Ledrantz of Prussia, C. Aubrey Smith as Wellington, Reginald Owen as Herries and Helen Westley as the elder Mrs. Rothschild. The love interest, carried by Loretta and Bob Young, is incidental. See this one.

C: THE SHOWOFF
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Spencer Tracy, Madge Evans, Lois Wilson

THEY got the wrong Tracy! Try as he would, Spencer Tracy couldn't make the conceited mugg "come to life" and Madge Evans didn't get a hair out of place during the entire seven reels. All about a guy who is always putting his foot in it and forever on the wrong side of the ledger. Some of the incidents are sure to hit the bell with any audience, but the net result is not so good.

B: GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
(Fox)

Rudy Vallee, Alice Faye, Jimmy Durante, Cliff Edwards

FUNNY musical misses fire. In spite of the lavish sets—and the presence of George White, himself—and a rather



Right TO THE FINGERTIPS

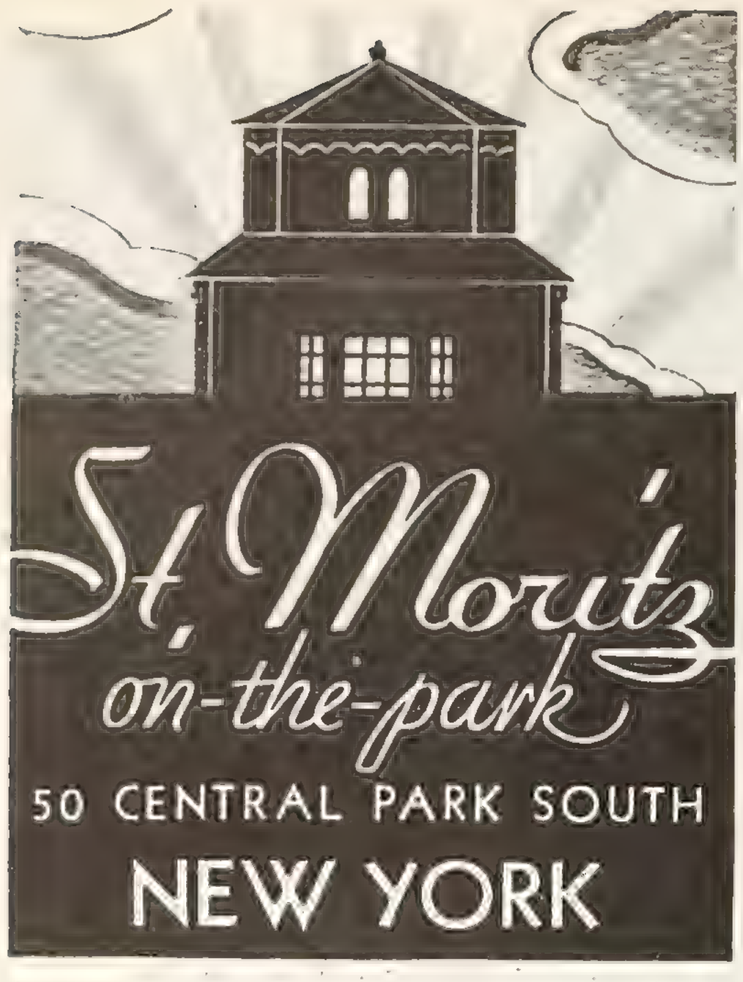
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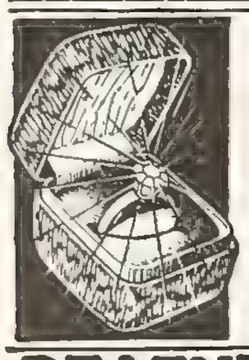


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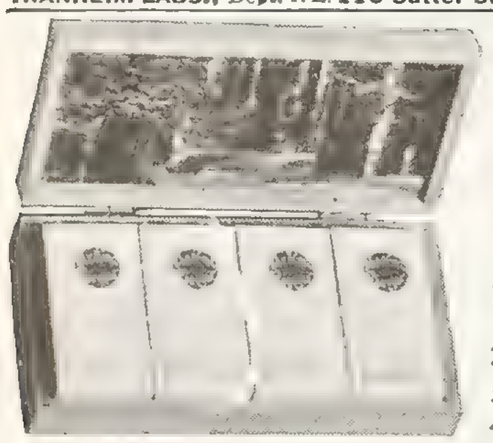
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good cast, this expensive picture doesn't quite "jell." The music, though, is just grand. In fact, there are some real hits for you to croon. "Every Time You Hold My Hand" and "So Nice" are the best. Of course, the idea of the picture is to show you what the New Yorkers see every year in the George White "Scandals," but the back-stage story that is attempted falls rather flat. To us, it seemed that Cliff Edwards was the best, with newcomer Alice Faye doing surprisingly well.

D: LAZY RIVER
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Jean Parker, Robert Young, Ted Healy

SHOULD have stayed on the shelf. Rumor has it that this little ditty was shelved several times and finally brought out for the world to see. Too bad! The story is so antiquated that the preview audience almost laughed itself sick. Mortgage due, villain on way to take house, in steps hero lost at sea after being shanghaied. Well, is that enough to discourage you? Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton, as a couple of dumb crooks, are the standouts as far as performances go, with Bob Young and Jean Parker trying hard.

D: SUCCESS STORY
(RKO)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Colleen Moore

NOT so successful as entertainment. Doug Jr. sees his brother (a gangster) shot and buried in a casket costing ten Gs and immediately wants money and power. He gets both, but the number of necks he has to step on to get to the top are a bit too numerous and the power a little too quickly gained for credence. I thought Fairbanks rose above his material, but the critic at my right thought he was terrible. The remainder of the cast was adequate, with Miss Tobin leading the crowd. We can't recommend it.

THE REPORT CARD

With this simple picture rating, you will be able to choose wisely the pictures you want to see: A means excellent; B means good; C means fair; D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

ANN VICKERS (RKO).
You must have seen it by this time. It's the picturization of Sinclair Lewis' next-to-most-recent novel with Irene Dunne giving a very nice performance.

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Highly imaginative story. Would be "hard to take" if it were not for the sensitive performance of Leslie Howard and the good work of the supporting cast.

BROADWAY THROUGH A KEYHOLE (20th Century).
Amusing Winchelliana, with Paul Kelly.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
Delightful music, with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro to interpret it for you.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
What "the boys" do when they go conventioning.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
A top-notch plot, ably put over by John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels and a large cast.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Strange story—but well done by Fredric March.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
You must know all about this one. But do see it, if you've missed it.

DINNER AT EIGHT (M-G-M).
You must know all about this one, too. Catch it at a neighborhood theatre, if you were unable to see it before.

DOUBLE HARNESS (RKO).
Good modern marriage stuff, with Ann Harding and Bill Powell.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Pictorially beautiful.

FASHIONS OF 1934 (Warners).
Not quite up to "42nd Street" and "Golddiggers" but very scrumptious, jussasame.

HI, NELLIE (Warners).
Paul Muni in a comedy role. We like him better in stark realism, but the chap's a swell actor, whatever he does.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY (Fox).
Verra sophisticated.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Gable and Colbert together. And mighty thrilling.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
A really good Western.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
Guess we don't need to say anything about this one.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
A wee mite melodramatic, but it will certainly hold your interest.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
Baby LeRoy's adorable tricks make you forget the gruesome aspects of this picture.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
One of the best looking pieces of work we have ever seen. Connie Bennett sings and dances beautifully.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
You'll like the newcomer, Anna Sten, and forget the triteness of the story in the beauty of the production.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan's debut picture.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
A real laugh-riot.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY (Fox).
Super-characterization by Spencer Tracy.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (United Artists).
Charles Laughton in a gorgeously and highly interesting production.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Well—you must have heard of this one. Don't miss it.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Cantor is a riot, the girls are lovely and the gags are swell.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
The versatile Alice Brady gives an excellent characterization.

THIS DAY AND AGE (Paramount).
The younger generation comes through.

VOLTAIRE (Warners).
Mr. George Arliss.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
A super-super-super.

THE WORLD CHANGES (Warners).
Paul Muni in the saga of a self-made man.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Lee Tracy at his second best. Which is pretty good, at that.

AFTER TONIGHT (RKO).
Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland in one of those spy pictures, of which we're getting a little tired.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
This should have been better than it is. But it has a great many good points, just the same.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Hopkins and March, Helen Mack (who scores beautifully) and George Raft.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Unpretentious, but nice.

BELOVED (Universal).
John Boles and Gloria Stuart grow old together. Beautiful music. Rather weepy.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Harlow and Lee Tracy take the camouflage off Hollywood.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
George Bancroft back again.

BOLERO (Paramount).
Ladies will be interested in the 1814 clothes which are most intriguing and almost up-to-date.

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
Alice Brady, Frank Morgan and Jackie Cooper.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
One of those light Viennese farce things. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
Young Fairbanks went to England to make this Alexander Korda production. You may like a petite lady named Elizabeth Bergner, who is interesting, if not beautiful.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Ed Wynn.

THE COHENS AND THE KELLEYS IN TROUBLE (Universal).

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
Cute and young.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
Slow, but beautiful.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Joan and Franchot and Mr. Gable.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The Marx Brothers.

ELMER THE GREAT (Warners).
A very good Joe E. Brown comedy.

EMERGENCY CALL (RKO).
More hospital stuff.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Just foof and feathers—but lots of fun to look at.

FUGITIVE LOVERS (M-G-M).
The first (we believe) of the cross-country-bus cycle. Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
A grand woman's picture. Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Otto Kruger and Tullio Carminati. Not to mention Master Dickie Moore.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

HAVANA WIDOWS (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell do their stuff in the famous resort.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon is good.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
A Zasu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler teamed.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Kay Francis is lovely.

I LOVED A WOMAN (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a beef-baron.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount)
A gal named West is in it.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (Warners).
Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Pat O'Brien.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
Claire Trevor has something. Watch this girl.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE (Warners).
Good mystery.

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
And a good Western.

LADY KILLER (Warners).
Cagney socks 'em again.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
Beautiful Bali.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A newcomer named Ann Sothern seems to be very lovely and talented.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
John Barrymore isn't quite suited to the role.

MAMA LOVES PAPA (Paramount).
Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (Paramount).
Too bad Francis Lederer's first picture had to present him as an Eskimo.

MAN OF THE FOREST (Paramount).
Good action story.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
Nothing exciting, but well done.

MEET THE BARON (M-G-M).
Jack Pearl—in other words, Baron Munschausen.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
The medical business, frankly held up for discussion. Gable is in it.

MR. SKITCH (Fox).
Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Robert Montgomery is better than he has been for several pictures.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Rowdy—but plenty fun.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia).
It takes place in a hospital. What, again?

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO).
Lionel Barrymore in a familiar characterization.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox).
Gaynor being very Gaynor.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).

RAFTER ROMANCE (RKO).
Cute story with Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO).
Ann Harding as a woman doctor.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount).
Paramount's beauty contest winners are in this one.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Alice Brady is a riot.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
Zasu Pitts and Pert Kelton. Very funny.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields.

SMOKY (Fox).
Grand horse picture.

SOLITAIRE MAN (M-G-M).
Herbert Marshall in an unassuming film, well done.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount).
Pictorially beautiful, but a little boring.

SON OF A SAILOR (Warners).
Joe E. Brown.

SUNSET PASS (Paramount).
Good Western.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M).
Lionel Barrymore in a picture which is a trifle too sentimental.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount).
Well, what do you think it is? A Western? Right. And another good one to add to the list.

TOO MUCH HARMONY (Paramount).
Bing Crosby.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (Warners).
A bitter comment on what poverty does to children.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO).
AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox).
CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
COLLEGE COACH (Warners).
COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE (Universal).
DARK HAZARD (Warners).
DAVID HARUM (Fox). Will Rogers.
DOCTOR BULL (Fox).
EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
EVER IN MY HEART (Warners).
FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount).
F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont).
THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M).
HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
HEADLINE SHOOTER (RKO).
HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
I AM SUZANNE (Fox).
I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox).
THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal).
LONE COWBOY (Paramount).
THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
MARY STEVENS, M.D. (Warners).
MASSACRE (Warners).
MIDSHIPMAN JACK (RKO).
MY LIPS BETRAY (Fox).
NO GREATER GLORY (RKO).
OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT (Fox).
PRIVATE DETECTIVE (Warners).
REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
ROME EXPRESS (Universal).
SHANGHAI MADNESS (Fox).
SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal).
THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount).
TO THE LAST MAN (Paramount).
THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M).
THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS (Fox).
YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
DON'T BET ON LOVE (Universal).
FOG (Columbia).
GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount).
HELL AND HIGH WATER (Paramount).
HEROES FOR SALE (Warners).
KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO).
MANDALAY (Warners).
MYRT AND MARGE (Universal).
MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM (Universal).
THE SHAKEDOWN (Warners).
SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR (Universal).
SUCCESS STORY (RKO).
TWO ALONE (RKO).
WHITE WOMAN (Paramount).

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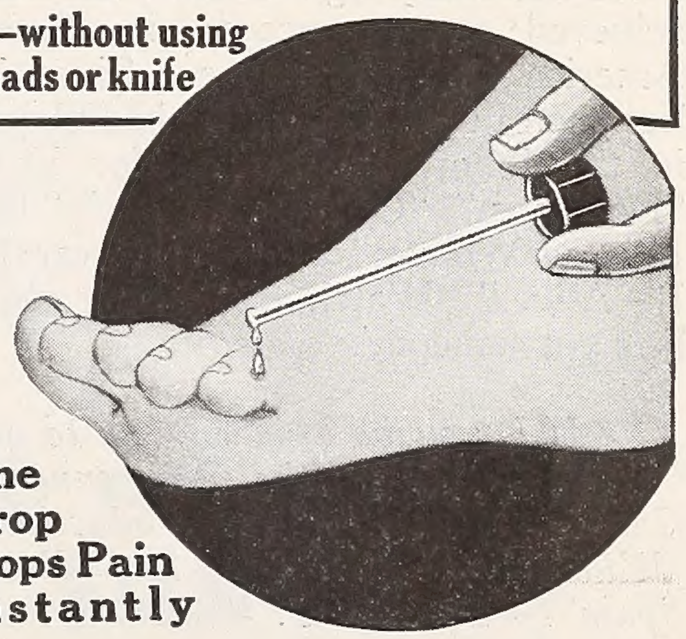
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THE INFORMATION DESK

"Facts, facts! Give us the facts!" cry these fans. Well, here are the facts—and if you are thirsting for information, too, just drop a note to this department

THE music accompanying "Little Women" haunts me and I have been unable to find out the name of the theme song—that quaint melody which recurs throughout the picture. —Pearl M. Irwin, New York City.

At last you can breathe again. The theme song of "Little Women" is entitled "Josephine," a song written on the West Coast but not as yet published. If, by any chance, though, you were being haunted by the song Paul Lukas played and sang, it was "None But The Lonely Heart" by Tschaikowsky.

WILL you please be so kind as to give me information about Director Mamoulian—his ancestry, etc. —Mrs. Herbert Wilhelm, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mr. Mamoulian is of Russian-Armenian descent and one of the few Armenians who didn't come to America to sell rugs. There will be an interesting feature on Mamoulian in our next issue.

HAS Raul Roulien ever made any other picture besides "Flying Down To Rio"?—Joan Hayls, Savannah, Ga.

Raul Roulien has been on the stage since the early age of five and has achieved great success in South America and in Europe. Since he has been in the movies, he has played in the following pictures for Fox: "Delicious," "Careless Lady," "The Painted Woman" and "It's Great To Be Alive." Watch this young man, he's got somepin'.

WILL you be kind enough to advise me as to the songs sung by Eddie Cantor in the two productions, "Whoopee" and "The Kid From Spain"?—Mrs. C. C. Blakeney, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Ah, Mrs. Blakeney, so you've fallen for those beeg brown eyes, too! Or is it that soft crooning voice? Well, anyway, here are your songs. From "Whoopee": "Makin' Whoopee," "My Baby Just Cares For Me" and "I'll Still Belong To You." From "The Kid From Spain": "Look What You've Done" and "What a Perfect Combination."

In writing to this department, avoid questions which are controversial and which are not dictated by good taste. We cannot give you home addresses of the stars and we dislike printing answers which take up a great deal of space. Otherwise, we're ready to oblige. All questions will be answered in this magazine, so save your stamps.

Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WILL you please give me the following data on Mary Carlisle's age, height, weight, education, likes and dislikes, etc.—Elwood Henry, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Mary Carlisle was born in Boston, Mass., in 1912. She was educated both in the East and on the Coast in private schools. A blue-eyed blonde, she weighs an even one hundred pounds and is five feet one inch in height. Her favorite sports are swimming and tennis and her favorite pets, dogs. She plays the piano and loves to read biographies. For more about her, read "Plucky Little Girl" in this issue.

IS it true that Mala, the Eskimo, in the picture of the same name has never acted before? I am a bit doubtful in spite of the fact that the announcement said that the only actors in the picture were the Canadian Mounted Police.—Charlotte Wills, Kansas City, Mo.

The little detective has again peered furtively from behind the green baize curtains. It is reported from Hollywood that Mala is a former assistant cameraman named Ray Wise. He really was born in Alaska but came to America because he wanted to write stories about the frozen North. He started out by being a studio hanger-on, was made assistant cameraman, then promoted from that office to actor in W. S. Van Dyke's "Igloo." Then when Mr. VanDyke went North to make "Eskimo," Wise went along as Mala. Now, are you satisfied or merely disillusioned?

I WONDER if you could tell me where to send my baby's pictures. My little daughter is very talented and I would like to know how to get in touch with some studio which would be interested in her.—Mrs. B. H. Chester, New York, N. Y.

Discouraging as it may seem, Mrs. Chester, about one child in 1500 who go to Hollywood ever gets a chance in the movies. Children called to the studios must be on the Central Casting list. There are only 1400 children between the ages of six months and eighteen years on the lists, and no registrations are being accepted by the Bureau at the present time. However, if you want to take a chance, send your daughter's picture to the Central Casting Office, Hollywood. Then hold your thumbs.

WHAT can you tell me about Mitzi Green? I used to like her so much and then she disappeared from the screen altogether.—Johnny Tate, Minneapolis, Minn.

That is a big order, Mr. Tate, but here goes. Mitzi comes naturally by her acting, seeing as how both her mother and father were on the stage. She was born in the Bronx, New York City, on October 22, not so very long ago. She was educated in the public schools of New York and Hollywood and in the New York Professional Children's School. At the age of six she made her stage debut and at eight made her debut on the screen in Paramount's "The Marriage Playground." Some of her other pictures were "Honey," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Sante Fé Trail" and "Tom Sawyer." Recently RKO called Mitzi back to the screen to appear in the forthcoming "Finishing School," but after she had gone all the way to Hollywood, she found that the part selected for her was far from being important, so she rejected it.

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You'll be thrilled by the powerful story of THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, the novelization of George Arliss's latest picture, featuring Loretta Young and Robert Young. So you'd better get the May SCREEN ROMANCES today and read it—along with eleven other splendid new screen stories:

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Fredric March), GAMBLING LADY (Barbara Stanwyck), HEAT LIGHTNING (Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak), DAVID HARUM (Will Rogers), COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Fay Wray), MIDNIGHT (Sidney Fox, Henry Hull), STRICTLY DYNAMITE (Jimmie Durante), THREE ON A HONEY-MOON (Sally Eilers), ONE IS GUILTY (Ralph Bellamy), and THE CROSBY CASE (Wynne Gibson).

TODAY ASK AT ANY NEWSSTAND FOR MAY

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